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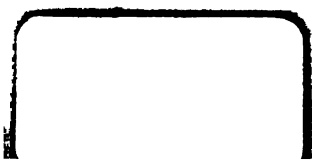
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St. J.

THE
ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE
—
AND
UNITED EMPIRE REVIEW.

Vol 36

EDITED BY

S. R. TOWNSHEND MAYER.

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New Series
3d series
VOL. I.



APRIL—SEPTEMBER.

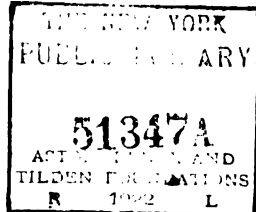
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ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE.

SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS for SECOND VOLUME of New Series.

SIR HUBERT'S MARRIAGE. A Serial Story by Mrs. S. R. TOWNSHEND MAYER, Author of "The Fatal Inheritance," etc., will be commenced in OCTOBER.

OUR MODERN POETS. A Series of Critiques, will also be commenced in OCTOBER.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH R. H. HORNE will be continued in OCTOBER.

NAPOLEON AT LONGWOOD, An Authentic Original Narrative by One of the Emperor's Attendants, will be commenced in NOVEMBER.

HOW TO ENTER THE PROFESSIONS. No. 3—THE CHURCH, will appear in NOVEMBER.

Mr. HENRY KINGSLEY's Romance, THE GRANGE GARDEN, and **Mr. W. A. GIBBS's** Historical Poem, **THE BATTLE OF THE STANDARD,** will be continued from month to month until completed.

A NOVELETTE, by Miss **HENRIETTE A. DUFF,** Author of "My Imperialist Neighbour," "Frona," etc., etc., will be commenced and completed within the Volume.

***.* THE ST. JAMES'S CHRISTMAS ANNUAL,** with Ten Illustrations, and Tales, Poems and Sketches by Popular Writers, will be issued early in NOVEMBER.

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ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE

AND

United Empire Review.

SIR EVERARD ERESBY

BY MORTIMER COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE INN OF STRANGE MEETINGS," ETC.,



I.

WHISTLING wild snatches of opera airs,
Sir Everard Eresby came down stairs :
He was always too late for Morning Prayers.

To see him lazily coming down
In his velvet coat of an autumn brown,
You'd say he'd no trouble in country or town.

Yet in town he'd heaps of political strife,
And a keen opponent who cut like a knife ;
And in country he had a cantankerous wife.

O Lady Emily Eresby ! She
Is the finest woman of her degree,
Ever 'twas given the world to see.

Oval face with the dim brown hair ;
Stately figure, no whit too spare ;
Eyes that would make a poet despair :

A girl when she wedded, five years ago ;
A lady now whom 'tis pride to know ;
A goddess who guideth fashion's flow.

A very simple child when first
Her rosy young lips felt love's strong thirst—
'Twas not for Sir Everard : that's the worst.

No ; 'twas the young Earl's tutor, who
Was a pallid priest with eyes of blue,
And a dream in his brain that could never come true.

O summer was golden, the world a whirl,
When they wandered together, tutor and girl !
Much Greek and Latin escaped the Earl.

He went to the stables and chaffed the grooms ;
Learnt their elegant oaths, and their pipes' perfumes,
While his sister loitered 'neath branches and blooms.

The Earl was a man ere he left his teens :
The Jews had discovered his ways and means :
He had found his way behind the scenes.

Those sordid scenes all glitter and glare,
Where a stifling horror fills the air
For the loyal lovers of sunlight fair.

And simple Emily, fair and free,
Was a docile child at the Tutor's knee,
In that old red Hall by the warm Devon sea.

Under the cork trees lustrous deep,
While the waves were husht into summer sleep,
'Neath the wall of sandstone ruddy and steep,

The widowed Countess dozed in her chair :
The wild boy-Earl went the Devil knows where :
The girl was caught in a difficult snare.

But she snapt it : yes, one hot faint noon,
In the air no pulse, from the tide no tune,
And the sun in his own heat seemed to swoon.

Then the Tutor spoke wild words he had crusht,
Till forth of their own mad will they rushed ;
She sprang to her feet ; turned pale ; not blushed ;

Said "Go !" not a word more, never a word.
Then a sudden breeze in the branches stirred,
As if what Emily said was heard

By the unseen Powers. But the Tutor there,
Sulkily angry, his eyes in a glare,
Used fierce foul threats in his mad despair.

She stood like a goddess of ancient days,
Her form was bright in the sultry haze,
He shrunk like a cur from her strong keen gaze.

She bitterly laughed as he went his way :
She thought, " Have I lost all faith this day ?"
She knelt on the grass, and tried to pray :

Under the oak in the virgin grass
Her young knees sank ; and she cried, " Alas !
" Why has this dread thing come to pass ?

" He was a man, and I was a child,
" Peaceful, innocent, undefiled.
" Pardon, Christ ! if my words are wild.

" O and I trusted him, held him true,
" Loved him . . . only a minute or two
" Ago, ere his mad words stabbed me through.

" Help me to bear it, my God ! " She kept
On her knees, a white saint, till there stept
That way a marvellous adept

In the ways of the world. She rose with a frown,
Settling the skirts of her ruffled gown,
And saw Sir Everard, fresh from town.

He had known her sire ; and he knew how much
Of her dowry the husband was safe to clutch ;
And he fancied her lips would be sweet to touch.

So he came to see, and was understood.
 The Countess said, "She's a wandering mood :
 "You'll find her down in the seaside wood."

What saw Emily? Six feet four ;
 Forty years in a month or more ;
 A face that could never endure a bore ;

Eyes clear hazel ; hair curly and crisp ;
 Lips that could laugh but never could lisp ;
 Gait as gay as a will-o'-the-wisp.

He was blind to her flutter ; he marked the grace
 Of her tall lithe form, and her wondrous face
 A perfect oval ; and tokens of race

In the curve of the lip, in the ankle's spring.
 You may know a hawk by his glory of wing,
 And a girl of blood by her foot's free fling.

Her long white hand in his brown hand lay ;
 She will never forget that terrible day,
 With the sleepy seagulls over the bay.

O how bright and joyous yet almost fond
 Was Sir Everard's talk, as they passed beyond
 The woods, and the old monastic pond

Where sleep white lilies, and carp grow fat !
 She liked his easy electrical chat ;
 She had never heard any one talk like that.

He did not alarm her, well you'll guess :
 But, ere she had gone to her room to dress,
 His eyes said, *Will you ?* her eyes said, *Yes !*

II.

Sir Everard came of antique strain :
 There was fire of his sires in his versatile brain :
 And Eresby Park o'er a shire did reign—

Turretted, terraced, far withdrawn,
 Leagues of park beyond acres of lawn,
 Copse for the pheasant, glade for the fawn ;

Portrait gallery, wondrous rare,
With its lovely ladies *debonnair*,
Amid soldiers many, three statesmen there.

The ladies . . . well, they had maddened Kings ;
Been sung by the Poet who loves and sings ;
They'd the beauty that tempts, and the wit that stings.

Look at Lady Millicent there . . . Vandyke's :
How the clear eye right through the gazer strikes !
How calm lip utters what strong brain likes !

Then look at her grandchild—Mistress Rose.
I should like to meet with the man who knows
The meaning true of her soft repose.

What a baby face ! What a dewy eye
Which meekly mirrors the sweet spring sky !
Yet two of her lovers did strange deaths die.

There were soldiers many : one who had sacked
A city or twain, and the citizens hacked
To death, because the ransom lacked.

Another of stately port serene ;
He died (o'er his head may grass grow green !)
For saving a realm and loving a Queen.

Another with soft eyes dreamy-sweet,
Young, yet a knight of emprise complete,
Who was slain in the front of a great defeat.

Statesmen three : wolf, lion, and fox.
One plausible hoarder of gold in a box,
With a subtle sinister look that mocks

Both throne and mob : one fierce to the meek
But a coward when foe made blanch his cheek,
And showed in the braggart the soul of the weak.

But one a leonine lordly man ;
Calm eyes 'neath a broad brow strong to plan—
The spirit that kens, the heart that can.



Who may the antique gallery paint,
With its long procession of figures faint,
Heroine, hetæra, sinner, and saint,

Troubadour, turncoat, Bayard, or Cade,
Cunning conspirator, knight unafraid ?
So the stream ripples through sun and through shade.

And he who can stand 'mid his sires as their peer,
Who can feel in his veins their blood run clear,
May meet the world with no dream of fear ;

May say . . . " That Priest was a fire of God,
" That Knight the soil of Palestine trod ;
" They were kin of mine—I am no mere clod ; "

May look into maddening eyes, and swear—
" For a true love-kiss I would all things dare.
She was kin of mine, are there maids as fair ? "

In his boyhood Sir Everard dreamt and lazed ;
In his youth he flirted, was petted and praised ;
In his manhood a banner of power he raised.

A man about town—was the world's belief—
A man who could dine, and bring doves to grief :
Lo he came to the front as a Tory chief !

One speech : he flung it as easily through
The recreant ranks of the Radical crew
As a sun-shaft pierces the morn's dim dew.

The Premier walked home through the Park that night ;
And he thought to himself, " But for age's spite
" That boy and I would have many a fight. "

And he said to his wife, as he drank his last
Iced draught, while our planet rolled mornward fast,
" Young Eresby's a proof of the doctrine of caste. "

The Radicals growled like well-thrashed cubs.
Diogenes junior who lives in the tubs
Of Western London, known as clubs,

Knew perfectly well Sir Everard's price :
They'd give it at once if they took his advice ;
The baronet then would rat in a trice.

He had bought that speech, of course he had,
From Fusbos of Bexley, or some such cad :
These things were done, it was very sad.

But political battles with gold were fought,
And if Sir Everard could be bought,
The Whigs should buy him . . . they really ought.

Sir Everard could not be bought that way.
The veteran Premier, gallant and gay,
Laughed at what cynics like these could say.

He knew him as one of his own strong tribe,
Who the wine of conflict would fain imbibe,
Who love a fight and disdain a bribe.

So he asked him to dinner 'mid company rare,
And he said, as they roamed in the soft cool air,
" I wanted an enemy. We'll fight fair.

" I am old, and too much obeyed, you know.
" While opponents grumble, majorities grow.
" Hurrah for a youthful brilliant foe !

" Hit hard, my boy, for to me you're a boy :
" I see my old self, and shall have no annoy,
" If again you give me the battle-joy.

" Now with wondrous wisdom I rule the Realm :
" It is not a wisdom to overwhelm :
" Much greater fools have managed the helm."

Sir Everard mounted the wave of life,
Took easily all his political strife,
Had a house in Park Lane, and wanted a wife.

Thus Emily, simple and beautiful, cleft
To the heart by a scoundrel's base love-theft,
And of mother-counsel quite bereft,

Fell into his arms that sultry day,
When the sea-gulls swam o'er the silver bay,
As the slimy tutor slinked away.

Fell at his touch, as on old south walls,
So watched that never an insect crawls,
The ripe red nectarine easily falls.

III.

Emily Eresby walked as a queen
Through the brilliant changeable sumptuous scene :
The world considered her too serene.

She played on the stage a perfect part,
Learnt every line of society's chart,
With scorn in her brain, with ice in her heart.

All homage she took ; all rivals spurned ;
She wore the crown that Sir Everard earned ;
But for something sweeter she oftentimes yearned.

So she walked through life a Queen in a Masque :
You would never dream 'twas a tiresome task :
What those marvellous eyes said, vain to ask.

She ruled the world ; and her retinue
Was so vast, that it silenced the rebel few.
Sir Everard triumphed. Emily too.

Her gay lawn parties, her Tuesday nights,
Her dinners 'mid faction's fiercest fights,
Were the very acme of Town's delights.

And the swell would say, " For a lounge by Thames,
" With fizz that's nectar, and girls that are gems,
" There isn't a patch upon Lady Em's."

Yet all this while, as she followed her lord,
And led the lively laughing horde,
There was something in it her heart abhorred.

She longed to be young again, young and free,
To efface indelible years, and be
In the old red Hall by the warm Devon sea.

But she held her own, and she wore her crown ;
Kept up the Eresbys' old renown ;
Was the Cynosure perfect in country and town.

Her cook was the absolute monarch of cooks ;
Her fiat gave fame to the writer of books,
Changed to beauty exquisite mere good looks—

Made fashion : and fashion is first of powers ;
The second, finance, with its Danaë showers ;
Religion the third, being good at all hours.

Comes politics fourth with its foam and froth,
Its plausible promise, its fractured troth :
'Tis a tempting flame to the human moth.

The order of merit is perfectly clear :
One, two, three, four—you may see them here—
Beauty, Stockbroker, Bishop, Premier,

It was strange : Sir Everard's triumph in life
Grew through knowledge of all the character rife
In the world . . . yet he could not fathom his wife.

Well he remembered the joyous hour
When her eyes acknowledged his love's strong power,
But now 'twas a case of the sweet turned sour.

He took it as such men take affairs
Inevitable. He laughed at cares,
Made speeches, whistled his opera airs.

Nobody dreamt, as his flutelike voice
Made the Tory side of the House rejoice,
When he hurled at the enemy epigrams choice,

That his heart within him was heavy as lead,
That little he recked how the dull days sped,
Since his life was lost and his love was dead.

That, which had been a fantasy first,
Broke into passionate wild love thirst,
Then, thwarted, iced into apathy curst.

So he said to himself: "Let her go her way.
 "She loves to be radiant, sumptuous, gay.
 "I may chance to find love elsewhere some day."

And she all the while was utterly blind
 To the thoughts that burnt in Sir Everard's mind:
 She judged the fruit by its outer rind.

To herself she said: "Ah, could I again
 "Under those old limes hear patter of rain—
 "Get wet and be scolded, all in vain!

"Ah, once again for an hour to be
 "Where the gull hangs motionless over the sea!
 "Ah, but the girl is gone out of me.

"Make stephanotis from violet—
 "Turn a tiny brown wren to a bright parroquet—
 "The change in my spirit is wider yet."

There were tears in her eyes; she scorned those tears:
 Her ripe lip curled at her girlish years:
 She threw to the winds all fanciful fears.

Her brown hair studded with diamonds bright,
 And priceless lace on her bosom white,
 She shone like a Star on the Town that night.

IV.

Sir Everard leaned on a five-barred gate,
 Though he'd guests to dinner, and knew he was late.
 He said to himself, "Let the fellows wait."

Sometimes when the moon shines silver-white,
 And girls have been gay in their dance-delight,
 Gleams at your foot a diamond bright.

As a lost gem shines by the chance foot stirred,
 So on Sir Everard's brain a word
 Shone that by chance he had that day heard.

'Twas a maiden who said it under a tree,
 While the sun grew warm, and the laugh grew free:
 "There's naught in the world like love," said she.

Sir Everard turned his head that way :
She was not pretty though joyous and gay.
He thought, "I have lost full many a day.

"There's nought in the world like love, tis true.
"This day, by the gods, one deed I'll do."
Homeward he strode the fresh grass through.

He was late for dinner. A Duke was there,
And a very magnificent millionaire :
But he looked at his sweet wife's flower-crowned hair.

The Duke had a kind of chronic croup ;
The man of millions pined for his soup ;
Around them gathered a chattering troupe.

Enters Sir Everard, brown with health ;
The Duke looks small ; and the man of wealth
As if he had gotten his million by stealth.

Eresby's the friend that you'd like in row ;
Power in his shoulder, power in his brow ;
A scintilla of light in his brown eyes now.

Well, dinner went on, and the wit and the wine
Flowed free together. Sir Everard's line
Were famed for both, and knew how to dine.

And even the Duke was witty that night ;
And even the millionaire grew bright !...
But Sir Everard's talk was a stream of light.

He blew into air gay bubbles of thought ;
All whims of the moment he chased and caught ;
Miraculous fancies came unsought.

"And why?" he had said to himself, "O why
"Do I let the glory of life go by ?
"There is nothing like love between sea and sky.

"That word I heard, in a tone that a bird
"Might utter, has taught me how absurd
"Is life by love untouched, unstirred."

Claret and mocha and music passed.
 Even Dukes and millionaires can't last
 For ever. That great Iconoclast,

Sleep, came down upon maidens and men,
 Sent each away to his separate den.
 Sir Everard's thoughts were sleepless then.

High up on the stair is a deep bay which
 Has a statue of Hebe set in a niche,
 Amid flowers and fern-fronds rare and rich.

There Eresby stood and looked due south,
 Where the full moon fell on the river's mouth,
 Drinking the tide with mysterious drouth.

There stood he. Lady Emily came
 Up the wide stair. Her eyes were aflame,
 She'd that deer-like spring that nought can tame.

Sir Everard laughed, though his heart was yearning
 For love that a life might be spent in earning;
 He said, from the moonlit window turning,

"Emily!" Nothing more: but so
 Soft was the tone of it, soft and low,
 That Emily could not choose but know

His love was alive again, sweet and strong.
 They had done each other a world of wrong;
 But now they would love their whole life long.

She said: "Ah Everard, can it be
 "That you have the self-same thought with me?"
 "Ah, again to saunter in woods by the sea!"

"We have lived alone. You are strong and bright.
 "I am proud, poor me, of my fearless knight.
 "Your wisdom and wit are my whole delight.

"I shine on the world like a brilliant bird,
 "But rather than make this flutter absurd,
 "Let me hear from you one true love-word."

One word ! was there just a tear in his eye,
Like the diamond lost in the grass thereby,
As he heard her sweet sad soft reply ?

A tear in his eye, yet a smile on his lip ?
In the west they could see the round moon dip.
He said : " We will have our wedding trip.

" We will see the moon on the Devon sea shine :
" One word ? A myriad, Emily mine !
" It is love alone makes life divine."

Yes : autumn came, and the swallows fled.
They were down in Devon where cliffs blush red.
" Why you are a girl again, Emily ! " said

Sir Everard, laughing. " Yes," quoth she,
" And you are a boy by this restless sea :
" And I think you are really in love with me."

And girl and boy they were, that's true ;
And the bright sea taught them how to love
And they caught the beauty of life anew

Sir Everard washed from his soul the soil
Of ambition absurd, of political toil ;
And forgot by the sea the town's Turmoil.

Emily, daughter of Devon, forgot
Fashion's fanciful plot and counterplot ;
Grew young, grew happy again—why not ?

When Sir Everard Eresby comes down stairs,
He may still be too late for family prayers,
But he's never alone, and he never cares.

They have learnt the absolute lesson of life...
That lesson is love, which ends all strife.
So they're homely people, mere husband and wife





INKERMAN AND ITS LESSONS.

By JOHN C. PAGET,

AUTHOR OF "KHIVA AND THE EASTERN QUESTION," ETC., ETC.

IT is not every nation that has the courage to profit from its defeats, still less from the lessons conveyed by a victory of an unprecedented kind. What we have done once we can do again, is the answer to any ungracious critic. But times have changed, and though the famous "line" remains the best formation, if not too strictly adhered to, for British troops, no one can read recent military history without perceiving that we can never venture again to entrust to 3000 men the task of defeating 40,000. That the few should so often in our history have been sent to fight the many is mainly attributable to that curious conception of the character of a statesman which, except in times of great excitement, pervades the English mind.

Perhaps the more widely extended suffrage of 1867 may work a change, but for years past that man has had the best chance in an appeal to the country who made a lavish use of the word Economy. The consequences have been in many ways most disastrous. For thousands of pounds saved millions have been lost—and the Crimean war is a case in point.

It has been said that the British soldier fights under the cold shade of aristocracy. No falsier statement has ever been made. He fights under the cold shade of middle-class niggardliness and ignorance. Indeed it is wonderful how the Empire has gone on increasing, in spite and not as in most countries because of our military and political arrangements. The Duke of Wellington was given ten thousand men with whom to drive the French out of Spain and Portugal where their armies numbered half a million, and was obliged to have recourse on one occasion to private means to pay the troops under his command. Following this precedent we invaded Russia in 1854 with 26,000 men, acting with 30,000 French and 7000 Turks. But the Column was no match for the Line, and after one battle which showed that troops,

most of whom had never seen a shot fired in anger, could win a great victory, the Allies advanced to Sebastopol, there to make the mistake common apparently to the commanders of armies in every age. The victory was not followed up as it might have been by an immediate attack upon the town. For this error every one knows what we suffered.

It has always been the proud privilege of the British army to reverse the established rules of the art of war, and to win battle upon battle against greatly superior numbers. That it was their privilege and that they stood almost alone in the possession of it will not be denied, but it was always a *damnosa hereditas*; even the great Duke being unable to follow up many of his successes. But at Sebastopol we were destined with 65,000 combatants to besiege a place containing a force of not less than 120,000 men; while at Inkerman itself 40,000 men were utterly defeated by a force which at the actual crisis of the battle only numbered 5000, and at times sunk down absolutely to hundreds.

A few details only of this extraordinary fight are necessary to describe its character, but it may be well to recall the fact that twenty years ago our army fought a battle without a parallel in the annals of war. Some of the principal incidents of the struggle show that we possess a store of the raw material of which armies are made, which properly utilised would enable us to laugh at future national dangers. But the chief object of this article is to convey a warning against ever attempting such an experiment again.

Nothing is more curious than the evanescent character of even the strongest popular feeling. After the Seven Weeks' War in 1866, and again in 1870, every shade of public opinion seemed unanimous in regarding standing armies as doomed. The only military writer who could obtain a hearing was the advocate of short service for every man, whether in the Line or (as Lord Sandhurst proposed) in the Militia, with vast reserves continually increasing, and held in readiness for any crisis; the whole to be supplemented by such an organization as should enable us to call out, arm, equip, and set in motion our whole force in the space of a few weeks, or even days. Who uses such language now? Yet the necessity is greater than ever. Splendid as was the machinery of the Berlin War Department before 1870, it has now been infinitely improved. In that year they concentrated their forces in nineteen days, they can now do so in twelve days, and other powers are following suit. Herein lies the gist of the whole matter. When one power has effected a total revolution in the art of war, has changed it from an art to a science, the others are bound in self-defence to recast their military arrangements. We ourselves cannot escape from

the task on the plea that we are an island, and that our fleet is sufficient for the defence of the colonies and of the mother country. We have undertaken to defend a continental kingdom with a considerable frontier, and the moving of an army of modern dimensions across to Antwerp would be a Herculean task. Nor can we count upon Allies. No one regards a Prussian attack upon Belgium as a probable contingency; but the argument that the Germans would go to war with France for the sake of Belgium is preposterous. What they would probably do would be to walk quietly into Holland, and at one stroke possess themselves not only of harbours, but of the services of a race of fighting seamen who nearly succeeded in breaking up the British power on the sea. Even the islands themselves are not safe; and after one disaster to the fleet, a struggle for dear life would follow, in which we might fare no better than did the Saxons at Hastings. The story of what English troops under good regimental officers can accomplish will be told in vain if it fail to carry the conviction that with breech-loaders and modern artillery the Allies at Inkerman would have been absolutely annihilated, and that the Minister who by adhering to an effete system allows any body of English soldiers to face such a disparity of numbers again is inviting a national disaster.

No Englishman can read unmoved such a history as that with which Mr. Kinglake has recently held us enthralled. The task which the Allies had in hand on the eve of the battle of Inkerman was gigantic. The French drew their supplies from the west coast, the English from the south. Commencing from the French port of supply, the Allies were extended in a line which ran parallel (that is eastward) with the defences of Sebastopol till it reached the Careenage Ravine, where (having passed the defences which turned up to the left or north) it was carried northwards, enfolding Mount Inkerman with a network of pickets, then turned south again along the west of the table-land held by the Allies, and then, descending, ran south-east to Balaclava. Altogether it covered twenty miles.

The pile of hills called Inkerman must be more closely described. On the north the heights ran down to the Sebastopol roadstead (where during the engagement two men-of-war were anchored, who subsequently opened fire to cover the Russian retreat), on the east to the marshes of the Tchernaya, on the west looking towards the town (whose defences on this front included the more famous Malakhoff and the Little Redan) to the Careenage Ravine. A block, so to speak, of hills was thus nearly isolated from that table-land of the Chersonese on the south of the town on which the Allies were posted. A narrow ridge like an isthmus alone connected it with what we may call the mainland.

Towards the harbour on the north it shows a breadth of about two miles and a quarter ; but the sides gradually converge as they run southward, until at last, even including the occasional projecting spurs, the "isthmus" is barely three quarters of a mile across, and just at this point rises into a ridge not a quarter of a mile in length. The sides of this mount are indented by deep hollows and clefts, which were made abundant use of by the Russians in conducting their innumerable attacks. The surface of this mountain peninsula is nearly as much broken as the sides. From the harbour it gently ascends by steps to its centre, where "Shell Hill"—so called from the shells which fell upon it the moment a horseman appeared upon its crest—600 feet above the sea, spreads out laterally, and offers a position a mile in length for artillery. To seize this crest and utilize it for his guns would be an enemy's first operation, sallying from the north-east of the town and endeavouring to occupy "Inkerman." And this is what the enemy actually did. Placed on this ridge, his batteries were well protected on each flank by ravines.

Looking south from the summit of this hill, another ridge, much narrower though a few feet higher, would meet the view at a distance of only 1300 yards, or about three quarters of a mile. This was the main English position. The two ridges thus fronting each other so closely, the ground dipping rather gently between them, had little in common save their height ; for while Shell Hill (which we will call the Russian artillery position) presented a wide convex front, our own position was not only concave, but even bent forward sharply enough to form a right angle. In speaking of the two ridges "fronting" each other, we do not mean that the centre of the English defence and the centre of the Russian artillery position were exactly opposite. The right of the Russians somewhat overlapped the left of the English. The reverse slopes of the English ridge looked upon the camping ground of the second division, commanded on the day of the battle by General Pennefather, in the place of Sir De Lacy Evans, who managed to be present, though not in command. It is obvious that the Russian troops, once established on Inkerman and pouring over the isthmus, the Allies would be in great peril, their long attenuated line at the mercy of an enemy concentrated at first on high ground, whose whole force could be brought to bear upon each section of their troops in succession, who would thus be beaten in detail. Nor would the enemy's advantage end here ; for, as he swung round (pivoting on his right flank), his right would be resting on his own city, and he would be every moment nearer home. As he advanced westward the ground in his front could be swept by guns from the town, whilst vigorous sorties far in advance would hamper the concentration of the Allies. And the Russians

possessed yet another power by reason of their great numbers. In addition to this attack on the extreme right of the Allies, a force of 20,000 men under Prince Gortchakoff was detached to operate far round our right flank, and thus (if vigorously handled) to overwhelm the French corps of observation dominating the road to Balaklava, cut off all retreat in that direction, place the defenders of the Inkerman ridge between two fires, and add to the countless thousands massed on the hills, ready for an advance which should literally roll up the besiegers' line from east to west, and drive them back upon the sea.

The plan was ably conceived, but feebly executed. Indeed, the Russian troops were shamefully handled by their leaders, who carried out only too literally the original plan. The Duke of Wellington once said that his plans were not so accurately followed as those of some other generals, but that he developed them as circumstances demanded, and lookers-on noticed that he was comparatively apathetic at the commencement of an action, but warmed up as it proceeded, till at last he would pounce like an eagle on some blunder of his opponent, as in the memorable "*Mon cher Alava, Marmont est perdu.*" Well would it have been for Russia if some man of a similar disposition had guided her armies at Inkerman. Prince Gortchakoff waited in vain for hours the signal which was to tell him that the plateau was occupied,—the signal which was to convert his feint into a real attack, and, at last withdrew his troops, having scarcely even seen the struggle. Doubts as to the details of the plan, which were not quite settled even on the morning of the battle, and some rival commands, whose limits were not strictly laid down, although interfering little with the actual movements, no doubt operated unfavourably.

The rain had been falling steadily ever since the preceding day, and on the morning of Sunday, the 5th of November, a dense fog hung over the hills. Captain Ewart, of the Quartermaster-General's Department, after visiting the several camps before daybreak, reported that the night had been unusually quiet. But some hours after midnight a rumbling sound of wheels had reached the outposts, and distant peals from the Sebastopol churches were heard in the camp. But such sounds had often been noticed, and the ringing of church bells on Sunday morning excited no surprise. Still the air was so thick with mist or drizzling rain that more than one officer in charge of a picket seems to have thought an attack probable. An hour before sunrise the Second Division turned out as usual, and stood to their arms, but were shortly dismissed, the pickets were relieved, and the regular routine of the camp and of the siege seemed about to commence, when a sentry on Shell Hill discovered a grey mass coming through the mist. In a minute or two the picket of

the 41st, to which he belonged, opened fire upon what appeared to be two Russian battalions in column. The picket was driven back slowly, and half an hour elapsed before the enemy were able to put 22 heavy guns in battery on the crest of Shell Hill.

It had been arranged that a force of 40,210 men and 135 guns should attack Inkerman. It was to be formed of two corps, one under General Soimonoff, of 19,000 infantry and 38 guns, and another under General Pauloff, of 16,000 infantry and 97 guns. General Soimonoff was to issue from the city and wind round the northern base of Inkermann, whilst Pauloff, whose forces were encamped beyond the Tchernaya, was to advance from the opposite side, and effect a junction in rear of Shell Hill. The position thus attacked was defended by only 3,000 men and 12 guns, and even after five hours of the closest and most desperate fighting the world has ever seen, the numbers only rose to 14,200 with 50 guns.

A vigorous sortie under Timorief, far away on the French left, was intended to keep several French divisions well employed, but was brilliantly repulsed by De Lourmel (who was mortally wounded), D'Aurelle, and Levaillant.

Prince Gortchakoff, with 22,444 men and 88 guns, was to threaten the communication with Balaclava (defended by Sir Colin Campbell), and to "amuse" Besquet's troops, waiting always for the order to advance, which would be given him the moment the united forces of Pauloff and Soimonoff should have established themselves upon Inkerman. After all deductions were made for the different attacks, the actual defences of Sebastopol would still contain some 48,000 men.

The enemy having seized Shell Hill, and established his artillery there (which was gradually increased till it numbered 100 guns), threw forward 15,000 men against Pennefather and Buller, who met the attack with 3,000 men and a few guns, which were worked at a fearful disadvantage against the enemy's overwhelming fire from Shell Hill. This body of 15,000 men was totally defeated and actually withdrawn from the field. Its losses were tremendous, the number of officers killed and wounded was particularly large, and General Soimonoff was mortally wounded. The Russian forces, in spite of this overthrow (accomplished by half-past seven), continued to increase, and developed one attack after another all along the line, but which raged with exceptional vehemence round an unfinished earthwork called the Sandbag Battery. The mist was so dense that this work, looming far to the right of the English position, became a sort of fortress for the time, and it seemed a point of honour to possess it. It had, however, no strategical value, and was of no use for defensive purposes, as there was no *banquette* to enable those inside to fire over the parapet.

The mist and drizzle of course caused many seemingly inexplicable things at Inkerman. The fighting was so continuous and determined hereabouts, that the Guards lost one half of their whole number, and the French soldiers styled it the "abattoir." Its assailants were eventually driven down the steep slopes on our right; our troops charged down headlong after them, got broken up by the thick brushwood which covered the greater part of the battle-field, and, looking back, saw the ridge they had left occupied by the enemy. In attempting to return and cut his way back with a few men, Sir George Cathcart was killed.

The French now appeared, swept the enemy from our right flank, and took part in resisting a tremendous attack delivered against "Home Ridge" itself, which was defeated like its predecessors. Between nine and ten o'clock began an episode which must ever be considered one of the most glorious in the history of the Royal Regiment of Artillery. Two siege guns (18-pounders), under the command of Collingwood Dickson, ordered up by Lord Raglan, opened fire at the Russian volcano which roared from Shell Hill. At every round the guns were laid, it is said, by an officer, and every shot told. The only protection they had was an earthwork two feet high, which partly covered the wheels. The 100 guns in battery on Shell Hill absolutely writhed under the fire. The batteries were shifted now to the right, now to the left—all to no purpose. The 18-pounder shot tore their way through and through them. Men, guns, horses, tumbrils, were smashed under it. Words can scarcely describe the effects—"havoc," "devastation," "destruction," are the nearest approach to accuracy. When they ceased firing, all hope on the part of the Russians of driving the Allies from the Chersonese had vanished. Well might Lord Raglan forego his habitual calmness, and say to Collingwood Dickson, "You have covered yourself with glory."

The British troops fought all day without tasting food, and some were so faint from fasting and fatigue, that they actually slept during a momentary lull in the action.

When some officer bringing up reinforcements asked—peering through the mist—where the enemy were, he was told, "*Everywhere*; but thickest *there*" (to the right front).

A handful of men again and again would charge a great column and drive it back. When the "false victory," as Mr. Kinglake calls it, had been won by driving the enemy from the Sandbag Battery, and the troops, who scattered through the tall brushwood in pursuit, saw the position they had left occupied by the enemy, the majority made their way as best they could over the difficult ground to their right, and rejoined the main position by a circuit. A few however turned back. Fifty men of the 20th toiled up the steep rocky hill and grappled with the vast

grey-coated throng standing on its crest, and though of these many were struck down, and others failing in their task fell back in small knots (having exhausted their cartridges), there were yet some who according to Russian accounts actually cut their way through.

The Duke of Cambridge, who had endeavoured to prevent this unfortunate charge down the hill, remained with 100 men and the colours of the Grenadier Guards near the battery. Three Russian battalions, 2000 strong, turned the battery, and as they opened fire a cry was raised among the Guards that we were being fired upon by our own people. The mistake was corrected by Captain Peel of the "Diamond" (afterwards distinguished as the commander of the Naval Brigade in India), and he communicated his impression so quietly that as the news spread that they like their comrades in the valley were cut off, no confusion followed. A portion "scraped past" the enemy, drawing their fire as they went, amongst whom was the Duke of Cambridge, whose horse was shot under him. Another portion (commanded for the moment by Assistant-Surgeon Wolseley) came in contact with a body of Russians who emerged out of the thick smoke and mist. Led by the doctor, who gave the word, "Fix bayonets, charge, and keep up the hill," they fought their way through with a loss of half their number. How the colours of the Grenadier Guards were saved is too long a story to tell here; but it may be said briefly, a dozen men did the work of hundreds. It seemed as though they must certainly fall into the enemy's hands, when Captain Burnaby with some twenty or thirty men climbed up from the valley to the now deserted battery, and seeing the colours almost surrounded by the enemy, resolved to act as a rear-guard and gain time for their retreat. They accordingly charged into the mass, which literally engulfed them—fighting desperately—and then by its own mere weight of numbers passed bodily over them. They gained their point however, for the column was stopped for some minutes as effectually as if a shell had burst in its midst, and the colours were saved. The delight of the Duke when the colours came in safe must have been a pleasant sight—to those at least who can appreciate a soldier's feelings.

These are a few of the incidents which marked this extraordinary conflict, taken at random from a narrative which contains little else. Such conflicts as these were more or less the rule throughout the day. The cheerfulness and self-reliance of the men were extraordinary. Let one—James Bancroft, a private soldier of the Grenadier Guards—speak for them. "I thought it perfectly useless so few of us trying to resist such a tremendous lot; but, for all that, I did so." As for the officers, their achievements speak for themselves. Again and again they would

find themselves in positions where by all conventional rule they would have been justified in surrendering, and out of every such position they brought their scanty following with credit and often with success. Their extreme coolness, often called upon as they were to decide in a moment the best means of resisting with hundreds or even scores the onset of thousands supported by artillery, seems to have approached the marvellous.

The lessons we would draw from the battle stand out distinctly.

First, that there exists in the ordinary Englishman, in spite of all that has been said about our not being a military people, a rare capacity for soldiering.

Secondly, that the criticism passed upon our officers during the discussions about the Army Bill introduced by the late Government are simply slanders. What the quality of our regimental officers is, as also that of the men, has been shown in our rapid summary of the incidents of Inkerman fight.

Thirdly, that in these days of breechloaders it will not do to rely solely on native "pluck," but on numbers and organization.

The influence of the steady firing of mere masses of men is enormously increased by the new weapon. It is frightful to think of what would have happened in the first hour or two, whilst the 2nd Division were engaged with Soimonoff, had breechloaders been then in use. The bayonet would have been a most dangerous expedient to rely upon.

We are driven thus to the conclusion that numbers—vast numbers—must henceforth be the rule in the British army. With India and our Colonies whose defence must be provided for, it would of course be impossible to copy the German system in all its details; but numbers must be had somehow, or the next war in which we may be engaged may see the last of the famous British infantry. Nor will numbers alone suffice, for an organization must be adopted which will render the numbers readily available for service.

Whether any such organization and expansion of our system shall be adopted—an organization that is to say which shall indefinitely increase our numbers whilst preserving that class of officers whose services we have described—depends not upon Government nor yet upon Parliament, but upon the public. If they will stir in the matter there is at least a possibility that a change may be made before it be too late—for it must never be forgotten that a great nation, to maintain its legitimate influence in the world and to preserve peace, must always be efficiently armed and ready for war.



ALTAR OR TABLE? AND THE EASTWARD POSITION.

(First Article.)

By THE REV. HENRY HAYMAN, D.D.,

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AT a moment when panic and clamour are ruling influences, when extreme opinions draw adherents at the expense of the sober and "golden mean," when precipitate judgments on matters of solemn moment are feared, when extensible adjuncts are confused with profound truths, and adversaries are on the watch to foment every prejudice and to exaggerate every difference, it seems well to invoke a calm reference to the great standards of authority and interpretation which were ever appealed to by the fathers of our Reformation, viz., the Old and New Testaments and the apostolic and catholic writers of the purest ages,* and even mediæval writers, where in unison with the catholic spirit of those ages. This may help to rally weak brethren on the verge of discord, and enable them to find their way back to harmony. Let us leave professed sectaries to wrangle over "anise and cummin," and let us join brotherly hands in a resolution of mutual toleration in matters not vital. While unity is preserved, there is access to truth all round on the basis of charity; and thus there is always a chance open for any "more excellent way," which any section of Churchmen may have overlooked, to be asserted.

* It has been lost sight of by a great number of recent controversialists, how constantly the Reformers of our Church rest upon the early Fathers as authorizing and confirming their views of the meaning of Holy Scripture: The Homilies positively teem with quotations from them; and I select one sentence in support of this—"These and other like sentences, that we be justified by faith only, freely and without works," we do read oftentimes in the most and best ancient writers; as, beside Hilary, Basil, and St. Ambrose, before rehearsed, we read the same in Origen, St. Chrysostom, St. Cyprian, St. Augustine, Prosper, Ecumenius, Photius, Bernardus, Anselm, and "many other authors; Greek and Latin."—Second Part of the Sermon of Salvation.

and recommended by some other section. But when unity is lost, this chance is lost with it.

We seem always in danger of breaking our necks over a molehill, or being split asunder by a grit of sand. A large number of our brethren have waxed unreasonably warm, alike in the attack and in the defence of a posture, or in the decoration, colour, or form of a vestment. It has ever been so. Prejudice inflames trifles of tolerable difference into irritants of intolerable strife. Even excellent men seem seldom at a loss for reasons by which to persuade themselves that others have forfeited claims on their charity in consequence of differences from their judgment. But there are some rare examples of brotherly union amidst such differences among the memories to which the Church appeals. If "the kingdom of God is not meat and drink," how can it be attitude or vestment? What have we now in these questions of outward observance to divide us, which can be compared with that question of keeping Easter at the same time on which opposite practices of the Western and Eastern Churches were represented by Anicetus Bishop of Rome and Polycarp Bishop of Smyrna in the second century? The variation of reckoning in the greatest Christian festival must have caused a grave practical inconvenience, for some Churches were keeping Lent while others were celebrating Easter. But these holy men met face to face with mutual honour, and, unable either to convince the other, parted with mutual tolerance, and the peace of the Church was kept.

Shortly after this, Victor, a Roman Bishop of a different temper, nearly rent the Church asunder by excommunicating the Orientals who still maintained their different reckoning in this respect. Which of these two examples is better worth following? At the same time that we cannot but condemn him, Victor finds some excuse in the enormous practical advantage which one standard of observance would have secured to the Church. Can any one see any similar value in one standard of devotional ritual throughout all our parishes? It seems to me to be inexpedient, even if it were possible; for any practical attempt to enforce it must reduce that standard to the lower limit. That there should be limits we all admit. The question where to fix them must find its answer in an exercise of that authority which our Church claims for herself in the last clause of her thirty-fourth Article,—I am not now saying how her voice is to be expressed,—“Every particular or national Church hath authority to ordain, change, and abolish ceremonies or rites of the Church ordained only by man's authority, so that all things be done to edifying.” I am not to be understood as thinking that a change of the rubrics is called for; I only say that the question is a matter for that

consideration which the Church claims to exercise, and that any attempt to settle it by any other authority will, I fear, breed a worse mischief than it seeks to mend.

As another example of the deplorable readiness of brethren to quarrel over externals, I may refer to the conduct of the refugees of the Reformation at Frankfort, who, themselves "brands plucked from the "burning" of the Marian persecution, had hardly found rest for the soles of their feet before they began to fall out about ceremonies and modes of worship, and went to such lengths of discord as to occasion the intervention of the civil power. I suppose that, because into the superficial things of religion many can enter who stop short of its vital essence, party spirit, in proportion as religion is superficially diffused, ever tends to form itself on superficial issues, and therefore they exercise such an explosive force on popular opinion.

But it will be said, this is losing sight of the real depth of the question, which is, that excessive ritual is a vehicle of erroneous teaching; that certain of our clergy teach the mass with Romish errors, and seek to use the mass, or to get as near it in practice as they can, while nominally conforming to the Church of England. Unquestionably, erroneous or unfaithful teaching is a far graver matter. Let it then be arraigned *as such*. Can any serious person think it will be stopped by forbidding an attitude? Supposing the attitude forbidden, and the prohibition obeyed, how shall we be advanced in our object of stopping unfaithful teaching? I fear we shall have deceived ourselves—shall have "only scotched the snake, not killed it"—and then shall have to grapple with the root of the matter—left untouched by thus scratching the surface of ritual—with a temper embittered by disappointment. The evil will be left in the system when the attack on a superficial symptom—with whatever success it may be attended—will have passed away.

But the doctrine and the ritual, some will say, are in this case only the inward essence and outward expression of the same thing; and therefore to check ritualistic excess in a particular direction must conduce to rooting out false doctrine.

No doubt, if there be a standard of ritual which most easily lends itself to be the vehicle of erroneous teaching, it is competent to the Church *on that ground* to disallow it, even although such prohibition touch not the root of false teaching. And here, some will think, is an end of the question. By no means. There is a grave and imminent peril on the other side, which I fear only a small percentage of those who advocate an alteration of our existing standard of devotion as authorized by the rubrics can appreciate. It is, that while you strike at error of doctrine through rites of worship, you strike truth as well, and root up also, if

you root up anything, the wheat with the tares. You "scotch the snake," and wound the dove.

For it is apt to be forgotten that as a great number of erroneous doctrines are exaggerations or parodies of a truth, the same worship may easily be so far the vehicle of *both*, that it is difficult to pare down its form effectually, as against error, without operating equally as against *truth*.

The caution which I am venturing to give is especially likely to be lost sight of in the stir of a popular assembly, where men acquire influence from many other qualities than the clearness of their ecclesiastical judgment or the soundness of their Christian faith. That a practice is unpopular, and excites public feeling mischievously, will suffice for a large majority of every average assembly of Englishmen. With an immediate object in view, and a clear notion of how to advance it, they will not care to look beyond. The question is, are both our Houses of Parliament so far above the average as to be secure from this danger?

Having spoken of truth as likely to be compromised, I will endeavour to give a sample of what I mean by considering the answer in our Church Catechism to the question, "Why was the sacrament of the 'Lord's Supper ordained?'"

Ans. "For the continual remembrance of the sacrifice of the death of Christ, and of the benefits which we receive thereby;"—"thereby," of course, meaning "by that sacrifice."

I suppose I hardly need quote Scripture to justify this answer of the Catechism, or show from thence, by collating passages, that the sacrificial aspect of the death of Christ is the dominant one for us, as being the most fruitful in benefits. Our own Eucharistic service; and, I suppose, every Eucharistic service that ever was, might be appealed to as showing that the commemoration of this sacrifice has been the central idea, to which all others have been secondary. I will only refer here to the words of giving notice of celebration, familiar to us all—"To be by them received in remembrance of His meritorious 'Cross and Passion, whereby alone we obtain remission of our sins.'" I might, however, quote a large part of the Communion service. Yet this appears to be the one idea which some of our brethren shrink from embodying. They seem to demand the memorial of something else, which is not a sacrifice, or perhaps of the "benefits" only, spoken of in the same answer, and to regard the sacrificial idea, which our Church would have kept in "continual remembrance," as inconsistent with a Protestant Reformation. Thus men repeat from their infancy "the form of sound words" without ever considering what the words

imply; Because their hearts have gone after some party "shibboleth," and those "sound words" have become a "form" only to them.

Our Church then recognizes and requires of us *both* the memorial of the "sacrifice" and the memorial of the "benefits" in the Lord's Supper. If we would be faithful to her, and still more to Holy Scripture and to the primitive Church, we must not seize on either of these to the exclusion of the other; nor can any Eucharistic forms be adequate, which do not give due expression to *both*. It is the former side of this twin-truth which I fear may be imperilled from the temper in which public discussion seems likely to be carried on. Can any one, however provoked by what he regards as exaggeration or unfaithfulness of teaching, calmly resolve with himself that to crush out one side of the whole truth is a prudent and a hopeful course? If there is a voice of the past that cries louder in history than another, it is that a truth thus violently suppressed has always an ample, and often a speedy, revenge. The words are true of every portion of the whole truth in proportion to its weight—"Upon whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder."

I prefer to take my stand simply upon the Catechism, as the most familiar utterance of our Church's voice, and the one especially cherished and trusted by the laity. So long as they will listen to any remonstrance, they are likely to listen to this. I proceed accordingly to consider, in the same answer, the "benefits" there spoken of. Those benefits are explained afterwards as the strengthening and "refreshing of our souls by the Body and Blood of Christ; as our bodies are by the bread and wine;" and when we take into account the circumstance that the bread and wine are taken as food is taken, and that the institution of the rite took place at a table, it is easy to see that the idea of a *table*, as I shall more fully show, is required by these circumstances of participation and institution. But the primary idea is that of a sacrifice to be for ever commemorated, and the corresponding idea which this requires is that of an *altar*. How can we express our retention of that primary idea, if we exclude the idea of an altar? Indeed, the two images of altar and table are for ever bound up in each other in the worship of the Universal Church. We cannot dispense with either. As the light of prophecy grew stronger, through the advent towards which it looked being perceived to be nearer, it is remarkable that we find "altar" and "table" used as apparent prophetic synonyms, thus introducing what I contend for as the Christian view, since developed in the fulness of time. It seems like an echo of eucharistic language sent before, when we find the prophets Ezekiel and Malachi identifying "altar" with "table." But if we are to choose between

the two—and I contend we ought to embrace both—then it should be noticed that in the New Testament the evidence in favour of “altar,” as the term for that with which the “remembrance of the sacrifice of the death of Christ” is connected, is somewhat stronger than that in favour of “table;” while in the age next to the Apostolic, that in favour of “altar” predominates largely. These prophetic passages are not numerous, but they are remarkably precise.

Ezekiel, in his vision of the restored Temple, as glorified by God’s presence visibly displayed, registers every detail with geometric precision; and, speaking of the altar of incense, says (xli. 22), “The *altar* of wood was three cubits high, and the breadth thereof two cubits;” and he said unto me, This is the *table* that is before the Lord;” and again in xliv. 15, 16, speaking of the altar of burnt-offering, he says of the faithful priests, “They shall stand before me to offer the fat and the blood, saith the Lord God: they shall come near into my sanctuary, and they shall come near unto my *table* to minister unto me.”*

Similarly in Malachi 1, 7, 12, we read, “Ye offer polluted bread upon mine *altar*; and ye say, Wherein have we polluted thee? In that ye say, The *table* of the Lord is contemptible. . . . But ye have profaned it, in that ye say, The *table* of the Lord is polluted.”

These words, “altar,” “table,” in the above passages, are in the original the customary words of Jewish ritual. They have a striking effect in this their synonymous use by the seer of the vision of the spiritual Temple of God, and by the other prophet who stands with his foot on the darkening threshold, and his hand on the closing door of the old dispensation. They seem to denote a feeling of transition towards a new phase of God’s kingdom. The Church has adopted and unfolded this feeling in her highest symbols of adoration, in her “pure offering” which Malachi foretells (i. 11) as to be offered in every place, in the celebration of that “name” which was to be “great among the Gentiles.”

In the New Testament, the evidence to be gathered is indirect and allusive only, as regards the facts of Christian worship in the Apostolic Church.

The only passage where the words “Lord’s table” occur is in 1 Cor. x. 21, “Ye cannot drink the cup of the Lord, and the cup of devils: ye cannot be partakers of the Lord’s table, and of the table of devils.” What does St. Paul mean by “table” here? That on which the elements were put, might seem to be intended—a literal

* I pass over the “eight tables” of Ezek. xl. 41, “whereon they slew their sacrifices,” as this function seems merely preparatory to that of an “altar” not identical with it.

table. But a little further consideration will show that this is not so. The passage in full will best be understood by substituting the English word "communicants," in vv. 18 and 20, as the correlative of "communion" in v. 16. A clause or two of comment will, however, make the meaning clearer.

16. "The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ? For we being many are one bread, one body: for we all partake of the one bread. Behold Israel after the flesh: are not they which eat of the sacrifices communicants of the altar? What say I then? that an idol is anything? or that which is offered in sacrifice to idols is anything?" [Far from it.] "But I say, that the things which the Gentiles sacrifice, they sacrifice to devils, and not to God: and I would not that ye should be communicants of devils." [As ye would be by eating of their sacrifices.] "Ye cannot drink the Lord's cup and the cup of devils; ye cannot partake of the Lord's table and the table of devils."

Here the Apostle begins, in v. 16, by contrasting *cup* and *bread*; he ends, in v. 21, by contrasting *cup* and *table*. I venture to say he is contrasting precisely the same things in both places, and that *table* is a synonym for *bread*. "Cup" stands for its contents, the liquid element, in both, and "bread" or "table" represents alike in both the solid element merely. Part is contrasted with part. If we took "table" as meaning that on which both elements stand, and therefore as representing both, a part would stand in contrast with the whole, which would mar the symmetry of the entire thought, and substitute a haziness for the lucid clearness of St. Paul's language. To some who are not familiar with verbal criticism this may seem a gratuitous subtlety. But all commentators agree that St. Paul's language is constantly influenced by the LXX. Greek translation of the Old Testament, which was ever in the hands of the Greek Jews to whom he wrote, and in which his quotations from the prophets in his speeches and epistles are constantly made. Now the contrast of "drink" with "table" is a standing phrase of that LXX., when meaning "drink" in contrast with "solid food." This phraseology is founded on the Hebrew idiom which the LXX. translators mostly reproduce with religious literality; but this particular idiom of putting "table" for "bread" had so won its way to their acceptance, that they even introduce *table* in several places, where the Hebrew literally translated would mean "bread" or "flesh," and not *table*.

I will first quote Ps. lxxviii. 19, 20. "They said, Can God furnish a table in the wilderness? Behold, he smote the rock, that the waters

"gushed out, and the streams overflowed; can he give *bread* also? can he provide *flesh** for his people?"

Here, in v. 19, the LXX. version preserves "table," following the Hebrew. In v. 20 it substitutes "table" again, where the Hebrew has "flesh." In both cases it is obvious that the contrast of the solid and liquid nutriments is that on which the passage turns. "He has given the one; can He give the other?" is the question of the cavilling people. Again, in Ps. xxiii. 5—"Thou preparest a *table* before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my *cup* runneth over." In these words the anointing with oil, as a complement of felicity, is interposed between the "table" and the "cup;" but they belong clearly to each other, as in St. Paul. And here the LXX. follows the Hebrew literally.

Again, we read in 1 Sam. xx. 24, "When the new moon was come, the king sat himself down *to meat*." This sufficiently renders the Hebrew, which literally means "sat himself down at the bread to eat;" but in the LXX. the words literally rendered mean "*to the table of eating*." Again, *ibid.* 27, the words, "Wherefore cometh not the son of Jesse *to meat*?" (lit. "to the bread,") are rendered by the LXX. by words which mean "*to the table*."† "Table" therefore had with the LXX. translators become a mere equivalent for "bread."

Again, in Isaiah lxxv. 11—"Ye are they . . . that *prepare a table* for that troop, and that furnish the *drink-offering* unto that number."§ The latter word means strictly "mixed or spiced wine"—a "posset," in fact. And here the LXX. version maintains the contrast literally; and here again that contrast is between the solid part expressed by "table" and the liquid part by something vinous.

Once more, in Daniel i. 5, 8, 13, 15, in the LXX., we find the phrase "the table of the king" representing the phrase "the provision" or "portion of the king's meat," by which the Hebrew text is literally rendered in our authorized version. The phrase, it will be seen, occurs four times over; and in every case the LXX. are faithful to their substituted idiom. In the first two cases, in v. 5 and 8, the "provision" or "portion of meat" stands in contrast with "the wine which he (the

* Ἐτοιμάσαι τράπεζαν, Ps. lxxvii. 20, of LXX.

† v. 24. Ἐπὶ τὴν τράπεζαν τοῦ φαγεῖν.

‡ v. 27. Ἐπὶ τὴν τράπεζαν.

§ It is probable that the translators have missed the sense in "that troop" and "that number," and that certain idols, the male and female deities of luck or fortune, are intended; the spreading a sacrificial banquet, however, in its solid and liquid elements, is still the point, and this is preserved in the LXX. version, which corrects the interpretation in the above respect. Ἐτοιμάζοντες τῷ δαμονίῳ τράπεζαν καὶ πληροῦντες τῇ τύχῃ κέρασμα, are its words.

"king). did drink."* In these therefore we have an antithetical phrase precisely similar to that of St. Paul; and in both the word "table" can plainly only stand, not for the article of furniture, but for the solid element of food. And to any who can trace and recognize the extent to which the Apostle's phraseology is built out of the LXX. Greek text, the argument will be conclusive. They will see that the word "table" had in the Hellenistic Greek passed into a symbol merely for solid food; and that "cup" and "table" of 1 Cor. x. 21 mean exactly "cup" and "bread" of v. 16 previous, and neither more nor less.

But to such as cannot follow a verbal argument founded on a comparison of texts with a sense of conclusiveness, I would offer the following illustration, if they will pardon its homeliness as applied to a phrase of Holy Writ:—

The word "table" is here in effect the same as "trencher" in rather old-fashioned English, where "a good trencher-man" means one capable of consuming a good quantity of solid food. Or again, as the phrase, familiar to all readers of the Waverley novels, "bite and sup" means solid and liquid diet, whereas "to sup" means also to take supper, and therefore so far might include both, but manifestly in the aforesaid phrase does not, but is limited to the latter; so St. Paul's word "table" is limited by its union with "cup" to the former, the solid element of the Lord's supper—in fact, to the "bread"; has no other sense in v. 21 than "bread" has in v. 16; and in particular has nothing whatever to do with a "table" as a piece of furniture in a Christian place of worship. St. Paul, in short, uses "table" where the Old Testament translators would have used it, and in the same sense. The word in his phraseology has no New Testament mark upon it. It is the current idiom of Alexandrine Greek three centuries before the Lord's supper was instituted, and proceeds merely from the governing habit of that idiom in the writer's mind, not from the special affinities of his subject.

To some I may seem to have over-laboured this point; but as this (1 Cor. x. 21) is the only passage in which "table" occurs in the New Testament in connexion with Christian worship—and as I gather from some remarks publicly made of late, that this text is sometimes misunderstood even by learned persons—it seemed proper both to justify my view to them, as well as to make it plain to ordinary minds,—the more so, as the apparent sense is at once specious and obvious, and

* v. 5. Ἀπὸ τῆς τραπέζης τοῦ βασιλέως καὶ ἀπὸ τοῦ οἴνου τοῦ ποτοῦ αὐτοῦ. v. 8. Ἐν τῇ τραπέзῃ τοῦ β. καὶ ἐν τῷ οἴνῳ ἀπὸ τοῦ ποτοῦ αὐτοῦ. For most of these references to the LXX. I am indebted to Mede; but by omitting to cite the first half of 1 Cor. x. 21, he exactly misses the point of the argument as stated here.

seems so direct and apposite as at first sight to be overwhelming. This is a case in which "the literal construction," to use a phrase of Hooker's, "will" not "stand."

The actual scene of the institution of the Lord's supper included a table; and although, by virtue of its connexion with the Jewish passover, it must needs have done so, and this therefore may be viewed as an accident of Jewish ritual taken up into a Christian institution, and therefore not an essential part of that institution, still, when the historical fact becomes the basis of a mystical rite, the idea of a table is inseparable from the idea of the Holy Communion, as it is from the remembrance of the Lord's action in appointing its celebration. And further, His words, "Until that day when I drink it new with you in the kingdom of my Father" (Matt. xxvi. 29), and "that ye may eat and drink at my table in my kingdom" (Luke xxii. 30), although they refer not to Christian worship in His Church on earth, yet give the same sort of basis for the idea of a "table" in Christian worship, which I shall trace as belonging to the term "altar" as used in the Apocalypse. If a table was involved in the origin of the rite, and a table is similarly involved in the triumphant consummation, a table seems properly involved in the appointed memorial which fills up the interval.

I limit myself to the passages of the New Testament in which "altar" and "table" occur in reference to Christian worship. But the words "supper," "Lord's supper," occur in 1 Cor. xi. 20, 21, 25, and must be allowed to have some bearing on the question. Yet I think that bearing is indecisive; for the idea of sacrifice and that of the banquet attending upon it, were so closely joined by the ancients, that "supper," as applied to a religious festival, can hardly be held to suggest either word rather than the other. And so we find *cæna dominica* and *cæna domini* used by St. Augustine, in whose works "altar" and "table" are used indifferently. What indeed was the Jewish passover, but a family sacrifice and family banquet united, where the "table" round which they gathered became for the time an "altar"?

The same remark applies to the phrases of the Acts (e.g., xx. 7, 11), which relate to the "breaking of bread." That action expresses the sacrificial idea of Christ's death, and is therefore at least as much akin to "altar" as to "table." It in effect represents "His body bruised and broken on the cross for our sins" (Homily II. on the Passion).

Now, to proceed to the word "altar" in the New Testament. I will not dwell on the words of our Lord in Matt. v. 23, 24, "If thou bring thy gift to the altar . . . leave there thy gift before the altar," because probably not to the point, but purely moral in their purport, and not probably intended to include any directory as regards the details of

worship, or by implication to recognize them. To do so would be to pass from the broad outlines of duty which He is there drawing to a much narrower sphere. I do not say His words cannot be taken prophetically and literally, but I think their spirit is against this view of them, and that in such an argument as this it would not be fair to assume Him so to mean. He manifestly could only speak to His then hearers in terms adapted to the Jewish ritual with which they were conversant; and therefore probably the "altar" here merely means the existing one altar with which all were familiar. Similar is the use of the word "altar" in Matt. xxiii. 18, foll.—"Whosoever shall swear by 'the altar it is nothing;' . . . 'the altar that sanctifieth the gift,' etc.

The only passage, then, in which "altar" occurs, as bearing directly upon Christian worship, is that in the Epistle to the Hebrews xiii. 10, "We have an altar of which they have no right to eat which serve the 'tabernacle.'" It is implied, of course, that *we* "have a right" so "to eat" and exercise it. In order rightly to understand the exhortations, and indeed the general argument of this epistle, it is necessary to bear in mind the circumstances under which it seems to have been written. The Hebrew Christians in Jerusalem would most probably have been excommunicated, and debarred from the worship in its temple, after the martyrdom of "James the Lord's brother," their Bishop, recorded in Eusebius (*Hist. Eccl.* ii. 23), who quotes Hegesippus and Josephus for the facts. Up to that time they seem to have had free access to the joint worship of their countrymen, as we see in St. Paul's own case (Acts xxi. 23—27). There is no record of any formal act on the part of the Sanhedrim, but without it the position of Hebrew Christians as worshippers in the Temple would soon become intolerable, and, especially as a number of "the priests" (Acts vi. 7) were probably still "obedient to the faith," the society would feel keenly the privation of a right which they had hitherto regarded as a privilege, and which St. Paul himself had exercised with all the proper ceremonies of the law. One object of this epistle was apparently to support their faith under this new trial. In connexion with this, we observe that nowhere does the writer, whether St. Paul or not, speak of the "temple," although still standing, as such. He goes back in all his argument to the Mosaic "tabernacle," and, either from a feeling of consistency, or in disparagement of the temple's pretensions, continues the word in this passage. "Tabernacle" occurs eight times in this epistle, "temple" nowhere. "They which serve the (earthly) tabernacle," already in viii. 2 and ix. 11 contrasted with the "true" one, are those Jewish priests who go through the daily routine of service in the temple, not

perceiving that it has become a mere empty husk of dead ordinances.* The true one is external to that "worldly sanctuary." The living and "reasonable service" is therefore without its precinct. It is yours, says in effect the writer to the Hebrews, who are purified from dead works to serve the living and true God. The type of the Levitical sin offerings "burned without the camp" is accomplished by Christ's "suffering without the gate" (of Jerusalem). Adopt then and share that type's fulfilment by "bearing His reproach." It is they who excommunicate you who are themselves cut off and cast out from privilege. The true sanctuary is yours, not theirs. They have "no right to eat" of your "altar." Be content then to accept your place, which is without, not within, their "tabernacle," and "go forth." You have—*we* Christians "have an altar;" "offer" on it† "your sacrifice of praise"—your Eucharist—"to God continually," the "fruit of your lips giving thanks," as Hosea foretold and claimed for Him. The only words which I have not noticed in this paraphrase of this passage are those of v. 14, "For we have not here a continuing city," etc., which plainly suggest the impending destruction of that city, for whose temple privileges they so much longed, and which we know was anticipated by the removal of the Christian Church there to Pella beyond Jordan. (Euseb. *Hist. Eccl.* iii. 5.)

Now it is manifest that the literal sense of "altar" is here much the most forcible. The point is one of practical exhortation. "Why waste idle longings on that 'altar' which is 'decayed and waxen old,' and 'ready to vanish away,' when *we have* one of our own?" Then again, only suppose for a moment that instead of "altar" here the word "table" had stood in the text. If we had here read, "We have a *table* of which they have no right to eat which serve the tabernacle," every one would, I suppose, have seen that the "Lord's table" was literally intended; and those who refuse to take "altar" literally here, would have pressed for a literal sense of "table" as plain and indisputable.

But I will next assume that the meaning of "altar" is not literal, but

* Οἱ ἱερεῖς τὰς λατρείας ἐπιτελοῦντες, ix. 6; comp. τῇ σκῆνῃ λατρεύοντες in the present passage.

† Δι' αὐτοῦ in v. 15 may mean διὰ θυσιαστηρίου of v. 10, or δι' Ἰησοῦ of v. 12; but looking at the co-ordination of the Greek conjunctions, ὡν γὰρ in v. 11, and τοίνυν in v. 13, to which διὰ καὶ in v. 12, and οὖν γὰρ in v. 14 are respectively subordinate, it seems more natural to take the whole from v. 11 to v. 14 inclusive as a parenthetical argument complete in itself, and therefore to refer the αὐτοῦ of v. 15 to θυσιαστήριον of v. 15 preceding. For διὰ with gen. of material instrument comp. διὰ βραχέων (i.e. ῥημάτων) v. 22 *inf.*, διὰ μέλανος καὶ καλὰμου γράφειν, 2 Jo. 12, μήτε διὰ πνεύματος μήτε διὰ λόγου μήτε δι' ἐπιστολῆς, 2 Thess. ii. 2.

that the writer by it does not speak of any actual piece of furniture common in Christian worship, but introduces a symbolical image merely. Then we are at once troubled with questions, is "right to eat" a symbol merely? is "tabernacle" a symbol merely? and so on throughout. We shall then find in this passage a series of enigmas, whereas, as interpreted literally throughout, it is tolerably plain. Observe the force of the immediate context, "right to eat," "serve the tabernacle," both tangible realities. What right have we to say that "altar" is not a similar tangible reality, especially when we know that there *was* an altar real and tangible in the churches of Asia about forty years later, from the repeated mention of the term in the letters of Ignatius to them? Moreover, in Jerusalem, if anywhere, we may be certain that a Christian Church would scrupulously cherish every Jewish analogy compatible with Christianity, and that, even if called a "table" elsewhere, that on which the sacrifice of Christ's death was commemorated would there be called an "altar." Further still, the writer goes on to speak of the "sacrifice of praise" as to be offered by Christians—that "giving thanks" for the highest of all mercies which abides enshrined in the term "Eucharist," as denoting the highest act of all worship. Since, then, the words "eat," and "tabernacle," and "sacrifice," and "giving thanks," are all literal, it is most reasonable to take the word "altar" as literal too; and since these all relate to actual worship, to deem that "altar" too denotes what was actually used in the same. And here, then, I contend that the maxim of Hooker referred to is directly applicable, "I hold it for a most infallible rule in expositions of Scripture, that where a literal construction will stand, the farthest from the letter is commonly the worst." Here not only will the literal one stand, but it adds cogency to the general sense by giving a pertinence and coherence to all the terms employed. I cannot conceive how any one can here refuse this literal meaning for "altar," who has not some theory to guard, which he feels is weakened by it, and which makes him afraid of the word. However, for the sake of the argument, I will accept even this arbitrary assumption. Let "altar" be symbolical; what then does it symbolize? Can any other answer be given than that of our Catechism—"the sacrifice of the death of Christ"? If, then, the *word* "altar" be the fittest to symbolize this, why should not the *thing* "altar" in a Christian edifice be the most appropriate symbol of the same? If "we have an altar" typically and spiritually, are we not faithful to the teaching of Scripture here when we embody that type in our worship? How are they *more* faithful who insist that we shall have a "table" only?



HOW TO ENTER THE PROFESSIONS.

No. I.—*The Bar.*

By JOHN J. POWELL, Q.C.

THE question to which of the professions a lad should devote himself is one often mooted at school, at home, and at college, and as, except in comparatively few cases in which the bent of a lad's genius is developed early, the subject is one surrounded with much obscurity, and the question answered only, if at all, with much doubt and difficulty, we propose to devote a portion of our pages to a popular description of the professions and a practical account of the several modes of entering upon them. The Church is, perhaps, entitled to precedence, but it suits our convenience to begin with the Bar; and we proceed to "call" a student to the Bar accordingly.

We assume, of course, that he has finished his general education, whether at school or at college; though if, from considerations of age or otherwise, he should wish to do so, he can keep terms at college and at an Inn of Court simultaneously. The first consideration will be at which Inn shall he enter. The Inns of Court, mentioned in the order of seniority, are the Temples (Inner and Middle), Lincoln's Inn and Gray's Inn. If our student proposes to practice at the Chancery Bar, there can be no doubt that Lincoln's Inn will be the best for him; at any rate, until the new Courts of Law are built in the neighbourhood of Temple Bar, since the Chancery Courts now sit in that Inn, and by having chambers in their vicinity he will be able to save a great deal of valuable time, which is necessarily wasted by common law barristers while they are waiting at Westminster for their cases to come on. But if he proposes to go to the Common Law Bar he should enter at one of the Temples or at Gray's Inn. As the expenses at each Inn and the curriculum of education are almost the same, it does not much matter which, and we will assume therefore, that our future chancellor proposes to enter at the Middle Temple.

To do so he must present himself at the Treasury Office, in Plowden

Buildings, between ten and four o'clock, and ask for a form of admission, for which he will have to pay one guinea. This form, which he will have to fill up, states his name, age, parentage, residence and description, and discloses that he is desirous of being admitted a student of the Society for the purpose of being called to the Bar, or of practising under the Bar, and that he will not either directly or indirectly practice as a special pleader, or conveyancer, or draftsman in equity, without the special permission of the Masters of the Bench of the Society. It then goes on to declare that the applicant is not an attorney at law, solicitor, a writer to the signet, a writer of the Scotch Courts, a proctor, a notary public, a clerk in Chancery, a parliamentary agent, an agent in any court original or appellate, or a clerk to any justice of the peace, and that he does not act in the capacity of a clerk to any of the above-described persons. This application must be signed by two barristers (members of any of the Inns of Court), who must certify that they believe the applicant to be a gentleman of respectability, and a proper person to be admitted a member of the Society; and it must be approved by the Treasurer of the Inn, or in his absence by two benchers. In a few instances some difficulty may be experienced by the applicant from his, perhaps, not being acquainted with any barrister or bencher, but this, like many future difficulties in his way, may soon be overcome. If he knows or can get a satisfactory introduction to any barrister or bencher, that gentleman will soon get his admission papers duly signed for him. This having been done, his next step, unless he is a member of some university, is to offer himself for preliminary examination before two or more examiners of a joint board, appointed by the several Inns of Court, whose duty is to ascertain and certify whether the proposed student has a sufficient knowledge of the English language, the Latin language, and of English history to qualify him for efficiently studying the law. This qualification is assumed in the case of members of any university within the British dominions, and the examiners have power, in the case of other persons, to report any special circumstances to the Masters of the Bench of the Inn of Court of which they may desire to be admitted as students, upon which report the Masters of the Bench can relax or dispense with this regulation, in whole or in part, whenever they may think the special circumstances reported justify a departure from it. This dispensing power is most frequently exercised in favour of students from India, or other remote parts of the empire, where the study of Roman law, and, consequently, knowledge of the Latin tongue, is of less importance than in this country. In such cases proof that the applicant is acquainted with the language in which the

fundamental laws of his own country are written, is commonly accepted as a sufficient ground for exempting him from passing an examination in Latin. Meetings of the examiners, who are commonly barristers, are held at least once in every week during each law term, and once in the week preceding each law term. Two days' notice of his intention to attend and submit himself for examination must be given at the treasury or office of the Inn which the student proposes to enter, and he is then informed at what place and time he must attend for examination. On presenting himself to the examiners he is courteously examined. If he fails, he is requested to attend at some future day; if he passes he receives a certificate to that effect, and upon presenting it at the treasury he pays his fees and receives an order for admission to commons in the hall and the library, and, therefore, becomes a student at law.

The fees payable, in addition to the guinea before-mentioned, are for stamps and fee on admission, £35 1s. 3d., and for public lectures £5 5s. Unless the applicant be a member of some university he is required also to make a deposit of £100, which latter sum, however, is returnable on death or withdrawal, and also covers the expenses attending his subsequent call to the Bar. Members of the Scotch Bar, as well as members of the Universities, are exempt from this deposit on production of a certificate of membership, but before call to the Bar a degree must be taken, or two years' terms kept at the university, otherwise interest at the rate of four per cent. will be charged. The student must also get two householders to join with him in a bond to observe the rules and discipline of the Society, and to pay all monies that may become payable to it. He will also have to pay "duties" amounting to £1 per annum while he is a member of the Society. In some of the Inns these duties may be commuted for a ready money payment.

On the same evening, or as soon afterwards as may be convenient, he must present himself before 6 o'clock in the hall of the Society, and commence "keeping his terms," by dining with his fellow students. This magnificent hall is one of the most interesting and beautiful in London. The *coup d'œil* on entering it is very striking. The evening sun shining through the stained glass of the western and southern windows lights it up with a glory which we trust may be but prescient of the future career of our young student, and discloses the noble roof, formed by springing arches of black Irish oak; glances against the polished arms and armour of the knights of old, who did battle with the Paynim, or in a later and more disastrous period, clashed with shock of battle between the gay and gallant Cavalier and the stern and

enthusiastic Roundhead. Reflected from these, it lights up the faded glories of the colours borne by that renowned corps, "The Devil's Own," in the days when Bonaparte stood on the heights at Boulogne, and "letting I dare not, wait upon I would," sighed to invade England. Beneath the western window is a portrait of Charles I. on horseback (said to be by Vandyke, but more probably an old and excellent copy of the celebrated picture, of which he is known to have painted four replicas, one of which is at Windsor, another at Hampton Court, a third at Warwick Castle, and a fourth at Apsley House), and on each side of it are portraits of his swarthy and saturnine sons, Charles II. and James II.; also of lean King William and of plump Queen Anne. On the panelling beneath these, and extending on each side the hall down to the screen, are the arms and names of the "Readers" of the Society; officers elected half-yearly, whose duties were formerly to lecture to the students, and superintend their moots or forensic exercises; though since the appointment of paid lecturers their duties have degenerated into giving a banquet upon their nomination to the office. Still they may "read" as well as feed the Society if they think fit; and Sir R. Phillimore, the present Judge of the Admiralty Court, did so recently when he was appointed Reader. The succession of readers so blazoned within the hall continues, with a few interruptions at the beginning, from the year 1598 to the present time. The side windows above the oak panelling bearing the names and arms of the readers, are filled with the arms of princes, chancellors, judges, and other distinguished members of the Inn. There the student may see in all "the pomp of heraldry, the pride of power," the escutcheons of Somers, Hardwicke, Eldon, Westbury, Cairns, Tenterden, Pollock, Erle, Cockburn, Coleridge, Talfourd, and a hundred others, who having entered the Society unknown students like himself, have honourably written their names in the legal history of their country. At the bottom of the hall is a magnificent screen, erected in the reign of Elizabeth, and for which it appears that every Master of the Bench was assessed 20s., every barrister and attorney of the Inn 10s., and every other member of the Society 6s. 8d. Over this is a minstrels' gallery, and above it the eastern window, bearing the date of the hall (which however was ten years in building), 1570. The hall also contains busts of the Prince of Wales, who is a bencher of the Society, of Plowden, the celebrated jurist, who was treasurer while the hall was building, and of those noble brothers, Lords Eldon and Stowell. The parliament chamber and benchers' room also contain original portraits of Clarendon, Blackstone, and other historical and legal worthies; and in the vestibule are numerous engraved portraits of a number of judges, and a bust of Sir Henry

Havelock, who forsook the gown for the sword, having been originally a member of this Society.

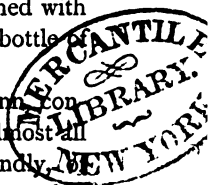
When the student, having donned his gown, has had time to notice all this, he will suddenly hear a sharp thud upon the floor near one of doors of the hall, not unlike that produced by a pavior's rammer, and turning round to ascertain the cause, he will see it is produced by the head porter of the Inn striking the floor with his staff to announce the entry of the benchers. Thereupon the members in hall rise, and a body of gentlemen, most of whom are well-known members of the Bar, enter the hall in procession. At their head is the treasurer and the senior bencher present, and behind them walk, two and two, the rest of the benchers who dine that day, in the order of seniority. Arrived at the dais, they stand in a row facing the other members, and wait silently until a procession of waiters bring in the principal dishes for their table. These being duly deposited, the head porter strikes the table three times with a wooden mallet, upon which the senior bar mess, consisting of the four senior members present, wheel round to face the treasurer and benchers. The treasurer then reads grace and all sit down to dinner. The barristers occupy the upper and the students the lower tables, for the most part according to seniority. Each mess consists of four members, and has a separate dinner served to it, consisting of soup or fish, a joint, a tart or pudding, bread, cheese, and beer *ad libitum*, and a bottle of port or sherry, or two bottles of light burgundy or claret.

On "Grand days" a capon or goose is added, and a bottle of champagne or other wine, as may be preferred. For this excellent dinner the students at present are only charged two shillings each, a sum which it need scarcely be said (irrespective of the wine, which is a gratuity from the Bench) does not remunerate the society. During dinner the busy hum of men pervades the hall. Some talk law,—others politics. At one table the proclivities are theatrical; at another sporting; and, for the most part, all seem very hearty and very lively. The dinner generally lasts an hour. Then, at a signal from the treasurer, the porter's mallet again strikes the table; all rise, thanks are returned; the benchers bow to the upper bar mess on each side of the hall, and walk out in procession as before, receiving and returning the salutations of the barristers and students as they pass. If a distinguished or popular bencher happens to be present, he is frequently greeted with much applause, and his name is loudly shouted out by enthusiastic students. No one receives such an ovation more frequently, as no one more fully deserves it, than the estimable and much commiserated Sir John Karslake. The benchers return to their

room, the students rush off to debating clubs, theatres, or elsewhere, while a few sedate old barristers linger over a second bottle of wine, and criticise acutely the argument of Mr. Subtle, Q.C., in the great case of *Jones v. Johnson*; or the merits of the demurrer upon which the judges of the Court of Exchequer Chamber are so much divided in opinion.

A dinner of this kind must be eaten, or at least attended, three times in each term (there are four terms in each year) by each student, who is at the same time a member of an university, and six times by every other student, until he has kept twelve terms, or has had certain terms, not exceeding four under any circumstances, remitted by the benchers on account of his merits in the examinations, or for other special reasons. The only variety in the course of the dinners is on Grand day in each term, when the Master and Readers of the Temple, some of the judges, and other distinguished persons, dine in the hall as guests of the Society, on which occasions the tables are adorned with gold and silver plate and flowers, and an additional dish or bottle of wine is supplied to each mess.

The professional instruction supplied to the students by the Inn consists, first, of access to an ample library, where they will find almost all the books they need in law, history, or literature; and, secondly, of lectures and private classes in jurisprudence, common law, equity, and real and personal property, delivered and superintended by competent and well-salaried lecturers appointed by the several Societies. The attendance at these lectures and classes is voluntary on the part of students. The fee for attendance at lectures is included in his admission fees, and he may attend all the private classes on payment of five guineas a year. At these classes the students are encouraged to ask for information, to discuss the subjects of the lectures, and to "moot,"—that is, to argue with each other upon the points of law under consideration. Students who can afford to do so, also read for six months or a year with a special pleader, equity draughtsman, or conveyancer—frequently with each,—and are recommended, but are not obliged, to do so. These gentlemen are lawyers who (generally) have not been called to the Bar, but practice, as it is termed, under the Bar; and their functions with respect to their pupils somewhat resemble those of tutors or "coaches" at the universities. The special pleader does, or should, instruct them in drawing declarations, pleas, rejoinders, issues, etc., commonly known as "the pleadings," which indicate the various stages of a suit from the issuing out a writ until the suit is ripe for trial, and in consideration of which the legal bearings of the cases are commonly well sifted and the questions to be decided eliminated. The equity



draughtsman does the same with respect to bills, answers, and other pleadings in chancery cases. The conveyancer teaches them how to draw conveyances, settlements, wills, and other legal instruments employed in the transmission of real and personal property. These gentlemen commonly receive a fee after the rate of one hundred guineas a year from each pupil ; and it is very important that the pupil should, if he can, select one who, with sufficient practice to afford him a practical insight into business, should not have so large a practice, that he has no time to instruct or superintend the progress of his pupils personally.

Having kept his terms, the student, before he is called to the Bar, must undergo a second examination, and will not be called unless he has obtained a certificate that he has passed a satisfactory examination in Roman Civil Law, the Law of Real and Personal Property, and Common Law and Equity ; but the Council of Legal Education may accept a degree in law granted by any university within the British dominions as an equivalent for the examination in those subjects, provided they are satisfied that the student, before he attained his degree, passed a sufficient examination in them. There are four examinations in each year,—partly in writing and partly *viva voce*,—and at those held before Hilary and Trinity terms, there is an examination for studentship and honours. The Honours List contains two classes, in both of which the list is alphabetical.

The examination for Honours is in Jurisprudence, including International Law, Public and Private ; the Roman Civil Law ; Constitutional Law and Legal History ; Common Law ; Equity ; the Law of Real and Personal Property ; and Criminal Law ; and no student can be placed in either class, however qualified he may be in other subjects, unless he has passed a satisfactory examination in the three subjects as to which he must obtain a certificate as before-mentioned, before he is called to the Bar. But we hope that our student will not be content with a “pass,” or even with simple Honours, but will “go in” for a Studentship. To obtain one of these he must brace his mind for a severe struggle and be content “to scorn delights, and live laborious days.” To encourage students to study Jurisprudence and Roman Civil Law, twelve studentships of one hundred guineas each have been established by the four Inns of Court. These are divided equally into two classes. The first class continues for two years, and is open to any student within a fourth term of his keeping his first term. The second class continues for one year only, and is open to any student, not then already entitled to a studentship, as to whom not less than four, and not more than eight terms have

elapsed since he kept his first term. Two of each class of these studentships are awarded to the two students of each set of competitors who have passed the best examination in both Jurisprudence and Roman Civil Law, provided the result of the examination be such as in the opinion of the Committee of Education and Examination (nominated by the Council of Legal Education) justifies the award. As an additional reward, the successful student who obtains honours or a studentship is entitled to a remission of two terms, and can then, if he pleases, accelerate his call to the Bar; as to which, however, he will do well to keep in mind the sage maxim of Sir Matthew Hale, *Festina lente*. Having obtained the necessary certificate, the student then applies to a bencher of his inn to propose that he be called to the Bar, and gives notice of his intention to the under treasurer, who thereupon causes his name to be screened in the hall and office of his own Society, and of the other Inns of Court for fourteen days. The bencher who has consented to propose him does so at the next "Parliament," and unless any objection be made in the interval, he is "called" at the succeeding Parliament. Prior to this, however, he has to pay stamp duties and fees, varying from £77 2s. 4d. at Gray's Inn to £99 11s. 3d., at the Middle Temple; but these are not additional fees, and are only deducted out of his deposit of £100, if he has made it upon his admission to the Inn. His total expenses, therefore, including admission form and fees—annual fees for three years, term fees, gowning, commons for twelve terms, fees on call, and commutation of annual fees (which is not compulsory) are at Gray's Inn (where the annual fee of £1 3s. 4d. is not commuted), £136 1s. 4d.; at Lincoln's Inn, £151 15s.; at the Inner Temple, £153 10s. 6d.; and at the Middle Temple £158 7s. These preliminaries being settled, all that remains to be done is to order his wig and gown which will cost him £8 or £10, and attend in the hall at dinner-time on the day appointed as "call day" when (at the Middle Temple, but not at the other Inns) he assumes his forensic costume, and enters the hall in the bencher's procession with the other students called, in the order in which they passed the examination, and there signs a declaration, now substituted for the oaths of allegiance and supremacy; having done which he has become a barrister, and may enter upon his forensic course for any prize he thinks fit to aspire to, from that of a Revising Barrister to that of Lord Chief Justice, or Lord High Chancellor.

Formally a "call" took place with much more ceremony than it does in these prosaic and utilitarian days; and a "call party" was deemed a necessary sequel to the "call;" the student being allowed to invite his friends to take wine with him in the hall after dinner, over which

they made speeches, and sung songs; and sometimes even chaired him round the hall, in anticipation of the professional triumph which awaited him. The old butler, as he drank his health, solemnly averred that he saw in him a future chancellor, and thereupon complacently pocketed the guinea usually tipped to him by the flattered youth, who was probably not aware that the old rogue had prophesied the same to every man who had been called for the last quarter of a century. But these symposia seem to be diminishing, and call parties are less frequent and certainly much less noisy than they were formerly. The next day, or as soon afterwards as he pleases, our young friend sends his wig and gown to Westminster Hall, or Lincoln's Inn, and modestly takes his seat on the back benches, where we leave him, wishing that he may work diligently, wait patiently, and advance gradually towards the front rank of his honourable profession.





MY IMPERIALIST NEIGHBOUR.

By H. A. DUFF.

CHAPTER I.

BARBARA.

Then slowly, slowly, she came up,
And slowly she came nigh him,
And all she said, when there she came,
"Young man, I think y're dying."

Cruel Barbara Allen.

SHE came leaping out on the balcony like a bright flame. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes were dancing. Stars were shining in her beautiful dark hair, and a gold chain was round her neck. She wore a floating white dress, and in her hand she held a fan of peacocks' feathers. It was evidently some gala attire she had donned. She swept past a miniature hospital for diseased plants and maimed animals, set up in one corner of the balcony; leant over the iron railings, and peeped into my room, singing out in her pretty clear voice—

"Paul has come, *Monsieur Smeet*,—Paul has arrived."

I dragged myself up off my sofa as I heard her voice.

"I make you my felicitations, Mademoiselle," I began. Then another voice interposed—an older, a sadder, a wearier one:—

"Come back, *ma fille*,—it is not *convenable* to run about like that. Come in at once. Paul will have completed his toilette directly." And a pale, thin, almost transparent, hand appeared round the young girl's slim waist, and drew her gently back into the room.

This was not the first time she had come springing out on the balcony. The first time had been nearly a year ago,—soon after her arrival in England, or, at least, soon after her advent in the house next door. She had worn a black dress on that occasion, and a long, loose, dust-coloured cloak thrown over it. The stars were in her hair, too,—a black velvet ribbon, studded with them, fastening back the heavy

brown plaits. Instead of the fan, she held a bunch of seedling grasses in her hand, and a little dog, following her out, stood beside her on the balcony.

It was a blazing hot afternoon in June. The bricks in the houses opposite were being baked afresh ; and the scorching London pavement gave one an idea of what the pleasures of walking must be like in that place which is said to be paved with good intentions. All the world and his wife (the wife most emphatically) were disporting themselves in the park ; drawn thither by the sleek, smooth-paced steeds of fortune and fashion, or by the more flighty Pegasuses of vanity and ambition. There seemed to be no one left at home, even in dull, unfashionable De Vere Street, Pimlico (which, like many similar companions, hangs like a bit of dingy fringe to the richly-flowing skirts of Belgravia) except my next-door neighbour and I.

My neighbour was on this occasion unconscious of my presence. I had an unfair advantage over her. I could watch her from where I lay on my sofa ; but she could not see me without absolutely peeping in at my window. She stood there, with her back to the hot brick wall, and the bundle of grasses half slipping out of her hand, while her beautiful dark eyes slowly strayed up and down the empty street. Meanwhile a poor little blackbird in a wicker cage, nailed up to the wall (he had but one leg, and was half-starved sometimes, and otherwise neglected, I used to think ; but he managed to sing cheerily enough, all the same), twittered, and chafed, and beat his wings against the bars, and nearly dislocated his little neck in the vain endeavour to get at something within his sight, though beyond his reach. But the girl appeared to be in a sort of dream, and took no notice of the bird.

"Bárbara, bárbara," I said to myself, watching her. I had taken it into my head that my neighbours were Italians. And then, something in her attitude, in her floating dress, and the stars in her hair, the grasses she held in her hand which served for a palm, the hot brick wall behind her head, and, above all, the eyes, looking out wonderingly, wistfully, on a grim, blank world, reminded me of the famous St. Barbara, at Venice ; and I spoke the words again,—this time aloud. She started as I spoke, and the dog began to bark. She caught the little creature up in her arms, and looked at me in a half-shy, half-*farouche* way.

"How did you know my dog's name ?" she asked, almost fiercely.

"I did not know it," I replied, closing my book, and crawling to the window. And then, amused at her quaint defiant air, and the manner in which she held the little animal up in her arms, as if she suspected me of being a dog-stealer, I added, "I thought it was your own name."

She laughed,—a little trickling laugh like water. Her mind was evidently greatly relieved.

"My name is Alma," she said, in her pretty, foreign way, clipping off the ends of her words, as if they were the stalks of flowers.

"Alma!" I repeated. "That is not an Italian name, surely."

"I do not know whether it is an Italian name, or not," she answered, with careless pride. "I am French."

French! That was it then. My neighbours were refugees from the once happy land of love and mirth, now distracted by foes without and fiends within. It was enough, was it not? to account for the wistful look in the girl's eyes,—for the sad, weary, *abattu* air of her mother,—perhaps, even, for the sharp face and sharper tones of Thérèse, *la bonne*. I liked the French for old time's sake. I had fought by their side in the Crimea. I had taken their part in the Prussian war. I had not given them up even now, when they had given themselves up to the horrors of the Commune. I believed their very faults, their very sorrows, to be the result of their impulsive, warm-hearted natures. Even in individuals, does not generosity sometimes tend to extravagance—and the love of liberty to eccentricity and licence? *Il faut avoir les défauts de ses qualités*. They will right themselves in time: their virtues and their vices will resume a proper equilibrium. In this sympathetic frame of mind I hobbled out on the balcony, prepared to say something *compatissant* to the young French girl.

"Are you very ill?" she asked, abruptly, looking at me. It was the first time for many years I had tried to walk without my stick, and I was naturally rather shaky.

"No, indeed—I am well," I answered. "Better, at least, than I have been for the last sixteen years."

"Sixteen years!" she repeated, catching at the words. "Why—that is just the number of years I have been in the world. Have you been ill all that time?" and the bright eyes grew dim at the thought.

"All that time," I replied. And indeed I was truly sorry for myself.

"Ah! how grieved am I," she said, in her pretty broken English. And then she clasped her hands together, and looked me full in the face. "But you had many *plaisirs* before you were ill, had you not? You are old now—your hair is grey. Sixteen years is not very much when one is old, *mamma* says."

"Sixteen and nineteen, how many are they?" I ask, amused.

But she declined to make the calculation.

"You are older than Paul, any way," she said, decisively.

"And who is Paul?" I was just beginning to ask, when the shrill voice of Thérèse made itself heard on the balcony, from the depths below,—

"Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle, faut rentrer. Voici en télégramme. Madame ne revient que demain——"

When Fanny, my married sister, with whom I lived, returned from her afternoon drive (she had a little Victoria, with a pair of high-stepping ponies, and gilt harness and bells, for the sake of which pretty things, I fancy, we resided in dingy De Vere Street, and Brooke, my brother-in-law, toiled all day long at the Temple), I related to her my adventure on the balcony. Both of us had been interested in our neighbours ever since one extremely wet day in May, when we watched them descend from a cab, the mother and daughter, and the sharp-faced Thérèse, with the little dog, and the one-legged blackbird in a wicker cage, at the house next door. My sister, indeed, had always been far more curious about them than I, though now she chose to sneer at the scantiness of my information.

"Her name is Alma, and she is sixteen years old, and her mother is away. I think I could have found out all that, without even speaking to her," said my sister, contemptuously. "Indeed, I do know more about her already. Sprigett told me, this morning, that the lady was a French widow of the name of d'Aubusson. She has lately lost her son, and seems to be very poor. They have *fricandeau de veau* for dinner one day, and cold the next, with cabbage soup, and stewed plums and——"

My sister gave me a few further details of domestic economy, but I did not heed them. The name of d'Aubusson had arrested my attention. It seemed to drag me back, suddenly, through long years of suffering, past the wound, and the fever, and the dreary hospital days, and the long nights spent in the trenches, or lying on the damp ground, where the seeds of rheumatism and paralysis had been contracted, to the moment when I had landed with my regiment on the shores of the Crimea, young and strong, and buoyant with health, hope, and courage. Some French troops had landed at the same time. Among them was a young officer with whom I formed an acquaintance. He used to talk to me about his wife and his little son, and his property in "the Orléanais." He had dark flashing eyes, like the girl's next door, and a handsome dreamy face. He was one of Marshal St. Arnaud's aides-de-camp, and fell at the Alma. His name was Henri d'Aubusson. I have his card still, and a little gold pencil-case he gave me the night before the battle. Could he have been any relation to the Alma of this afternoon? Fanny was sure he was, and, for once, Fanny was right.

"I should like to call upon them," she said. "It would only be kind to do so; and it would be so nice for Grace to have a French companion."



Little Mrs. Brooke was one of those people who are always on the lookout for ulterior advantages, bargaining, as it were, with the future, by means of the present.

"How, a French companion for Gracie?" ask I, innocently. "Do you mean the little dog?"

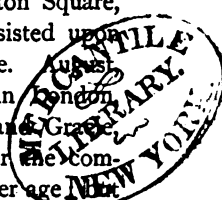
"I mean the girl, of course," replies my sister, in the most matter-of-fact tones.

"The girl!" I cry, astonished. "Why she is a grown-up young lady. Very nice for Gracie, no doubt; but ——"

"Well, I am sure she behaves more like a child in some ways than Gracie does," interrupted my sister rather testily.

So the very next day, the Victoria, and the high-stepping ponies and the jingling bells, were turned round suddenly, and pulled up as abruptly, at the door adjoining ours; and the little rosy-cheeked page (another pretty, but expensive, *objet de luxe*) majestically delivered Mr. and Mrs. Brooke's and Captain Herbert Smith's visiting-cards to Mademoiselle Thérèse, who came forth in a tall white cap to receive them. And the day after that, the same white cap brought us back La Comtesse d'Aubusson's cards, black-edged, and very largely printed, as if for the aged, and there for a time our intercourse paused.

It was little Grace, my niece, who brought us together once more. Some one had lent the child a key to the gardens in Eccleston Square, and the little maiden, being of a sociable temperament, insisted upon inviting all her small tribe of friends to play with her there. However, is not a favourable month for child-dissipation in London. Poor John Brooke did not get his holiday till September, and Grace, seeing her friends depart day after day, began to long for the companionship of the French girl. She was more than double her age, but the child seemed to feel instinctively that there was some sympathy between them. "She is like a queen, and I am her tire-woman," said the learned little maiden, who had just begun to read "Stories from English History." "Uncle Herbert, was there ever a queen called Barbara?"



"I know her at last," cried the child triumphantly one day. "I saw her walking outside the gardens, and I asked her to come in, and she liked it so much. She began running races at once, and said it was ever so much nicer than her garden at home, where she always had to walk beside her aunt's chair. There were no children for her to play with there. Her brother was at the college, and her mother was always away with the court at Paris. So it was very dull for Barbara. And then she told me some stories—fairy stories, you know—not stupid ones, like what they put in books, but pretty ones, about fairies who

know how to cure sick animals. And Barbara knows, too, how to cure sick animals. She can pull thorns out of the little dog's feet, and she cured her blackbird. Both its legs were broken when she picked it up, and she has mended one, you see. And oh, just think, Uncle Herbert, she was engaged to be married once, and the man she was engaged to was killed in a battle—I forget the name of the battle—but her brother was killed there too. And so, you see, she is a sort of widow."

Little Grace had the true spirit of the old romance-tellers within her. She had kept the grand climax to the end. We were all interested. Even poor tired John Brooke looked up from his book to listen to his little daughter. It was rather a shock the next morning, after hearing the history of the blackbird, and so much about the wisdom of the fairies who know how to cure sick animals, to see that poor little creature lying dead in its wicker cage. Mademoiselle d'Aubusson came out on her balcony whilst I was looking at it. She burst into tears when she saw what had happened.

"I think you have rather neglected the poor little bird of late," say I, in a moralizing tone. "You gave it no water one day; and once or twice you did not clean its cage. I suppose you forgot all about it."

She looked up at me with shining eyes. She was evidently rather surprised at my homily.

"No, I did not forget," she said. "I did it on purpose."

"You did it on purpose!" I repeated. "That was barbarous indeed. You wanted it to die then?"

"No, no; I did not want it to die,—I only wanted it to be ill," she answered.

"You wanted it to be ill?" I echoed, more and more surprised.

"Yes," she said, in her pretty broken English, "yes, Monsieur, I wanted it to be a little ill. I wanted so much something to take care of."

A Barbara indeed! A systematic, philosophic Barbara, an experimental saint,—it was too much for me. I retreated after that; nor did I take any notice of Gracie's hints that I should give her friend next door another bird.

"I should be sorry to be her blackbird, little niece," say I. "She does not know how to treat a pet. She would be for making experiments on my arms, as my legs are *hors de combat*."

Grace opened her eyes, and laughed heartily at the idea of my being anybody's pet.

"Perhaps Mademoiselle d'Aubusson will give Barbara another bird when she comes back," said the child.

We called her Barbara still. It was a name that suited her well.

Her quick, sudden movements, as if blown hither and thither by some unseen, wayward power,—her equally sudden droppings into a sort of absorbed indifference to outside things, all reminded me of the picture in Venice, with the dreamy eyes and beautiful swaying figure. Grace had caught the name too, and thoroughly entered into the spirit of it.

Madame d'Aubusson continued to be a great deal away. She would come back sometimes for a day or two, and look sadly round the little house, and then return to her duties. It was rather a pity, I thought, that she should leave her daughter so much alone; but she had perfect confidence in Thérèse, and she was glad her child had found some English friends. The hearts of those she went to serve were full of aching anxiety, and the shadow of disgrace, ay, and of death, had already fallen across the path of him who had once been heralded from "the Seine to the shore" as "Emperor Evermore." How could the gentle countess, who had shared in the bright days of that imperial family, desert it now that clouds had gathered around its path? Poor Madame d'Aubusson's lines had lately fallen on hard places. She was a delicate, frail-looking woman, who ought to have basked in sunshine all the days of her life. The Court to which she belonged had been the gayest in Europe. She had forgotten, perhaps, the husband of her youth, or only thought of him with a little passing sigh of regret. Her boy had grown up beautiful as an angel; her girl was pretty too, people said, who saw her sometimes flitting about like a sunbeam through the old courts and corridors of her aunt's house in the country. And then suddenly a thunderbolt had fallen. The agony of Sedan had obliterated the tender memories of Alma. Her son, her hero, her god, her beautiful, strong Achille, whom she had thought almost immortal, was dead—dead, lying stiff and stark under the sod, with a wooden cross on his breast. Ah, how do mothers live through such agonies!

"And Paul is dead too," said the little daughter timidly, clinging to her mother in those first dreadful days.

Paul de Vaubecour was Mademoiselle d'Aubusson's *fiancé*. She had only seen him twice, but she mourned him most decorously. The marriage had been arranged since she was ten years old. When she was about fifteen, her aunt in the country had died, and the young daughter had come to live with her mother in Paris. It was not very good for her. The air of a Court is not a wholesome thing for a country-bred maiden. M. de Vaubecour was sent for. He expressed his warmest approbation of his little *fiancée*. He gave his portrait in a locket set round with pearls. They were formally betrothed. They were to be married next year. Then came the war, and next year's hopes were blown out like a candle in a breath of wind.

M. de Vaubecour had never been heard of since the fatal first of September. He, too, must have fallen on that terrible field of Sedan. True, his name had never yet appeared among the lists either of the slain or the missing; but then those lists were not very accurately kept in those days. If he had been made a prisoner, he would surely have managed to escape somehow. Even if he were shut up in besieged Paris, he could still communicate with his friends by means of carrier pigeons. Other refugees in London had done so. No, he must be dead. It is only the dead who are dumb. So argued his despairing little bride. Another sort of woman might have drawn another conclusion; a mother, for instance, would have hoped against hope, and argued with despair; this girl resigned herself to her fate.

But she was a widow, as she said pathetically—a widow without having been a bride. She cherished the memory of her lost lover. She wore his portrait round her neck, tied with a black ribbon. She showed it to me one day. She was as frank about him as she had been about her blackbird. Paul must have been a handsome man if he resembled his portrait. He must have had a charming smile, a pair of beautiful blue eyes, and a fine glow of health mantling his cheeks. He came from the sunny south, but he looked as fair and strong as any hardy Norseman. I fear I should have envied him had he been still alive. As it was, I admired him greatly, and said so.

"Yes, he was *bien beau*," answered his little widow, slipping her *médaille* back into its place. And then, looking me full in the face, she asked abruptly—

"Why have you never married, Monsieur Smeet?"

It was an embarrassing question, the more so as I had no romantic confidences to give her in exchange for her own. She stood quite still, leaning against the window-frame, with her face turned towards me, and her clear, lucid eyes seeking mine enquiringly.

"Who would marry me?" I ask, at length, glancing at my useless, shrunken limbs.

"I would," she answered quickly, without knowing what she was saying. And then suddenly she became confused, and blushed rosy-red. "I mean, of course, if I had been alive ever so many hundred years ago. And there must be plenty of people like me in the world, I should think."

"I do not know that," I say, smiling. "And even if you had been alive all those hundreds of years ago, you would still have been engaged to Paul, I suppose."

"Ah, Paul!" she said, clutching at her locket again, and passing it across her lips in her pretty, quick way. "Do you know, Monsieur

Smeet, sometimes I forget about Paul altogether, and then I am so sorry. Supposing he should not be dead after all. Supposing he was badly wounded, but not killed at Sedan. His arms might have been shot off, you know, so that he could not write, or he might have lost the use of them afterwards, as you lost the use of your legs after the battle of the Alma. And supposing he came back to me some day, and said——”

“Do not let us *suppose* it,” say I, suddenly interrupting her. “Let us hope that it may be so.”

She looked at me for a moment, as if puzzled at my burst of solemnity, and then suddenly dashed off into a game with Gracie. They had established a new common interest by this time; and had instituted a small hospital for the reception of diseased plants and maimed animals in one corner of the balcony, and they spent a good deal of their time in tending those objects. It was a pretty sight to see the children bending over a poor little sparrow that had been run over in the street, or tying up the dreary-looking flowers that were drooping from drought and dust. Mademoiselle d'Aubusson was head-physician, of course. Grace was assistant-surgeon, bandage-roller, dresser, what not.

“It is better than the blackbird experiment,” said I one day, leaning on the iron railing and looking at the girls busy over their work. Barbara blushed suddenly.

“Oh, don't remind me of that,” she cried, clasping her hands together. “It was a cruel thing; but I know better now. That was nearly a year ago.”

So it was, nearly a year ago. But I could scarcely believe it. Other years had seemed to crawl along: this one had flown. How had such a change been effected? Was I really growing stronger? I could walk across the room without the help of a stick now. Gracie declared she had heard Uncle Herbert laugh oftener during the last month than she had done in all her life before. Brooke, my brother-in-law, rallied me on my improved appearance. “I always knew he would be better if he exerted himself more,” said Fanny, sapiently. Even Madame d'Aubusson congratulated me on my altered looks: “There comes a time when such maladies wear themselves out, I believe,” she said, in her sad, thin, low-pitched voice. “Ah, if only such had been the fate of mon Achille!”

Poor young Achille! A year ago I should have told his mother that his fate was better than mine; but now I was not sure. My feelings had undergone a change. I could once more say—

This world is very lovely: O my God,
I thank Thee that I live.

I could not return Madame d'Aubusson's congratulations with regard to her own health. She seemed to be thinner and paler each time she came back to De Vere Street, and she caught her breath painfully as she went up stairs. She came in one day to thank us again for what she called our great kindness to her daughter. I noticed her increased delicacy of appearance particularly that day.

"You know her little history," she said, speaking of her young daughter, and looking for sympathy from Mrs. Brooke, who would gladly have given her some, only she had none to give. "The d'Aubussons have always been a family of soldiers, and September is a fatal month to them. First, the Alma—you remember that, Captain Smith?—where the father of my children was killed; then this still more terrible Sedan. My son is shot, my daughter's *fiancé* also; we poor women are left unprotected. *Ma propriété est pillée par ces Prussiens*. My château is fired; my fortune is destroyed. It matters little for me; but for my daughter, for my Alma, I can see no refuge but the convent."

Fanny looked alarmed. The word convent had an awful sound in her ear. She was no rigid Protestant; she attended the fashionable churches of the neighbourhood. But there were now-a-days Anglican sisterhoods as well as Catholic convents. Supposing Grace should take it into her head to imitate her friend? What an awful supposition! This intimacy with the young French girl must be stopped. Grace must have a governess: they had long talked about getting her one; they must get one at once now. A convent, indeed! The mere sound of such a word sealed the mother's lips with terror.

"I hope there may be a better fate in store for Mademoiselle d'Aubusson than that," say I, from my sofa.

Madame d'Aubusson looked round rather surprised.

"We Catholics are not accustomed to think the convent such a very bad fate," she said gently, as she took her leave.

Nevertheless, there was a better fate in store for the young French girl. That very evening a strange thing happened. The postman who brought me an advertisement concerning "Patent Soda-water Bottles," and Fanny a milliner's bill, slipped a letter into the box of the house next door. It was from M. de Vaubecour. He had not been killed after all. He had not even been wounded. He was taken prisoner at Sedan, and had been sent on with half the army to Stettin. He had only just now effected his exchange. He would be with them soon. He yearned to see his little *fiancée* once more, and his kind, true friend, Madame d'Aubusson. And only a day or two after that Barbara came leaping out on the balcony, in her trailing white dress,

and leant over the railing, pushed her bright face in at my window and sang out—

“Paul is come, Monsieur Smeet! Paul has arrived.”

CHAPTER II.

ALMA.

“O Alma, casta e limpida!”

PAUL DE VAUBECOUR was a very nice young man. He wore faultless boots and gloves, and the neatest of ties and collars. He was about twenty-five years of age. He had a handsome person and graceful manner. He always listened attentively when anyone spoke to him. He always smiled benignly in return.

He was exactly like his portrait. He had the same charming smile; his eyes were just as blue, his cheeks just as brown and healthy-looking. And I think the portrait must have been almost as amusing a companion as the original, for M. de Vaubecour seemed to have very little to say for himself.

“Is he always so silent?” I asked Mademoiselle d’Aubusson one day, when Fanny had dragged me into the next house to pay my respects to the young hero. M. de Vaubecour did not speak much English, nor understand it either. I had previously ascertained that important fact. His *fiancée* made a little *moue*.

“It is better to say nothing than to ask silly questions,” she replied, rather pettishly. Mine was an impertinent, if not a silly question, I own. And to this day I do not know whether she was angry with me or not.

They made a great fuss about their hero: women always do. They must have had *fricandeau* for dinner every day, judging by the amount of fatted calf Thérèse took into the house. The little *fiancée* fluttered about and filled their room with flowers: stephanotis, cape jessamine, and other rare but heavy-smelling things. I suppose M. de Vaubecour gave them to her. Their scent came floating into our room too. It was very disagreeable, I thought. Madame d’Aubusson hired a carriage, and they all went out driving together. I never saw horses kick up so much dust as theirs did. I was obliged to pull down the blinds when they went out, but the room became so hot I pulled them up again before they came home. I don’t know in which direction they took their drives, but they must have been rather dull ones, for they always came back looking tired of each other. Perhaps they went to buy the trousseau.

I was sorry for poor Madame d'Aubusson. It must have been hard to think of her son lying dead under the field of Sedan, and to see her daughter's lover come back from the same battle unhurt. She felt it keenly. She used to stand still sometimes, and press her hand against her side, and catch her breath in little gasps. And then she would move away calmly and smile at her little daughter, and put a question or two to the returned and conquering hero.

"He has not even a scratch anywhere!" said the hero's betrothed to me one day.

"Well, that is lucky," responded I. "It would have been a pity to disfigure his handsome face."

"But it would have been more glorious," she answered. "It must make one feel so great to suffer for one's country." Then changing the conversation in her abrupt way, she said, "See, here is a tassel I have twisted for your stick. You still use one when you go out walking, do you not?"

I went out walking now, up and down the street, and round and round the gardens of the square. But alas! no Mademoiselle d'Aubusson was to be found there. In fact, we saw but little of her in those days. Sometimes, for a moment or two, on the balcony, before M. Paul had completed his toilette, or Thérèse had served *le déjeuner*, as had been the case when the above conversation took place. But that was all. There were no more games with Gracie—no more walks, talks, and daily meetings at our house. It could not be otherwise, of course, but the child grumbled greatly about it.

"I am sure I am as amusing as that stupid M. Paul, who never speaks," said she, crossly; "and I don't believe Barbara likes him half so much as she likes you, Uncle Herbert."

"You ought not to say such things, Grace," I said, authoritatively. "It only shows what a baby you are. Mademoiselle d'Aubusson is seventeen, and engaged to be married. You cannot expect her to play with a little girl like you any longer. I hope your governess will teach you better."

"She played with me last week, and she is only one week older now than she was then," returned the child, not a whit abashed, even by the thought of the dreaded governess.

Only one week older, but she seemed miles further away now than she had done then. Was she any happier in that region whither she had flown? At first I think she was, in a strange, bewildered way. She could not make enough of Paul. She talked to him all day long, wearying him with questions, and never waiting for his answers. But, by degrees she began to find out that he had no answers to give; by

degrees she discovered that her god was not made of silver, or gold, but of some rather dull and heavy metal, such as lead, perhaps. It was a mournful discovery, on the part of our mercurial neighbour—poor little Alma.

It was not altogether M. de Vaubecour's fault. Young men and maidens on the other side of the water are so accustomed to have all their love-making done for them, that when they do come together there seems to be nothing left for them to say. Besides, how could a young man of an easy-going disposition, who had merely served in the war, because it was impossible *not* to serve in the war, but who was very glad now that it was all over, and he had escaped so easily—and who looked forward to nothing better than a long life spent upon his own uninjured property in Bretagne, far from the strife of men and the turmoil of politics—how could such a man, young, strong, unambitious, untroubled by sentiments, or dreams, or original ideas of any sort, sympathize with the heroics of a girl who thought death for one's country, or one's cause, or one's principles, the noblest thing in life? How, indeed? Poor little Alma!

"Your sentiments are truly grandiose, but they fatigue one in this hot weather," said M. de Vaubecour to her, one day. Our friends from next door had come in, in due form, to return the visit Fanny and I had paid them, and Mademoiselle d'Aubusson had been giving expression to some of the above sentiments. She flashed out upon him scornfully,—

"Do they fatigue you? What right have you to be fatigued? If you had lost your ears *à la guerre, à la bonne heure*—or even your legs, so that you could not walk in here——" and then she stopped short suddenly, with a crimsoning face. She had forgotten all about me, I suppose.

M. de Vaubecour looked half huffed, half amused.

"It seems to me that this conversation is more suited to M. le capitaine than to me," said M. le lieutenant, with a low bow to his crippled host.

His crippled host bowed in return, and thought the remark in rather bad taste; and M. de Vaubecour's *fiancée* thought so too, I fancy. She blushed, and remained silent during the rest of the visit. Nor did she ever again refer to any such things as fighting, or dying for one's country, in any conversation with her gallant lover.

I think the pair were happiest when Madame la Comtesse was with them. I suppose, however, she thought it good for them to be sometimes alone together, and so they were permitted to wander down the street, about the length of a dog's chain, or to sit out on the balcony, staring at nothing. I caught them there one day, yawning wearily, and I do not think it was the first or only time.

"How hot your London is," said M. de Vaubecour, with a gasp. "The air in these northern climates is so very oppressive." It was the only spontaneous remark I ever heard him make.

"And your Stettin—was not the air there equally oppressive? It is also in the north, you know," returned his *fiancée*, with rather a keen look.

"It was not so hot and heavy as it is here," replied M. Paul, in a matter-of-fact tone. "Or, at least, if it were, one could get away under the trees, and drink beer, *al fresco*. Here there seems to be nothing to do, but to sit on these smoky balconies."

"No—nothing but balconies," returned the girl, with flashing eyes. "But at Stettin you could get away under the trees, and drink beer *al fresco*, whilst you were still a prisoner?" she asked, in a tone of mingled surprise and displeasure.

M. Paul looked confused.

"No—no—not then—of course," he said, hesitatingly. "It was afterwards—when I was settling about—getting away, you know. I had a few days to spare, then."

"And what else did you do at Stettin, besides drinking beer, and settling about—getting away?" asked M. de Vaubecour's affianced bride.

"Got away, as fast as I could," replied M. Paul, with a lazy laugh at his own wit.

"That is not true," said the girl, suddenly.

M. Paul jumped up as she spoke.

"How can you doubt my word?" he cried. "Alma, what does this mean?"

But Alma did not seem disposed to enlighten him, and so, after a brief interval devoted to kicking some of the paint off the bars of the balcony, the young man sat down once more. There they remained in absolute silence, till Madame d'Aubusson came out with her pale sad face, and laid her thin hand on her daughter's pretty rounded shoulder, and called both her *chers enfants* in to dinner.

That was their last evening together. I saw the young fellow go away at dusk, with his grey paletot on his arm. His face looked rather hard in the cold evening light, I thought. He walked away softly, delicately, in his thin shiny boots, never looking back once, but going straight on down the street to the river, and no Hero came out on the balcony to light her Leander on his way.

The following day I inquired after the absent swain.

"He is gone," replied Hero, briefly.

"Gone!" I repeated, astonished. "Did you send him away?"

"No, no; he went of his own accord. Nevertheless, mamma is

angry with me." And that was all she ever told me concerning her last evening with Paul.

Madame d'Aubusson's anger did not affect her daughter for very long. She went back to her duties in a day or two, and Mademoiselle d'Aubusson returned to some of her old ways with us; but not to all. She would talk to Grace, rather than play with her; talk in a grave, serious manner, which made the child open her eyes wide. She never again came bounding out on the balcony, nor peeped over the railing, nor sang out our names when she wanted us, but was properly announced when she came to call, and sat down in the drawing-room, and talked just like any other grown-up young lady. Little Grace was in despair.

"Barbara is gone," she would say, "gone away with M. Paul, I suppose—and—and—I don't know who has come in her place."

"Alma," said our Barbara of a month ago, very softly, and gently.

Alma, Alma; yes, so it was. The soul was awake at last. She could no more go back to her old state than a grown man can put on a boy's jacket. Her eyes would fill with tears at a rough word spoken to a child she passed in the street. She screamed one day, when Fanny's Victoria, and high-stepping ponies, nearly ran over a poor little dog. "He would have been a nice patient, if his leg had been broken," said Grace professionally, watching the little black creature scamper away frantically down the street. "He would have been a sort of king in our hospital."

"No, no," said Alma, quickly. "It is Grace who is Barbara now, is it not, M. Smeets?"

"All *children* are so," I answer, smiling and emphatic.

Her young unfolding womanhood also took the form of intense anxiety about her mother. Does she look ill? I was forced to own I thought she did. Worse than last time? Tell her truly, exactly what I thought. And then, it was the cold, or the damp, or anxiety about the Emperor's health that made everybody ill, and the young daughter would moan over having to part from her delicate mother so constantly.

"Cannot you stay?" she would say, when the time of departure came. "Another week—another day. It would rest you, mamma."

No, mamma could not stay; but she would try to manage some time that her daughter should go with her, which will be "*quite autre chose*," said the daughter, with a sigh, as she repeated the words to me.

Quite *autre chose*, I should think so!

When the house next door should be shut up, or worse still, occupied by some one else. And yet it must come sometime, of course. When the Imperialists should be restored to the throne—when M. de Vaubecour returned—when Madame d'Aubusson was dead. Alas! this possibility seemed to be almost a certainty, and not a very distant one.

"*Je souffre beaucoup*," said the poor lady, appealing this time to me, not to Fanny, for sympathy. "I wish M. de Vaubecour would return."

I could not echo her wish. It would have been better perhaps, if she *had* appealed to Fanny, instead of me.

About a month before the great Emperor's death, one bleak, black December day, Madame d'Aubusson sent for her daughter. They packed up quickly, and went off that same evening. Alma came in for a moment, rather pale and dispirited, to wish us good-bye.

"Will you take care of Barbara for me?" she said, slipping the little dog into Grace's arms. "It will remind you of me sometimes, perhaps." And the pale lips quivered into a faint smile.

Grace's face was flushed, and puckered up with tears.

"I shall not want the dog to remind me of you," she said.

So the blinds were drawn down at No. 4, De Vere Street, and the pleasant French people who had sojourned there were gathered round the deathbed of the greatest monarch of modern times. But love and devotion, were as unavailing as skill and science; and he, who of all Frenchmen was the most necessary to his country, died an exile in England, on the ninth of January, 1873.

In the shock of this event there slipped away, almost unperceived, a faithful adherent of the Napoleonic dynasty. Ten days after the Emperor's death Madame d'Aubusson died too, quite calmly but suddenly, in the arms of her daughter. "There was not even time to bid me *adieu*," wrote the poor desolate orphan. She only said, "*je me trouve mal*," and gasped for breath, and then her head fell back upon my shoulder. I thank you for all your sympathy, dear kind friends. I trust I may see you again some day. For the present, however, Her Majesty desires I should remain beside her." And after these few abrupt, heart-broken lines, written in answer to a letter of condolence from Mrs. Brooke, we heard nothing more of Mademoiselle d'Aubusson.

January passed away—February—March. April came dancing in with its wealth of blossoms, its bursts of music, its sunshine and rainbows, and all the glad things which make known that "the winter is past," and the spring has come back once more to the earth.

The tenth of April was Gracie's birthday.

"See, Uncle Herbert," cried the nine-year-old maiden, bounding into the room with the dog at her heels. "See, I have tied a purple ribbon round Barbara's neck. That's for mourning, you know, as well as being the Imperial colour; and here is a bunch of violets for you."

Grace's mother looked up from behind her tea-urn.

"I am sure I hope the governess who is coming will teach you to

forget all that silly nonsense about Imperialists, Grace," she said, rather sharply. "They have no chance in France, at present, and the one Imperialist you ever knew seems to have forgotten all about you. I must say, I thought Mademoiselle d'Aubusson would have remembered your birthday."

"Never mind, little daughter," says honest John Brooke, looking up from his pile of letters. "There is a post every hour, you know, (bad luck to it) and perhaps Mademoiselle d'Aubusson's present will come later."

And it did—it did—Brooke was right. It came at mid-day—with a sudden opening of the door, and a soft low laugh outside, and a sharp bark from the dog inside; then a rush from Gracie, and a quick startled look from a certain Herbert Smith, who was lying on the sofa, pretending to read a French novel (upside down), and Mademoiselle d'Aubusson walked into the room, in her sweeping, black robes, tall, graceful, sad-looking, but more beautiful than ever.

"Isn't it your birthday, Grace?" she said, nervously stooping over her child. "Look, I have brought you a present." And she fastened something round the child's throat.

Grace shouted with delight. Her present was a gold *médaille*, set with pearls, and exactly like the one in which Mademoiselle d'Aubusson used to wear M. de Vaubecour's portrait. This one contained of course a portrait of Alma. I glanced from the gift to the giver. There seemed to be no corresponding ornament round Mademoiselle d'Aubusson's own throat now.

"*On ne porte pas ces choses là, quand on est en deuil,*" she said carelessly in French, as if in answer to my look. And then, turning once more to Gracie, she went on talking calmly.

"You will think of me sometimes when you wear that locket, won't you, dear? You may never see me again, you know. But I shall not forget—any of you—and you will not quite forget me, will you, Gracie?"

"Never see you again!" exclaimed Gracie, too much frightened even to cry. "Why, what are you going to do?"

"I am going to enter a convent," replied Alma in a low voice. "I have come back for a few days, just to pack up my things next door —"

"And shall you like entering a convent?" inquired Gracie, whose knowledge of such matters was (notwithstanding her mother's fears) but limited as yet.

"I do not know—it does not matter—there's nothing else for me to do."

A sudden thought darted into little Gracie's mind.

"Nothing else to do?" she repeated, standing upon tiptoe, as if weighing her thought well before putting it into words. "Oh, Alma, if you have nothing else to do—why don't you stay here—and be my—governess!"

"And when I said that," continued the child, repeating the story to the father and mother afterwards, "Uncle Herbert jumped up off the sofa, and looked just as if he was going to dance."

Alma d'Aubusson was not very long my niece's governess. Any one wandering through the south of France last summer might have seen her wandering there too, by the side of a man, grey-haired indeed, and rather lame, but not otherwise particularly old or decrepit. Vichy is not very far from Clermont Ferrand, and Clermont Ferrand is close to Aubusson. The château of the family is farther away to the south of Montargis. It was rendered uninhabitable by the Prussians. It may be restored some day, when the peasant's homes have been rebuilt, and their rents begin to flow in easily once more. Meanwhile, an old farmhouse at the head of the village, and the foot of the great avenue, makes a comfortable home for a happy pair.

"I always knew it would be so," says little Mrs. Brooke, with that back-handed sapience for which she is famous. "I knew it from the day when I turned the ponies' heads round suddenly, and drew them up before the door of the next house. I told John so. Only John is so stupid, he never remembers these things." And I believe in her heart of hearts little Mrs. Brooke was even then speculating whether she ought not to make over one of the said ponies to her new sister-in-law.

We have no need of it. There is a long-tailed pony for Gracie to ride whenever she comes to stay with us, which is very often; for Aunt Alma seems to be almost fonder of the child than even the girl Barbara had been.

"She made us so happy once," says my wife, apologetically.

"Yes, I believe the monkey had actually the audacity to propose for me," return I, with a laugh.

And M. Paul? "I have never seen him since that night on the balcony," said Mademoiselle d'Aubusson to me whilst still a governess. "I did not exactly give him his *démission* then, but he took it somehow. He left me alone for a time: then he wrote to me. It was after the death of Sa Majesté—after the death of my mother—that he wrote. It was a generous letter. He said he feared he had disappointed me,

that he was not all I had expected. He implored me to speak the truth. I did speak the truth. He was satisfied——”

“And what?” I ask, seeing that she hesitated, “what was the truth?”

“The truth was, that I had learnt—to—like someone else—before I knew him,” she answered, hanging her head and looking very shy.

“The d——l you did!” cry I, in a fury. “And who was that, pray?” She hung her head down—lower, and lower still.

“You,” she whispered softly.

I caught her face between my hands. I lifted it up to mine, all sweet and blushing.

“My dear child,” say I, paternally, calmed at once; “how can that be, when you came over from France engaged to M. de Vaubecour?”

“I do not know,” she answered, simply. “I had seen him twice before, it is true, and I *thought* I liked him; but I *knew* I—liked you from the first moment I saw you. Besides——”

“What!—another besides?”

“There was a young German *mädchen*,” she said, twisting her hands nervously together, and trying to pull away her face, which was still a prisoner. “She was the daughter of the military commandant at Stettin. She helped him to get away, he said, but I think, in reality, she must have kept him there. He was in a measure pledged to her. He is gone back to her now, and is, I hope, quite happy with her—drinking beer, *al fresco*.”

“I am sure he is,” say I, happy myself, and yet indignant that anyone should slight my Alma for all the German commandants’ daughters in the world. “If he can say *ja* and *so*, it will suffice. The Germans are never great at conversation. But you,—my beautiful singing-bird—how will you ever be happy with me, after having known such a brilliant being?”

She turned her sweet face full upon me once more.

“I always wanted another blackbird to take care of, you know,” she said; “and now, at last, I have got one.”

“A blackbird with a vengeance!” cry I. “A blackbird with grey feathers and two broken legs instead of one.”

And, as I speak, the moon rises suddenly over the tops of the chimneys of the opposite houses, and floods the earth and sky alike with one great wave of silver light. We clasp each other’s hands silently. We do not speak, but we know that as there is light in heaven so there is love in our hearts. And as the moon shines brighter and more golden,—as night’s darkness deepens, so may our love, too, grow stronger as life itself drops away from us day by day.



JUSTICE FOR AUTHORS.

By MOY THOMAS.

PROBABLY few persons, even among those who are most familiar with the glories of English literature under the reign of Elizabeth, have ever taken the trouble to consider what protection the law afforded in those days to the works of authors. There is a vague notion that at some time in the reign of Anne the Legislature did awaken to the fact that, though book-writing was not a very profitable means of getting a living, it was still possible to secure to it by law what little reward the book-reading public might be willing to bestow. The poverty of authors was even then an old joke. "Grub street authors" was a familiar sneer long before, and was certainly applied now and then to writers worthy of less contemptuous treatment. How "Iscaiot Hackney" lived in a garret somewhere in the neighbourhood of Cripplegate, and wrote pamphlets to order for and against the ministry, and birthday odes and poems in praise of rural life and of the "Vanity of Riches," had been told in many a satire which is still preserved. Young Mr. Pope, secure in the enjoyment of magnificent subscription lists, was sufficiently wanting in community of feeling with brother poets and prose writers to join in this sort of ridicule, and to taunt them with their poverty as if it were a grievous sin. Every one who has read anything of literary history knows this much; but how many can tell what the Legislature had really done to render the English author independent of patrons and of the degrading wages of the hack pamphleteer?

The answer is that the Legislature had simply done nothing, unless we except that ordinance of the Long Parliament in 1649, forbidding any one to print books without the consent of the authors. That was but a transient gleam of justice towards literature. Luckily, however, there was such a thing as unwritten law, a body of sacred maxims and of cherished principles which, though they had no doubt been primarily devised for the benefit of more material interests, were equally available to protect the writer of books in the enjoyment of the fruit of his industry. What a man has made, said the law through the mouth

of its most illustrious exponents, that shall be his, together with the disposal thereof. This, it was true, was rather vague in the case of literary property; for the question might still arise—*what* was his? His manuscript, of course, was his, like his hat or his doublet; and if he printed five hundred copies of a book, those copies were his, for the paper and print and binding were his own. But much more than this was necessary to the completeness of literary property. The author could get no profit except what remained over and above the cost of production, and such reward as the publisher or “stationer,” as he was then called, was able to exact; but a copy once obtained, a printer could make from it any number for the bare cost of materials. Who was to prevent him? Not the author. His hat and doublet he might guard, because he did not part with them; but how was he to follow his book and see if anybody was printing it without his leave? How was he to track down unlawful copies? and what power was there in his arm to seize them, if he did, on the stalls or in the warehouses of dishonest stationers? It was clear that for this he required the help of the law; and this help, in the principle of the common law at least, was not wanting. Milton mentions among the hypocritical pleas put forth for King Charles’s ordinance establishing a censorship of the press, “the just retaining to each man his several copy,” which word meant in those days and long afterwards simply “copyright;” but he is careful to add the words, “which God forbid should be gainsaid.”

It may be taken for established that, so long as there has been printing in England, authors have had by law the sole right of multiplying copies of their books for their own profit or amusement. But more than that the common law secured to them, and does to this day secure to them, a right in the case of an *unpublished* work—a right of a peculiarly sacred character. It was and is still theirs, together with the right to keep it private for ever. How abstract and subtle was this idea of property even in the dark ages of social philosophy may be gathered from a famous hypothetical case of an author who had lent his manuscript, to be read, to a friend, who had read it, and who duly returned it without a blot or scratch or a single scrap taken from it. Here the borrower had restored every atom of the material property; but if he had taken a copy without leave, he was in the eye of the law a pirate. He had in fact purloined intellectual property. That was the law even in the days of Elizabeth, and that is the law in the reign of Victoria. Nor did anybody in old times dream of any limit to literary property, either in books in print or books in manuscript. The simple notion of our forefathers was that the author had created the work, and that hence it was his to part with it entirely or with only a single copy of it on any

terms he chose to make. They did not foresee that the time would come when the question of how long an author or his descendant or representative was to be protected in the enjoyment of such incorporeal property would assume gigantic proportions, and vex the minds of judges in the highest courts in the land.

But though the common law was thus liberal towards the learned and ingenious, there was one very curious point in which it was greatly defective, or was believed to be greatly defective, which is the same thing. It had not, as far as anybody knew for certain, any idea of a right to a published book apart from the notion of multiplying copies. It did not take account of that other literary right—in those days far more important—the right of performing a dramatic work upon the stage, unless, indeed, the manuscript of that work was kept strictly private. Once printed, no one, it is true, could multiply copies without leave, but it never occurred to any one that the author had any legal right to prevent the mere purchaser of a copy from acting it for profit wherever and whenever he pleased. And there was a great rivalry among theatres in those days. There were theatres on Bankside, in Shoreditch, in Blackfriars, in Fleet Street, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and there were great profits to be made from theatrical entertainments. In those days long "runs" were wholly unknown, and even half a dozen consecutive performances must have been accounted an evidence of amazing popularity. Hence there was necessarily a very active demand for plays, and every author who hoped to make a fortune tried his hand at writing for the stage. The Elizabethan dramatists were a glorious constellation, but their efforts fell far short of the demand for that form of entertainment, which flourished so luxuriantly till the Puritan frost unhappily nipped it in full blossom. It was from acting those plays that Alleyn made that noble fortune which the college and the great schools at Dulwich, founded by his pious zeal, attest to this hour. Lucky was he who in those days could not only act and get a share, but take a hand at furbishing up the rude old plays and dramatic chronicles which had delighted previous generations; still more lucky the actor who could create new plays of priceless worth for the appreciative audiences of the times of Elizabeth and James. Shakspeare, as we know, when affairs were going badly both in his own home and in that of his father in the Warwickshire town, came to London, and by these noble resources rose rapidly to affluence. In brief, if ever there was a time in our history when plays were valuable as plays it was then. And well the players knew this. Each theatre was rich, not in the strength of its company only but in the wealth of its repertoire. They no more thought of printing plays than of giving away any other valuable portion of their substance: for

apart from acting little more was needed than the play itself and a painted cloth or so by way of scene. Sometimes indeed plays were printed, or few would have descended to us; but in the fact of publishing there was, as a rule, conclusive proof that they had ceased, in modern phrase, to "draw." Curiously enough this humiliating period arrived in the case of Shakspeare only seven years after his death—namely, in 1623, when the two players Heming and Condell put forth the famous first folio. Indeed there is other evidence that about that time the twin stars of the drama, Beaumont and Fletcher, had for a while eclipsed his fame. It had been well, at least for future ages, if Shakspeare had lived to feel the mortification of his temporary decline in popularity, for then we may be assured that we should have had an edition of his works prepared for the press and corrected by his own hand. It has been truly pointed out by Mr. Charles Reade, that nothing but the want of a just law for the protection of literary property lost us this inestimable inheritance: hence the productions of our great dramatist became a prey to editors and emendators, suggestors of new readings, and manufacturers of Perkins folios. Nor was his case by any means exceptional. The ghost of the poet, haunting the woods and meadows by the Avon side, may feel appeased by the fact that the text of his rivals, Beaumont and Fletcher, who thrust him awhile from his throne, is still more hopelessly defaced: for their plays retained their hold on the public favour till far into the days of Charles, and would, perhaps, have retained it longer but for the cruel ordinance of the Long Parliament, which silenced the vanities of the drama and the frivolities of the playhouse. It was in fact in that very year, 1647, that the first edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's works was published, evidently from well thumbed and ragged manuscripts that had passed through many a famous player's hand. All this again was due to the want of protection from the law, which made it unsafe to print. It is a curious illustration of the occasional vitality of a great injustice, that it was not until just forty-two years ago that this practical right to plunder the dramatist was put an end to by Sir Bulwer Lytton's Act. Among the earliest of the dramas produced under this new reign of justice towards play-writers was his *Lady of Lyons*, probably the most popular play that has been produced during the present century. It was but three or four years before this that Sheridan Knowles, having been imprudent enough to print his play of the *Hunchback*, then in the full tide of its popularity at Covent Garden Theatre, found it immediately seized and brought out at another house, the manager of which impudently told him that he ought to be grateful for the impetus given to his fame by the simultaneous performance at two theatres. In this way Lord Byron's plays had

been performed without his leave and in defiance of his wishes. Those who think that the public had any interest in prolonging this old system of lawless plunder can have looked but very little beneath the surface of the stage-right question.

The Act of Queen Anne, by which literary property was first recognised by Parliament, was a substantial benefit to authors ; for, though its protection was limited to fourteen years, the penalties which it imposed made it more easy than it had ever been to punish pirates. It is of course one thing to have a right, and another to be able to enforce it. That the common-law right had been evaded is evidenced by the preamble of the Act which recites that "printers, "booksellers, and other persons have of late frequently taken the liberty "of printing, reprinting, and publishing books and other writings "without the consent of the authors or proprietors, to their very great "detriment, and often to the ruin of themselves and their families." It is easy to perceive that in the case of poor authors the necessity of expensive legal proceedings must have afforded to the pirate a safe shelter ; but dignified authors also frequently found themselves practically without remedy. Shakspeare was unable to cope entirely with the pirates, and no less than eighteen out of his thirty-seven plays were at various times, and with more or less imperfections, printed without his consent, and to the destruction of the valuable stage-right of the theatre therein. After the Act of Anne, however, which passed in the year 1710, times became suddenly bad for the Hills and Currls of those days ; "copy money" had now to be honestly paid, and though the Act not only limited the author's right to fourteen years, but expressly said that he should have "no longer," there was still abroad a notion that copyright was perpetual. The received idea was, that though you could not proceed for the penalties of the Act after fourteen years, you had still the common-law right which you might enforce if you pleased in the old expensive way. This was of course no advantage to poor authors ; but to rich booksellers, who were prepared for long campaigns in Chancery or at Nisi Prius in defence of valuable old copyrights it was a substantial benefit. Decisions, indeed, were given in their favour ; and there were booksellers in the middle of the last century, and even later, who were deriving a handsome revenue from a supposed monopoly in the works of Milton, and even of Shakspeare, Spenser, and Chaucer. Glorious times were those for the Tonsons and Lintotts and Knaptons ; but little good did the authors' families derive from the sacred common-law right. Simmonds, as we know, gave Milton for *Paradise Lost* twice five pounds—probably all it was worth in the market, when the poet had

"fallen on evil days

In darkness, and with dangers compassed round,
And solitude."

Milton's widow, soon after his death, sold all her claims and right to his works for the sum of eight pounds to the same enterprising bibliopole. Thus for eighteen pounds or little more a foundation was laid for a noble annuity for more than one generation of booksellers, who, after Mr. Addison in the *Spectator* had called attention to the English sacred Epic, found themselves still more enriched. When at last the great battle came to be fought in the law courts between the booksellers insisting upon perpetual copyright, and the freetraders asserting that the Act of Anne had put an end to everything save the limited term which it conferred, there was probably not a single book of five-and-twenty years old, the property of which, if it had any saleable value, was in the hands of the author or his family. It is easy then to see that this was not an author's, but a bookseller's contest; on the whole, posterity may be congratulated on the fact that in 1774 by a final decision of the House of Lords the great monopoly of Paternoster Row was destroyed for ever.

Nor had the authors much reason to regret this memorable decision: for now books came to be regarded more as the property of those who wrote them, and the illiberality of the fourteen years' limit began to be felt; so that the legislature subsequently increased the term. Finally, after a long and courageous struggle, Mr. (afterwards Judge) Talfourd, himself an author and dramatist, induced Parliament in 1842 to pass a bill, giving the authors or their representatives a right to their books for life, and seven years afterwards; and inasmuch as an author might publish to-day and die to-morrow, it was humanely provided that in any case the right should last for forty-two years. The stage-right Act of Sir Bulwer Lytton had shortly before that secured the right to the representation of dramatic pieces; and in the Act of 1842 the rights of the dramatists were not forgotten, but were extended in conformity with the term of literary copyright.

Thus the law stands at this time as regards domestic copyright and stage-right; and the authors do not desire, or at least do not ask, for any longer time. It is an odd thing, no doubt, that while a man who has built a house on his ground may have it for ever, or as long as it will stand; another man who makes a book out of his own mind is only allowed a limited time, during which he or his wife and children are to benefit from it. But the copyright in books, as a rule, is sold to publishers, who are thereby furnished with the highest motive to exert themselves to increase the sale, and spread the author's fame. While this is the

case it is easy to see that authors would benefit little from perpetuity of copyright; for a mere expectation of a remote advantage has little present value, and it is probable that publishers give practically as much for a forty-two years' term as they would for copyright for ever. The only important addition to the law since 1842 is the international copyright law of 1844, which in 1852 was supplemented by an Act which for the first time gave international rights in translations.

Altogether the authors, and above all the dramatic authors, are infinitely better off than they were; but it has long been felt that the law is still in an unsatisfactory state. It is with the view of making known these defects, and suggesting practical remedies, that the authors under the lead of Mr. Tom Taylor, Mr. Wilkie Collins, Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, Mr. Edward Jenkins, M.P., Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, Mr. Charles Reade, Mr. Stuart Jenkins, and other gentlemen of standing have organised themselves, and are preparing for a vigorous Parliamentary campaign. They ask not for favour, but for justice; not for artificial protection against fair rivalry, but for the simple old-fashioned right to the fruit of their own labour—at least for the limited term during which the legislature permits them and their families to enjoy the benefits thereof. Divested of legal technicalities their demands are very simple and intelligible. Take the first in their list—the loss of rights by first production of a work out of the United Kingdom. If a man build a ship in one of the yards of Brooklyn, and navigate it for any time under a foreign flag, his property if he afterwards chooses to hail from some English port is as good as ever it was. It is not so with the author. The judges and the law have sternly decreed that every book shall be launched in the United Kingdom, or the right to it shall be forfeited. Pirates preying upon the foreign-built ship would be hunted down and hanged; but in the case of the foreign-launched play or novel, the law on the contrary positively invites the literary and dramatic corsair to bear down upon it. When we ask why this is, we are told that it is proper to encourage men of genius to publish here; and besides, that the principle complained of tends to give employment to English printers and bookbinders. But the best way to encourage learning and genius is to let it be free to sell its production in the most favourable market. And it may be asked why men of genius are to be fined for not employing English industry in these days of free-trade doctrines. Let no one suppose this is an imaginary grievance. Dramatic authors practically regard England and the United States as one field for their enterprise; and they constantly find an opportunity of bringing out a play in New York, which temporarily, at least, could not be brought out in London with so much advantage. Why should they lose their rights—

as Mr. Boucicault did when he incautiously played a piece first in America? If that had turned out a good play, the English stage was sure to hear of it before long; and if it had proved to be a bad one, English play-goers might have congratulated themselves on having escaped from a disagreeable infliction. The new "Association to Protect the Rights of Authors" point out how this injustice may be remedied very easily, and with due provisions for preventing fraud by fictitious claims to copyright on the part of a country which unhappily refuses to grant us reciprocity.

Then there is the question of the dramatisation of novels. Readers are familiar with the complaints of Charles Dickens of the unauthorized playwrights who used to pounce upon his serial fictions long before they were completed, and hack and deface and vulgarise them for the stage. It was peculiarly annoying to him, because his stories were all serials, the publication of which was spread over so long a time, that the pirates, eager to outstrip each other, never had the patience to wait for the last number. Hence the author found his name associated in playbills, and on the walls, with inventions which were not his, and which he looked on with disgust. Whichever way the playmakers were kind enough to end his plot, for him the annoyance was the same. If they guessed well, it was vexations to appear to have got a hint from those clumsy literary workmen. If they were wide of the mark, it was not less annoying to know that a *denouement* different from what the author intended was stamped prematurely upon the public mind. That this was a hardship few will deny; but there was no legal remedy. The Stage-right Act of 1833 only protected dramatic pieces, and the Copyright Act only forbade the unauthorized multiplication of copies. Between these two rights the right of dramatising a novel could find no footing, and to this day this injustice flourishes to the great annoyance of distinguished novelists. The scenes they have described, the plots they have invented, the title, the characters, the very dialogue of their stories are transferred to the stage; and all this the law permits. It is not so in France or America. There the pirates are strictly forbidden to manufacture a play out of a novel without the novelist's permission. And no practical difficulty is found in enforcing that right. Of course, if there were actions for infringement, judges and juries would be compelled to compare novel and play. But a similar laborious process has to be gone through in every case of alleged literary piracy; and it would not be any more difficult in the case of an unauthorised dramatisation than in any other case. Even if this did give exceptional trouble to judges or juries, who ever heard of denying rights in a civilised land on such a ground? Nothing gives so much trouble to judges and juries as actions

for damages in what are called running-down cases, or collisions at sea or on land. But what would be thought of a proposal to save the time and temper of legal tribunals by declining to enquire into wrongs of this kind? The simple truth is that if the right to dramatise his own novel were once given absolutely to the novelist, it would be extremely rare that any playwright would have the audacity to invade it; for he could not possibly conceal his roguery. It would stare people in the face, as it used to stare Mr. Dickens in the face, on every hoarding and in every play bill.

It will be allowed to be a creditable fact that the Association are not more intent upon our own wrongs, than upon the object of inducing our legislature to do justice to the foreign author. The International Copyright Act was a great step toward improved morality; but its imperfections are numerous, and some of its provisions seem to have been studiously calculated to defeat the very objects which it professes to have in view. The Association's Report points out in detail the vexatious, harassing, burdensome, and wholly unnecessary regulations which that law compels the foreign author to observe; and in return it gives him protection for five years only—the shortest term, it is believed, ever conferred by any copyright act in any country. It is true that these provisions are mutual; but it is well known that they were the invention of our diplomatists. In the case of international stage-right, they are peculiarly harsh and unjust. The foreign dramatist, if he wants to secure his play even for the miserable time allowed, must publish a translation—which has been decided to mean a literal translation—within three months of performance abroad. As far as the foreign dramatist is concerned, the translation is entirely useless. He does not want to publish at all; and it is very rare that he wants to make a literal translation. All that he desires, as a rule, is to adapt and alter the piece for the English stage. When it is asked, Why then should he be put to the expense of publishing a literal translation—of which, probably, he could never sell a single copy? we are told that the obvious intention of the legislature was to warn the unauthorized translator, and to let him know exactly what it is that he is forbidden to lay his hands upon. The absurdity of all this becomes manifest, when we bear in mind that he could not possibly translate unless he had got hold of a copy of the original; and politeness, at least, compels us to assume that the would-be unauthorized translator is able to read a book in the language from which he proposes to translate.

Every Englishman, who has the honour of the nation at heart, should desire to get rid of these insidious and vexatious conditions, for they are notoriously of English origin. They first appeared, it is true, in the

French Convention ; but no Frenchman could ever have admired them. The truth is, that in 1852 the English theatres were almost entirely dependent on the French stage ; managers had so long been accustomed to plunder French dramatists, that it was privately represented to the diplomatists that English interests were seriously involved in allowing the system of plunder to go on under some pretence or other. Of course these were not the exact words in which the framers of the convention were addressed. The habitual wrong-doer is rarely at a loss either for excuses for his practice, or for euphemisms, by which their more offensive features may be concealed. Hence it came about that a stipulation was imposed on the French authors that they should have no right to prevent "a fair imitation or adaptation." It would be hard, perhaps, to conceive a proviso more likely to give rise to suits at law, or more certain to perplex judges, as in fact it has done. It is dishonest on the face of it. A right to imitate and adapt another man's play was a thing hitherto wholly unknown to the law. What would be thought of a proposal to allow a pirate to manufacture a play out of Mr. Albery's "Two Roses," or a novel out of Mr. Wilkie Collins's "Law and the Lady," under pretence that he was only making "a fair imitation or adaptation"? The very terms are contradictory and self-destructive. There is not, and cannot be, any such thing as a *fair* imitation or adaptation of another man's invention without that other man's authority. It is proposed therefore to get rid of this shabby qualification, to sweep away all unnecessary and useless formalities, and to give the foreign author—of course, on reciprocal terms—just the same rights of all kinds which the English author enjoys in his own country.

It would take me too far to go into all the details of the new Association's scheme, which really embraces the whole field of copyright and stage-right law—domestic, international, and colonial. The movement in favour of justice to authors has begun in good earnest, and sympathy has already been found both within and without the walls of Parliament. This is a question which concerns the public interest. As long as good books are desirable, it cannot be expedient to discourage learning and genius ; but what can be more calculated to discourage it than unjust laws, denying to authors the benefit of principles which nobody in the abstract thinks of questioning? The authors ask, on behalf of themselves and those who are dependent on their exertions, only to be protected in the enjoyment of the fruit of their labour for such term as the law thinks it expedient to accord them. However secure their rights may be made, future generations will certainly enjoy a rich inheritance. All that is worthy to live in the literature of this time must in a few

short years fall into the domain of public property, to be printed, and reprinted, and sold, under the sharp competition of the publishing trade, at only a trifle above the cost of print and paper. The present Government must be acknowledged to have shown an honourable disposition to do justice to the literary class ; and they are wise. It would add a grace to the rule of any administration to give, for the first time, full recognition to interests which, if they had been of a grosser and more material kind, would probably not have been overlooked so long. Nor is a measure of this kind likely to excite any angry passions either in Parliament or elsewhere. The public sense of right may be safely appealed to where the case is so clear, and where, to put it on no higher ground, there is really nothing to be gained by upholding injustice.





OLD SONGS AND NEW SINGERS.

By GUY ROSLYN.

IT has been said that there is nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream. I do not doubt it. But love's young dream will not serve all men at all times. What other sweet thing is there that will comfort many of us in all seasons? What fine-spun pleasure is there that will not tease or tantalise, that we may carry with us in shine and shadow, in winter and in summer, in sickness and in health? Is there such an amulet? Yes, replies Philip Bourke Marston,

“The sweet burden of remembered rhymes.”

This pleasure may seem slight in itself—as fickle as an April day; but it is a key to golden palaces, either in the broad light of noon or in “the dead unhappy night, and when the rain is on the roof.” We have always with us the old songs and the new singers. There is generally something worth reading in the volumes that come to us in green or blue covers. They often bring reminiscences of old rhymes, and the faint smell of dead rose leaves. It is in this way that we get the

“Draught of vintage that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burnt mirth!”

In filling our bookshelves let us not be like Longuerne. We are told that in his immense library there was not a volume of poetry to be found. It is a good thing to read songs and remember them. They are more powerful than swords; and Præd says

“Many people read a song,
Who will not read a sermon.”

Therefore the preacher has a weaker weapon than the poet. When a poem was once shown to Malherbe, who did not always appreciate the rhymes of other people, it is said that he asked, with probably an idea of sarcasm, if it would “lower the price of bread?” That a man might help to lower the price of bread by writing a poem is, after all, not a

difficult proposition to prove. To use the words of Arthur O'Shaughnessy, often has a man with a poem "wrought flame in another man's heart." And in this way brothers of the dust have been lifted to life and light.

These things are not said as a preface to a profound essay. I am not about to attempt anything of graver importance than gossip—gossip about some books over which I may spend an hour with old songs and new singers. We may say, without any suggestion of plagiarism, that now and then poets are much alike in word, sound, and thought. Coleridge, in his preface to "Christabel," speaks of critics who seem to hold that every possible thought and image is traditional; who have no notion that there are such things as fountains in the world, small as well as great; and who would therefore charitably derive every rill they beheld flowing from a perforation made in some other man's tank. We should be willing to remember these men, without wishing to join them; and full allowance should be made for curious coincidences.

For three hundred years all kinds of poets have been quoting from Shakspeare without using quotation marks; and since Keats died most of our singers have tried to catch sounds like his. Shakspeare is a poet for all men—Keats is a poet for all poets. Some, like Swinburne, are influenced more by Shelley than by any other poet, but most of our modern songs are written between Shakspeare and Keats. Here is a random selection from the works of Tennyson:

"It is the miller's daughter,
And she is grown so dear, so dear,
That I would be the *jewel*
That trembles in her ear."

At the end of the fourth line I am inclined to say,

"*It is an Ancient Mariner,*
And he stoppeth one of three."

Then I am reminded of Romeo when he first sees Juliet,

"Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich *jewel* in an Ethiop's ear."

Here is a well-known passage:

"The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees."

Now let us take up a volume by Adelaide Ann Procter, with the music of these two lines in our ears. In "Unexpressed" she sings of Art and Love, and that their words must be

"Like sighings of illimitable forests,
And waves of an unfathomable sea."

We find the same music in the first book of Morris's "Jason ;"

" And at the corners were there great lime trees
Hummed over by innumerable bees."

So much for pleasant sound. In "True Honours" Miss Procter says,

" I have often blessed my sorrow
That drew others' grief so near."

Was she thinking of Wordsworth when he said that the gratitude of men had often left him weeping? The sentiment is common enough. To some people it may seem morbid and foolish. 'Lisbeth Bede said to Dinah Morris, "Ye'll make it out as trouble's a good thing, like he [Seth] allays does. But where's the use o' talkin' to me a that'n?" In "A Crown of Sorrow" we read,—

" I took once more with strange delight
My slighted sorrow ; proudly now
I wear it, set with stars of light,
Upon my brow."

The "dear lady" in "Endymion" sings,—

" Come then, sorrow,
Sweetest sorrow !
Like an own babe I wear thee in my breast :
I thought to leave thee
And deceive thee,
But now of all the world I love thee best."

I hope other singers will be able to remind other readers of "A Legend of Bregenz" and "The Legend of the Faithful Soul."

Tennyson sings of "*red ruin* and the breaking up of laws ;" and in Coleridge's "Religious Musings" we find "to scatter red ruin on their foes."

We have just seen how Tennyson may recall Coleridge. Let us now see if we can find other people's wisdom in Coleridge. In "The Ancient Mariner" there is the beautiful verse,—

" A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune."

In "The Three Graves" we have the pleasant reminiscence,—

" 'Tis sweet to hear a brook, 'tis sweet
To hear the Sabbath-bell,
'Tis sweet to hear them both at once,
Deep in a woody dell."

There are half-lines that carry us to Shakspeare. For instance, the

catch line in "Religious Musings," "And blest are they—" inclines us to lay down the volume and say "—whose blood and judgment are so well commingled that they are not a pipe for Fortune's fingers to sound what stop she please." Coleridge speaks of "the white-robed multitudes of slaughtered saints," and Keats tells us of "those green-robed senators of mighty woods."

Swinburne walks with Shelley, often with Keats, and sometimes with Shakspere. There are readers who may think that in some of Swinburne's poems there is no particular meaning, but even when the meaning is a mystery to them they will not easily forget the music. "Sestina" wins us by its music. Was it suggested by a stanza in the "Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicholson," ending

" And here we may lie an endless night,
A long, long night of bliss? "

Swinburne takes us captive with such lines, not easily forgotten—such lines as "Brave battles and the mirth of mingling men," and "Those jangling song-smiths are keen love-mongers." "The red wash o' th' wars" also is an expression to be remembered. Here are three lines from "Chastelard." In this closet play the Queen says—

" Shall I go say,
*Dear lords, because ye took him shamefully,
Let him not die ; because his guilt is foul,
Let him not die ; because if he do live
I shall be held a harlot of all men,
I pray you, sweet sirs, that he may not die.*"

In "The Merchant of Venice" Shylock says to Antonio, who "would have monies,"—

" Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath and whispering humbleness
Say this,—
*Fair Sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last :
You spurn'd me on such a day ; another time
You called me—dog ; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you this much monies.*"

In "Chastelard" the Queen says to Mary Beaton,—

" I think you love well with one-half your heart,
And let fear keep the other."

Is this born of "Hamlet"?

" *Queen.* O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.
Hamlet. O throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half."

Perhaps the parallel is not sufficiently made out. The reader may exclaim, "Come, a further instance!" On the next page of "Chastelard," you will find the Queen saying,—

"Are you sure,
If I would pack him with a pardon hence,
He would speak well of me—not hint and halt,
Smile and look back, sigh and say love runs out,
But times have been—with some loose laugh cut short,
Bit off of lip—eh?"

Now "Hamlet" again,—

"With arms encumber'd thus, or this headshake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As *Well, well, we know* ;—or, *We could, an*
If we would ;—or *If we list to speak* ;—or
There be, and if they might ;—
Or such ambiguous giving out to note
That you know aught of me."

Turning over a volume of verses by Praed—light, sparkling, humorous, pathetic—we are reminded sometimes of "The Ingoldsby Legends," and sometimes of Shakspeare. In "A Ballad Teaching how Poetry is best Paid for," we read,—

"But he felt the while that the meanest things
Are dear to him that made them!"

The sentiment recalls the concluding verses of "The Ancient Mariner." In "As o'er the Deep the Seaman Roves," we have the lines,—

"To rove again, as erst I roved,
Through winter and rough weather."

The second line, with the exception of the first word, being from one of Shakspeare's songs, might have been fairly quoted. "The Bridal of Belmont" was probably suggested by Keat's "Lamia." Here is one from "The Story of Violette," which reminds us of Ingoldsby :—

"No word she said ; they put her to bed
With a pain in her heels, and a pain in her head."

In the first thirty lines of the third book of the "Life and Death of Jason" are these three lines :

"Howe'er it be, now clinging to the hem
Of those old singers, will I tell of them,
In *weak and faltering voice*, e'en as I can."

In "Endymion," Keats says, "Let not my *weak tongue falter*." Morris repeats his phrases : "the waters wan," "the dawning of the day,"

"this way and that," and similar "conceits" meet us in every book. At the beginning of the eleventh book are the lines—

" Shall we not reach thereby *the sea that rings*
The whole world round ? "

Further on [we have "The ocean that the *round world rings* about." Then we come to a line, "My father sleeps, as oft his custom is," which seems to stand in remembrance of the ghost in "Hamlet." Tennyson may be heard in this line—"Thick-leaved elms, all populous of doves." And another line, "Remember thee a little of this night," will recall the beautiful verses that come before Morris's own "Earthly Paradise."

Many books are before me, but I do not feel inclined to hunt after more parallel passages. Perhaps the Editor will allow me to continue that part of my subject in future pages.

I am reminded of many queer things that have been said about poets. We have been told that no writer can be a poet, who is not descended from a noble family. One or two of our modern poets hold this opinion. Why do they not attempt to prove the assertion by showing us that they can sing as well, or half as well, as the dead singers who, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, were not descended from noble families ?

" 'Tis the mind that makes the body rich ;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful ?
Or, is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye ? "

The February number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* is before me. In it we are told that "if the object of the poet is to improve and exalt, surely he should address us in the most natural and straightforward manner." It is in this way that the anti-poetical approach an art, the spirit of which they do not understand. Such men should be content to "study what they most affect." The best kind of poetry for them is prose. Others, with a show of strange wisdom, tell us that poetry should be constructed according to rules. When in pursuing this plan they learn to "jerk" a few verses themselves, they are elated with what they believe to be their success, and "they ride upon a rocking-horse, and think it Pegasus." The writer in the *Gentleman's* says, "Every day we meet clever men who say they don't care for poetry. They feel that if a thought is true, if a passion or a sentiment is genuine, and sufficiently strong to impel the poet to speak it, he, if an honest and unaffected

man, will express his thought or pour forth his feelings as nature prompts him, and not in the involutions and distortions of rhyme and metre." This passage is remarkably inconsistent. There is something about it as contradictory as "yellow whitewash" or "steel whalebone." The men who do care for poetry, and who can make it, have other feelings which prompt them to work according to their own brains. They cannot always say what shape their work shall take. They cannot command the Divine gift. They can only use it when it is with them. If they began to write for the anti-poetical, their warmest thoughts would freeze, and take the shape of the "straight-forward address," which the writer in the *Gentleman's* mistakes for poetry. When our singers lose what is called their affectation, they will forget their music. Let us be charitable. They cannot "choose love by another's eye." After all, there may be some affectation, even on the side of "the clever men who say they don't like poetry." England is proud of her old poets, and she may be proud of her poets who live, not only in the spirit, but in the flesh. Let them sing after their own hearts. And let some of us at least put aside preposterous objections, and be content to believe that "they shall be accounted poet kings, who simply say the most heart-easing things."





GREAT BRITAIN AND NEW GUINEA.

By ARCHIBALD MICHIE, Q.C.

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TO the statesman, the merchant, and the colonist, and even to the geographer and the naturalist, I cannot but think that the present position and future possibilities of New Guinea ought to prove peculiarly interesting. Stretching away as it does athwart that vast Indian Archipelago, almost from the equator on the north to the 10th degree of latitude on the south, and extending nearly from the 130th to beyond the 148th degree of east longitude, we find it to be the next but one in magnitude to the island continent, which already contains so many thriving English communities. There is something perplexing in the thought that this very remarkable island, lying as it does at the very door of Australia, should not at the present time be as well known to us as the interior of Africa. And yet I think we may very reasonably presume that if it were judiciously brought under the rule of Great Britain, it would prove at no very remote period to be as important to the interests of millions of the mother-country, as to the hundreds of thousands of souls who are now, as rapidly as surely, laying the foundations of a second British Empire in the great south land.

It is with this conviction that I venture, at the suggestion of some of my friends of the Royal Colonial Institute, to lay before them my views on this not less interesting than important subject; and if at the outset any one may be mentally demanding, why now, more than at any former period, we are called upon to turn our special attention to New Guinea? I reply, that it is only within the last few years that New Guinea has been brought as close to our colonists as she now is. Cast your eyes over the latest map of Australasia, and what do you behold? The vast and until very recently the mysterious interior of this island continent, so long supposed to be an arid and unimprovable desert unfit for human occupation, is now spanned by the electric telegraph, and is settled by a continuous and scarcely interrupted succession of sheep and cattle stations. The farmer, the sugar

grower, the cotton planter, the gold digger, the storekeeper, even the doctor, the clergyman, and the lawyer, are now found in an established and well-organized civilization within a few miles of the scarcely explored shores of New Guinea. These settlers are told, as the fact is, that the geological formation of the one country is identical in character with that of the southern portion of the other. In effect therefore the two islands, by reason of their near neighbourhood and their evidently possessing so many natural resources in common, are one territory ; and Nature herself seems to have suggested that the power which already holds sovereignty over the one should also have some dominion over the other.

At this point, however, I think I hear an objector striking in with, " Ah ! we have heard this sort of thing before ; and although it would have done very well in 'the dark ages,' when such foolish phrases as 'ships, colonies, and commerce' captivated the obtuse intellects of our benighted forefathers ; we now live in an age of better lights, and are of opinion that these once so much lauded 'gems of the British Crown,' as they are called, are costly and delusive incumbrances, already numerous enough, without our adding New Guinea to the list." Speeches like this, notwithstanding the recent Fijian heresy in the opposite direction, we shall have inevitably to deal with in discussing this question, and therefore, before proceeding further, I may as well, with your permission, try and get this preliminary objection out of my way at once.

Paradoxical as it may sound, I venture to say at the outset, and trust to make the position good as I proceed, that we may grant much for which Mr. Goldwin Smith—for whom, in passing, I desire to express the sincerest respect—and his school contend, and yet consistently affirm that it would materially conduce to the best interests both of the mother-country and of the Australian colonies to incorporate, if we could, New Guinea with the British Empire. The object of the separationists, as we know, is to get rid of the political connection, and so relieve the parent-country, as they consider, of the anxiety, the trouble, and expense of managing a large number of unprofitable, yet frequently fractious, exacting, and impracticable children. That this object could be effected by a stroke of the pen cannot be doubted ; and that Great Britain might save, or appear to save, a round sum by the process—not that the Australian colonies cost her anything—may be at once conceded. She would, however, on the other hand, as a necessary consequence of the operation, as it appears to me, put her colonies in such a position towards her in the future, that in the event of a war, she would have no more or further right than any ordinary foreign power to

refit her armaments in colonial ports, thenceforth neutral at least for their own security under the changed relations. All this seems plain enough.

But further, there is one great and dominating fact, which neither Parliament nor any other earthly power can ever abolish or control, and that is the absolute dependence of millions of England's lives on England's commerce with her colonies in every part of the world. That commerce, as you well know, is at least as essential to the support of many thousands of English households, as if it were a commerce carried on between any two ports on our own coast. There is not a day in the year in which there are not millions of pounds' worth of British property, in the shape of British shipping, lying in the various harbours of our remotest dependencies. In these ships are carried many other millions' worth of British manufacture,—the products of Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, and all the great centres of industry throughout this country. If all this commerce is to continue, and to grow in the future as in the past, is isolation possible to the England of our day? Can England, however averse from the cost of defending her colonies, escape, even if she would, from the necessity of defending her own property in the harbours of these colonies? When Lord Granville, a few years ago, in repelling an imputation brought against the Government to which he belonged, came out with that fine after-dinner burst—delivered I am sure in perfect sincerity—to the effect that, if it became necessary, England's last ship and last shilling should be spent in defence of her colonies, was the speech really as extravagant and after-dinnerish as it sounded? Did it after all amount to much more than this, that if it became necessary, England's last ship and last shilling should be expended in defence of herself, whether that self were found in Hobson's Bay or in Sydney, in Adelaide or in Brisbane, or in a score or so of other ports in which this remarkably distributed, yet connected, self of hers is constantly to be found? The tax-payers of England, we are told, ought not to be burthened with the defence of colonies which can so well afford to defend themselves; a proposition which, assuming it to be assented to on the part of the colonists, must surely entitle them to a reciprocal concession from the tax-payers of England, viz., that the tax-payers of a colony ought not to be burthened with the care and cost of protecting the property of British merchants, ship owners, and manufacturers, because they happen to find it more profitable to send their property to Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, or Brisbane, rather than to keep it at home. This is a very interesting point in the colonial relations with the mother-country—a point which

some day may demand to be practically dealt with. A few years ago, Admiral Popoff, one of the most experienced and trusted officers of the Russian navy, whilst with his ship in Hobson's Bay, made himself quite at home, by surveying and taking careful soundings of our extensive harbour in every direction. Many of us were rather puzzled by this delicate attention. Was it to be set down to abstract devotion to hydrographic science, or might it mean business? We had not many years before been at war with Russia, and might be at war again, either with her or with other powers. In such an event your gold and wool ships might be seized in our port, or arrested by hostile cruisers on putting to sea. We have been so long familiar with the reports in the *Times*, of how half a million of gold on such a day, or a million on such another day, was proceeding from stage to stage—its travels being recorded with all the circumstantiality of a royal progress—until it reaches its honourable, though temporary, destination in the vaults of the Bank of England, that it requires quite an effort of the mind to imagine Admiral Popoff laying hold of it on the way. Such events as this, however, being possible, it is only natural to enquire who would have to bear, or who ought to bear, the loss, or should either mother country or colony alone bear the loss? Here we find ourselves "*inter apices juris*," plunged into a question of disputed obligation. The British merchant might say, "Whilst your harbour has got our property, your harbour, if the property is seized, ought to be at the cost of defending it, or accounting for it." The colonist, on the other hand, might say, "What have we, or what has our harbour to fear, but for your property? It is the fact of your property being in our harbour at a time when you have some quarrel in hand, with which we have nothing whatever to do, which alone exposes either our harbour or your goods to the rapacity of an enemy; and therefore you, the mother country, are, or ought to be, mainly responsible for both." The delicately complicated equities arising out of the situation remind me somewhat of the little suit which once arose between the owner of a Newfoundland dog and a fishmonger. Whilst the Newfoundland dog was unguardedly wagging his fine tail over a box of live lobsters outside a fishmonger's shop, one of the uneasy crustacea closed its large claw on the tail of the dog, and the latter in very natural fright at the altogether new sensation bolted down the street, carrying his tenacious and painful appendage along with him. The fishmonger, who, for the purpose of the illustration, shall be called the British merchant, aroused by this novel and extraordinary evanishment of his property, roared out to the owner of the dog—"Hallo! I say, you sir, call back your dog, will you; he's running

away with my lobster at his tail." "Oh, nonsense," replied the dog's master; "you call back your lobster." Whether the British merchant or the fishmonger may be considered effectually or satisfactorily answered by so embarrassing a counter-requisition, a court of equity must determine, which court of equity, for this evening, you are.

Decide however as you may, for lobster or dog, or for neither or both, I think you will find that the familiar illustration I have employed scarcely exaggerates the complication of interests which insensibly, in the course of years, has arisen between the mother country and her colonies. A fair review, and the very necessities of the situation, then, entitle us to say, upon the mere statement of the case, that British commerce must be protected by British force, wherever that commerce may be found; and if this be so, I cannot very clearly see how, with any substantial result in the way of saving money, Great Britain should declare for what must after all prove to her but an unprofitable political separation, so far as her self-supporting colonies are concerned; and therefore it is that I have said we may grant much that the Separationists contend for, without prejudicing our present contention in the direction of New Guinea. And if Britain's commerce must be protected by herself, it follows, as a necessary corollary, that it is for her best and permanent interest that all reasonable and effectual means should be employed for securing that protection. And here I may ask, Can such means be at all adequate in time of war, whilst one side of Torres Straits is under the control of some powerful enemy? Whether England be at peace or war, indeed, it is all-important that we should have the command of these straits. Our enormous trade with China, Japan, India, Singapore, and Australasia—large as it is, yet only in its infancy—demands, as an indispensable condition of its further successful prosecution, carefully surveyed coasts and straits and harbours, seas well protected from pirates, and friendly neighbours on every side. How might it fare with our merchants, in a time of war, were New Guinea and her fine harbours in the possession of some great European power hostile to this country? How could North Australia brook, within seventy or eighty miles of her own coast, an enemy alike to herself and to the parent country? And should this be decided as an imaginary danger, it must be borne in mind that it may at any moment be turned into a real danger. The waste places of the earth are as open to other nations as to us. Whilst New Guinea is wholly unoccupied by ourselves, it may, without offence to England, be at any time appropriated by some other power, which, in the ever-changing course of the world's fortunes, might, either in time of peace or war,

very disastrously, in those regions, disturb both Imperial and Australian interests.

And now, turning aside for a moment to these Australian interests more particularly, allow me to call your attention to another possibility which might, even in a time of peace, accrue from our continued disregard of New Guinea. Suppose—unpleasant as the supposition may be to the minds of our fellow-countrymen in Australia—that a penal settlement were established in the island. We know that were such an enterprise attempted by the British Government, all Australia, from Melbourne in the south, to Palmerston in the extreme north, would be a-flame with indignation and resistance. And yet such a contingency may at any moment come upon the Australian colonist, at the hands of a foreign power, which would be under no obligation whatsoever to heed our remonstrances, and indeed, could not in reason be expected to consult our interests or convenience in preference to their own. Not to speak of any other consideration, is this a risk to which our Australian colonies should any longer be exposed? You all remember the resolute, and ultimately successful, opposition which the colonists made many years back to the attempted resumption of transportation, even to Western Australia; yet what would transportation to that colony be, compared with transportation to New Guinea? The Western Australian port of King George's Sound is many hundreds of miles, whether by sea or land, from North Australia; but, as we have seen, the distance of the nearest point of North Australia to New Guinea does not exceed eighty miles. Transportation to New Guinea therefore would, in effect, be transportation to Queensland, which, I need hardly say, would prove a calamity both to her and to her neighbours, compared with which an ordinary invasion—as being merely a transitory affair—would be a mild visitation. Do not scout these suggestions as imaginary terrors. We are reminded by events every day, that “the unforeseen always happens.” France has her convenient penal settlement in New Caledonia. Nobody expected that, till it came. Why may not some other great power desire to establish such a form of outdoor relief in New Guinea? We may rely on it, that a regard for the interests or feelings of our colonists would be no hindrance, and in these happy and amiable times of Geneva arbitrations, even strong representations of the parent country—if made at all—would probably prove equally efficacious.

In all such matters as the passing on of national nuisances from our own doors to those of our neighbours, we do *not* love our neighbours as ourselves. Selfishness becomes, under such circumstances, a sort of privileged sentiment all round. I sadly proved this years ago, when once

quietly discussing this question of transportation with the late Charles Kean in Melbourne. He was as sensible and fair-minded a man in most matters as you would desire to meet with ; and therefore I was for a moment a little surprised to find him vigorously denouncing our late unreasonable, not to say treasonable, conduct, in having not only meditated, but even set about preparing to re-ship from Melbourne a cargo of England's convicts of the strongest flavour, to be landed at some convenient point in Cornwall or Devon, as an acknowledgment in kind of the repeated favours of the same nature which had been vouchsafed to Australians from the prisons and hulks of England. Mr. Kean had of course satisfactorily absorbed all that certain portions of the English press had served up to him respecting our absurd and unreasonable prejudices in favour of our own throats, and he favoured me with a reproduction of all the stock English arguments for my conversion. I succeeded however at last in extracting from him a sort of reluctant half-admission that the feeling which induced us to resist the importation of England's convicts was, at the least, as respectable and disinterested as the motives of the exporters ; and so, finally abandoning his original position, he said, with a heavy sigh, "Well, perhaps you're right ; but I'm sure I don't care *where* they go, so long as *we* get rid of them." This blunt and honestly selfish little speech, delivered with the air of a man making a rather handsome and liberal concession, in fact contained the whole essence and marrow of whatever had come from pro-transportation writers or speakers in the mother country. And this feeling is neither dead nor rare, nor confined to England. It may be displayed at any time to our cost by a foreign power, and therefore I humbly submit that Great Britain, whether she retain her colonies or not, is morally bound—inextricably identified with Australian fortunes as she is—to contribute whatever prevision or prompt action the situation may demand, for the purpose of saving the colonies from a possible calamity, which, should it come to pass, would, by diminishing the attractiveness of the colonies as fields for respectable emigration, ultimately recoil on herself.

But, as I cannot expect such a principally local consideration as this to be a very potent one for my purpose with any Government, Liberal or Conservative, let me go to other arguments which may have greater weight, as savouring more of what are sometimes called "breeches-pocket arguments." I have already, as I venture to hope, shown the important bearing which our possession of New Guinea may have on the *safety* of our commerce in those eastern seas ; let me now call your attention to the effect which the possession of some portion of this fine island would have in *extending* the commerce of this country.

Supposing the island to be settled by our countrymen, as are Queensland and Port Darwin on the opposite shore, you have at once a large, new, and as it would certainly prove, a rapidly growing market for British manufactures and merchandise of every kind. Only those who have witnessed, as some of us have, the rapidity with which new settlements spring up and prosper under favourable conditions, can have any adequate conception of the nature of the operation. I made a visit to Graham's Town, in the Auckland district of New Zealand, about three years after the discovery of the Thames River diggings, and the consequent establishment of the township itself. Only three years before my arrival at this place the spot was mere bush, untrodden by the foot of the white man; and yet within this short period had sprung into existence many hundreds of respectably built houses, numerous, commodious, and well-managed hotels, churches, chapels, and court houses. Omnibuses and cabs were running for moderate fares along properly laid-out and well-made streets, thronged by streams of well-behaved wayfarers of every class, who would favourably compare with any urban population whatsoever in this country. Upon the hill-sides behind the town, and in every suburb, were scores of steam engines and every kind of machinery both for quartz crushing and agriculture—more especially for the preparation of New Zealand flax for the English market—all of which machinery had of course come from England; and I think I should have forgotten that I was merely in a New Zealand township of only three years' standing, had I not met—pacing along the foot-path of the principal street—a young Maori lady, very handsomely attired in a rich silk dress, and with a coquettish-looking little Parisian bonnet on her head, the effect of which, however, was, to my prejudiced eye, somewhat marred by the fact that she had in her mouth a short black pipe, at which, with the judicious intervals of an experienced smoker, she took good long pulls, with very evident appreciation of the soothing effect of the weed. Now be it observed that the growth of this settlement had taken place amongst large numbers of this lady's countrymen, all of whom took kindly to the new state of things, and some of whom were deriving very handsome ground rents from the colonists occupying the lands of these natives. "The celebrated" chief Tipari—for thus he was called in those parts—was, as one of these ground landlords, in receipt of a large income; had built himself a handsome house in the English style, and had recently gone into heavy expenses for the purpose of entertaining the Duke of Edinburgh whilst his Royal Highness was in Auckland in the course of his tour a few years ago. Greatly disappointed was poor Tipari that the son of Queen Victoria could not, amidst his many other engagements, avail himself of the great

chief's hospitality. The only consolation left to Tipari was with renewed energy to collect his ground rents, which, from all the reports that reached me, he levied with most civilized punctuality.

Now, I would ask here, what reason have we to doubt that just as Graham's Town, and its continuation, Shortland, and other such places came into existence, waxed strong, and prospered, so a similar career would attend a plantation of our people in New Guinea? The resources of the island are great; the climate, although tropical, healthy; the people tractable, and fond of barter. And moreover, quite irrespective of the recent valuable discoveries by Captain Moresby, to which I shall presently make more particular reference, it cannot be doubted that there are in New Guinea extensive deposits of gold identical in character with those which are already being so profitably worked in Northern Queensland. If we turn to the able and elaborate report by Mr. Richard Daintree (the present Agent-General of the Colony), furnished by him to the Minister of Public Works of Queensland, on the 2nd of February, 1870, and printed among the Parliamentary papers of that colony, we shall see curious promise of what has been so recently verified by Captain Moresby. At the time of Mr. Daintree's survey, of which the report I refer to was the record, he held the office of Government Geologist of Northern Queensland. After showing as he does how his prognostications that gold would be found to extend from the heads of the Gilbert river, by way of Kirchner's range, towards the Endeavour river, had been already fulfilled, he points out, from citations of passages from the narrative of the voyage of the *Rattlesnake*, how the rock formation of the three largest northern diggings of Queensland, viz., the Peak Downs, the Cape, and a portion of the Gilbert, is largely represented at the south-eastern extremity of New Guinea, with an authenticated trend or strike, which, if continuous, would give such rocks a large development in the interior, and so afford a fair promise of gold fields in New Guinea. The continuity here referred to as merely hypothetical, has since, as we have seen, been brought to proof by Captain Moresby, in the year 1873—and therefore, that there are extensive gold fields in New Guinea cannot now be doubted by any one examining the evidence.

Now, in thus referring to New Guinea as a probable future new customer to the manufacturing industry of Great Britain, I am aware that I am in for a collision at another point with the Separationists. Our commerce, we shall be told, in no wise depends on our political connection with our colonies, although so many of our best customers are colonial communities. "Whether that connection continue or not, or whether New Guinea shall be colonized by us or by a foreign power,

will make," we are told, "no difference to British commerce, inasmuch as the colonies, British or foreign, will only come to England for their goods, as long as, and no longer than, England is the best, *i.e.*, the cheapest market to buy in." And politico-economically speaking, this, as a general proposition, may be true enough. But for the purpose of dealing with this truth practically it is not immaterial to ask "whether other considerations, besides cheapness, do not occasionally influence the minds and movements of men of business." The mere cost of production of an article is not always and under all circumstances the only consideration merchants have to regard. All other things being equal, or nearly equal, there is always—as I conceive—a manifest and substantial advantage in merchants dealing with their own countrymen rather than with foreigners. There is a saving of time, trouble, office expenses, and there is an avoidance of some risk in consigning your goods for sale and return to an agent of an English-speaking community, acting under the same mercantile system, and subject to the same laws and jurisdictions as yourself; and this consideration alone, independent of any other, supplies a strong motive for "commerce following the flag," as the phrase goes,—an expression which in the main I take to be as true in fact as it is figurative in form. When I look into our trade returns, I find how vastly more extensive are our dealings with our own colonies, as compared with those we have with Batavia, Cuba, Algeria, New Caledonia, Java, or with any of the other foreign possessions.

Whether attributable to national feeling or to any other cause, it is not necessary to enquire, but experience must convince us that just as we prefer to deal with our own countrymen, there is an indisposition more or less strong,—only to be overcome by sufficiently potent counter-considerations—in foreigners to deal with us. We all know how long it took us to educate the Chinese,—an education in which we certainly did not spoil the child by sparing the rod,—we all know how long it took us to make these Celestials properly appreciate the merits of those "gray shirtings" of ours, that highly respectable British export, which so regularly in the *Times* enjoys a prominent telegram all to itself. Bearing this in mind, I think it is certain that New Guinea could never be the same profitable customer to us under a foreign power as she would prove under our own. Establish relations with New Guinea, and English mercantile agencies would spring up there at once, as readily, and probably as numerous, as in Queensland. Leave the work to foreigners, and English merchants will not be much more numerous in New Guinea than in New Caledonia. In one word, the foreigner will have gained the new customer, and England will have lost him.

Nor, as Manchester is not England, will the loss be only that of merchants, manufacturers, ship-owners, and British artisans. Every great English colony largely relieves the crowded ranks of the professions in the mother-country. How many young Templars—I do not mean “Good Templars,”—how many doctors, lawyers, engineers, architects, journalists, artists of various kinds, and even clergymen, have found a fair field for their faculties in a new country, the natural home of the self-reliant among these as among men of more mechanical pursuits.

And now, whilst contemplating the making a settlement in a new country, as it will not do to reckon without our hosts—viz., the dwellers already in that country—let me invite your attention to Captain Moresby's recent description of them, as furnished by his accounts already published. Describing the natives of the island and coast of New Guinea, in Torres Strait—I pass over those few vegetating Dutchmen to the westward of the 141st degree of east longitude, and who make no pretensions to territory beyond that point,—from Bristow Islands to Talbot Islands, he informs us that the men average in height about five feet six inches, and that they live on the produce of their gardens, which are well kept, and contain yams and potatoes. From 146.20 to 148 east longitude, the subject of the second section of the survey extending from Yule Island, for 120 miles to Hood Point, Captain Moresby reports upon as follows:—Finding a large quantity of drift wood off Yule Island, he hoped to discover a large river leading to the interior. The island, however, was found to be at the entrance of a well-sheltered sheet of water, which he named “Robert Hall Sound.” The island is about 550 feet high, and is well cultivated and fertile. After giving a not very attractive account of the mainland in this part, as being a succession of low ranges, culminating in the magnificent “Owen Stanley mountains,” 12,000 or 14,000 feet high, he tells us that the natives of this part are a copper-coloured race, of different shades; that they are decently clothed; that here and there ill-made native huts were on the banks, and cultivation patches of higher ground, carefully cleared and planted with yams, taro, and bananas. The men frizzle their hair like mops; the women wear theirs close cut. The women tattoo their bodies extensively, but the men do not. They paint themselves with black, white, and red pigments, and wear plumes of feathers as ornaments. Their weapons are bows, arrows, spears, stone and wooden clubs. No signs of cannibalism were seen here, and the people are described as “friendly and intelligent.”

To the east of Redscar Bay, Captain Moresby informs us, the Barrier reef rises to the surface at a distance of a few miles from the

shore, and protects the coast as far as Hood's Point. From this reef the entire features of the country change. Whilst from Torres Strait to Redscar Head the land is low and swampy, eastward of this Head the shore is precipitous, and round-topped grassy hills are seen, openly timbered and backed by higher ranges inland, while fertile valleys lie between. The coast here is strewn with villages, always marked by a grove of cocoa-nut trees. The houses are built on poles, after the Malay fashion, some standing far out on the shore reefs in quiet water, others clustering amongst plantations on the hill-sides. The *Basilisk* passed through the Barrier reef by one of those narrow bottomless openings, which, Captain Moresby states, is peculiar to those seas, and anchored in a fine roomy harbour, now named "Port Moresby" and "Fairfax harbour." The ship remained here several days, while running surveys were made, and the coasts explored. In the neighbourhood of Port Moresby the valleys are covered with rich vegetation, and the hills are Australian in appearance. The natives are very inoffensive. Captain Moresby frequently examined their canoes which were trading up and down the coast, and calling at distant villages, but never found any weapons. The officers of the *Basilisk* roamed over the country, and visited their villages as freely as if they were English people. If any of the English sailors got lost in the bush, the natives took them to their villages, and offered them every hospitality before bringing them back to the ship,—politeness to strangers which could not be exceeded in our own Lancashire.

After describing and correcting the previously published geography of that part of the coast which was the third section of the survey, commencing at Heath Point, Captain Moresby gives us the important information that the route in future for steam ships between Australia and China will be shortened by some 400 miles, by rounding Moresby Island, which fact, together with his having ascertained that there is a strait—named by him China Strait—hitherto supposed to be a continuation of the land, raises his labours above the level of mere surveying, into the dignity of maritime discovery—an important consideration which surely should be appreciated and acknowledged accordingly. He examined the northern shores of New Guinea for many miles in his boat, and found that beyond East Cape it was washed by a clear reefless sea, and that a ship might sail with her side touching the coral wall which binds the shore, and find good anchorage in any of the bays where beach is seen. He speaks warmly of the beauty and fertility of this part of New Guinea.

The precipitous wooded mountains are, to a considerable extent, cleared and terraced to their very summits with taro and yam planta-

tions, whilst the valleys produce cocoa-nut, sago, palm, bananas, sugarcane, guava, mammy apple, pumpkins, and other valuable products. The natives were of a lighter copper colour than those to the westward, slight-limbed and active, with bright, intelligent features. . . . The men do all the canoe work, leaving the field labour to the women. But the latter have their say, and make the men do as they please in matters of barter.

"On one occasion," he says, "a husband was heartily belaboured by his wife with a paddle on the head and shoulders, because he did not barter satisfactorily; and his friends, instead of interfering for his relief, only shouted with merriment. He did not retaliate, but looked foolish." This lady's application of the paddle, upon commercial grounds, upon the person of the gentleman, who can hardly with accuracy be called her lord and master, seems to be the nearest approach the natives have as yet made to a "Board of Trade."

The men were frequently seen nursing little children with much affection. One striking evidence of the superior civilization of the light-coloured race over the black New Guinea men is the acquaintance of the former with the art of making pottery. The intercourse of the *Basilisk* with these people was of a most satisfactory and pleasant nature. On all possible occasions Captain Moresby gave his ship's company leave to go on shore, and mix freely with the natives; and there was always perfect good feeling and confidence on both sides. "They are as pleasant and genial a race of savages as could well be met with."

Thus far Captain Moresby. Since the delivery of the above account of the island and people, our zealous and indefatigable Honorary Secretary, Mr. Frederick Young, has been favoured with some curiously corroborative evidence of its correctness, from the pen of Mr. E. H. Minton, who some years ago spent several months in different parts of New Guinea. His testimony, both as to the character of the country and its people, is important. He speaks of a "magnificent harbour" in latitude 9.30 south, and longitude 147.10 east, as affording safe anchorage, and not unlike Sydney harbour—the ground behind it rising gradually to a great height above the sea, and affording an excellent site for a city. The country, as far as he penetrated the interior—a distance of about thirty or forty miles—he describes as picturesque and undulating, and the climate, to use his own word, as "magnificent." He saw plenty of tomatoes, yams, toro, pineapples, breadfruit, cocoa-nut, and wild pigs and fowls. The natives he reports as friendly, and that he had a large trade with them. The women he found often very good-looking; some of them of a Jewish

cast, and singularly handsome. He naively adds, that he was sorry to leave the island.

One other witness I will call before commenting on the evidence. The statement made by Captain Evans, the hydrographer to the Admiralty, at the Geographical Society, on the evening of Captain Moresby's later deliverance, was as graphic as it was instructive. Referring to an opening observation of Sir Henry Rawlinson's, Captain Evans said, "He did not think our present knowledge of New Guinea was sufficient to warrant the expression used by Sir Henry, 'that as an unknown land, it was fast fading from our grasp;' for literally nothing was yet known about its interior. He himself was engaged some thirty years ago, for two or three seasons, in Torres Straits. At that time the Gulf of Papua was not laid down upon the charts. The coast he visited was for one hundred miles evidently the delta of some great river, with many fresh-water openings, from two to five miles wide. The fresh water was observable twelve miles from the land. On several occasions the boats attempted to penetrate some little distance up these channels; but the natives were so numerous and hostile, that it was impossible to get past them. One of the native houses was measured by them, and found to be three hundred feet long, and seventy feet wide. Such houses were very numerous, and the population must therefore have been very great, and the country very fertile, to feed such a number. They were entirely different in character and appearance from those whom Captain Moresby had described. They were the true Papuans; black, fierce in appearance, still fiercer in manners, and all efforts to get near them were perfectly useless. The large body of fresh water which he saw must be the drainage of a great part of New Guinea; and there was room enough in the interior for a river three hundred and fifty miles in length in a straight line to the north-west. It must drain all that immense mass of mountains, 16,000 feet high, on the north-west; and the only way to learn anything about the country would be to ascend that great water highway. It was of no use merely touching the shores; because the forest prevented any exploration more than a few miles inland. This was a case in which the colonies of Australia might well unite in a common effort to send a small expedition to ascertain what New Guinea really is like. It would never be known from Russian and Italian travellers, although these had done wonders. A couple of well-armed steamboats could very readily venture into the interior, and really ascertain something about the country." Now here is valuable evidence, accompanied by still more valuable suggestions, from a witness who brings to the question, not only actual observation and experience,

but also that official position which entitles him to speak as one having authority, and not merely as one of the scribes. I have only to add to what he has said, that he has left out—I think it must be accidental—the mother country as entitled, equally with the colonies, to contribute to the cost of that most desirable expedition.

From these various versions, then, derived from separate sources, independent of each other, the first thing that strikes us is the at first apparent discrepancy between Captain Moresby's and Captain Evans's account of the natives. But the inconsistency disappears when we are told, as is the case, that there are two races of men—possibly more—on this island, and that Captain Evans saw the true Papuans, the frizzle-haired (papuas in the Malay dialect meaning frizzle-haired), whilst Captain Moresby saw the race with whom alone we should be likely to come in contact.

Taking Captain Moresby's account, then, in connection with that of the experiences of Mr. Mitton, I think we can hardly refuse to subscribe to Captain Moresby's description of these natives, as being indeed a very genial race of savages, even if we are quite justified in applying to them that not altogether pleasant-sounding term. Their politeness and hospitality to strangers, and the kindly little touch of nature shown in the nursing of the children by the men, very favourably distinguish them from the aborigines of New Holland or Tasmania. Then mark that significant bit of evidence, "the women have their say, and make the men do as they please in matters of barter." We all know how much is implied by the expression, "a woman having her say,"—a New Guinea woman, too, who can not only paddle her own canoe, but who, at the call of commerce, can paddle her own husband. Here have we the most essential part of the rights of women in full play, derived from the light of nature alone, and amongst a people who could never have heard of John Stuart Mill. And if you should be inclined to think that the "doing a little cannibalism" is something of a drawback to this pleasant picture, we must still remember that this—as Captain Moresby tells us—is only "among themselves," showing that they are too considerate to obtrude their tastes either on the minds or bodies of their visitors.

I have extracted from the published account of Captain Moresby's exploration the above particulars respecting the natives of New Guinea, in order that we might have before us some distinct idea of the sort of people with whom we should have to deal, in proceeding to plant a permanent settlement upon the island. That these natives would present any obstacle to such settlement, I think other undertakings of a like nature forbid us to fear. Judging from our experience in Ceylon,

—an island in many of its features not unlike New Guinea—we may reasonably infer that a native population, in its tastes, temper, and habits, prepared, as were the population of Ceylon, and as are the people described by Captain Moresby, to appreciate and welcome the introduction of a higher civilization, would prove a help instead of a hindrance to European settlement. Any one who has travelled, as I have recently done, by coach from Galle to Colombo, the capital of Ceylon, must have been struck by the fact that at intervals of about every two or three miles he came upon a populous and apparently comfortable and prosperous native village, displaying in its little shops any quantity of British manufactures, which I think we should hardly have met with, had this beautiful and productive island remained under that paralyzing Dutch rule, from which in the year 1796 it was rescued by our own country.

I do not then think that, so far as moral or social hindrances go, we should meet with any serious difficulty in effecting a settlement in New Guinea; and as to physical obstacles, they would appear to be even less than those which, so late as the year 1835, stood in the way of our settlement of Port Phillip, now the colony of Victoria. Down to the time of the expedition, overland, of Hume and Hovell, in the year 1824, the district of Port Phillip itself was actually as much a *terra incognita* to our countrymen as New Guinea now is. A second expedition by Major Mitchell, and his subsequently published account of it, made us for the first time acquainted with the great capabilities of the country; and at once some of the more enterprising of the settlers of New South Wales began to move stock to the new land. We know the result. And just as Port Phillip, from its accessibility to New South Wales, received its first impulse thence, may New Guinea be stocked, and settled even in much shorter time from the opposite shore of Northern Australia. And I am inclined also to think that in like manner as the affairs of Port Phillip at the outset, and for many years afterwards, were very cheaply administered by a Superintendent under the Government of New South Wales, so might such portion of New Guinea as may be selected for our settlement be advantageously provided for, and even self-supported, in the same manner.

As it is now time, however, that I should draw rein, so as to allow some reasonable portion of the evening for the usual general discussion, I hasten in conclusion shortly to address myself to one or two objections which may possibly be made here, as they were recently submitted at the Geographical Society, by our friend Sir Charles Nicholson. Requested by the President of the night, Sir Henry Rawlinson, to offer some observations on New Guinea, in its political aspect in relation to this

country, Sir Charles deprecated the idea of our settling down upon any part of a country already occupied by a native population, who moreover had not invited us to take such a proceeding. Casting a melancholy glance on those fine specimens of auriferous quartz which were, amongst many other objects of interest, brought by Captain Moresby from New Guinea, and were lying on the table, Sir Charles expressed his deep regret, and augured the worst prospects for the poor natives, from this discovery, and its announcement. He evidently anticipated that evil times were in store for the Papuans destined to be favoured with such forms of civilization as a rush of truly British diggers were likely to bring with them into this beautiful, and as it appeared to be at present, tolerably happy island.

Such apprehensions, I admit, are natural to any thoughtful and conscientious mind, and therefore doubtless we can all sympathise with Sir Charles's misgivings. But, at the same time, I fail to see, even if they were better founded than I take them to be, how we could, even if we desired to do so, give any practical effect to them. More reasonably might we contend that Blue Beard's unfortunate wives ought to have conquered their woman's nature sufficiently to restrain them from looking into that forbidden chamber, than to expect, after Captain Moresby's announcement of the discovery of gold reefs in New Guinea, to keep our countrymen out of that island. We all know what "a gold rush" is. As well attempt to stay an Australian mountain torrent in mid-winter, as a stream of excited human creatures, strong, healthy, and sanguine, on their way to a new goldfield. English imaginations, familiar only with more conventional forms of life, are apt to exaggerate the apparent anarchy of such a scene, and forget the great qualifying circumstance that the majority of adventurers are bent upon hard work, of a nature which will not consist with much dissipation. But even were the thing a greater evil than it is, if it be unavoidable, it seems to me that all that is left to us is to deal with it as we deal with any other evil, manage, and keep it in hand, as well as we can; we do not stand listlessly by and let it take any course chance may give to it. When it comes to a case of "fighting with our broken weapons, rather than "our bare arms," there is no time for sentiment. Captain Moresby's discovery of gold in the island gives an aspect of urgency to the political situation; and imposes, I think, on the Government the necessity of taking timely precautions against our being confronted with another Fijian difficulty, but of larger proportions, and possibly in a still more embarrassing form. Even a small element of lawlessness can, when uncontrolled by authority, work much evil in any community, although the great bulk of that community may be anxious—as in every Austra-

lian goldfield I have known, and there are few of them with which I am not more or less acquainted—to preserve the law and order essential to the protection of their industry and homes.

Then as to the objection that there are already people in New Guinea, I conceive that it can derive no support either from precedent or reason. That a country is in some sort inhabited, has never, that I am aware of, from the earliest colonizers down to the present time, been regarded as a bar to a more civilized nation taking lodgings there, if there was room. From the Phœnicians down to the Fijis, this has always been so, and a moment's reflection will satisfy us that it must always be so.

• Impelled by that great law of nature, from which there is no appeal, *omnes eodem cogimur*, as old populations become redundant, they must throw off their swarms into less peopled regions. Lastly, the argument that we ought not to go to New Guinea until we are invited, to my mind has as little claim on our consideration as the one just disposed of. It savours too much of the ill-timed and superfluous fastidiousness of that Oxonian, an excellent swimmer, who, when once implored by a lady to save a man who was drowning before their eyes, expressed the great gratification it would give him to comply with the request, but for the unfortunate fact that he had not been introduced to the gentleman. I suspect that by far the best introduction we could take with us to New Guinea would be a judicious assortment of those gray-shirtings and plenty of good Birmingham "dry goods," I think that's the correct expression. And, if 'tis to be done, then "twere well done if done quickly," for the case presses. As Sir Henry Rawlinson said a few nights back, "Russians, Germans, and Italians are all now nibbling at New Guinea." Captain Moresby has well paved the way for ourselves, and can suggest for a first station an unexceptionable spot, to which for obvious reasons I do not think it expedient here to make more particular reference. And whether this work shall come to pass or not, I trust that the old colonizing spirit of this once pre-eminently colonizing country is not dying out amongst us; for I am weak enough to think that colonies have made no mean contribution to that proud eminence which Great Britain holds among the nations. And although it is true that, by a marvellous concurrence of causes—with which, by the bye, statesmanship has had little to do—this country has become almost the workshop of the world, and has acquired a commerce which has distanced all competition, it is equally true that the rest of the world is not standing still. It may perhaps be as well for those who scoff at our colonial customers to bear in mind that coal and iron, and human skill, and enterprise, are not confined to England; that over-confidence has before now been found as disastrous for nations

as for individuals ; and that there is reason in the rhyme with which I will bid you good-night :—

“ For by the Politician's scheme,
Whoe'er arrives at power supreme,
Those arts by which at first they gain it,
They still must practise to maintain it.”


[This valuable paper was read before the ROYAL COLONIAL INSTITUTE (His Grace the Duke of Manchester in the chair), on Tuesday, March 16th, 1875, and afterwards kindly placed at our disposal by the author.—ED.]





BOOK COLLECTORS AND BOOK ILLUSTRATORS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD HABITUÉ."

NE of the things which struck me most forcibly on taking up my permanent abode in London, after a protracted residence in the French capital, was the scarcity, if not the non-existence in our metropolis of that peculiar class of literary amateurs one meets with in every book and printseller's shop in Paris. Four years have elapsed, and during the interval I cannot call to mind having come across in my rambles more than two individuals appertaining to the genus collector; and remarkably strange specimens they were. One of these was a very tall, thin, and prim personage, invariably attired in solemn black, with a stiff white cravat, brandishing the never-failing umbrella, and stalking along the street at a pace which might have rivalled the involuntary steeple-chase of Mynheer von Clam: his particular speciality appeared to be the collection of heterogeneous materials (chiefly comprising views of tombstones, funereal monuments, and similar cheerful relics), destined to illustrate the history of certain county families, probably long since extinct, and possessing no earthly interest for anybody but himself. The other was of a more sociable aspect; but as great a character in his way as Mr. Burnand's "Old Ruddock;" he would sit for hours poring over folios of prints, smoking incessantly all the time, and selecting, seemingly without any definite object, whatever happened to strike his fancy. His usual habit, after completing his researches and ascertaining the cost of his acquisitions, was to extract a coin from his pocket, and propose to toss with the dealer whether he should pay him double the amount or nothing; but, from the radiant countenance generally exhibited by the printseller, I should doubt whether in the long run the latter were a loser by the speculation.

With these peculiar exceptions, then, I have seen nothing in any way approaching those numerous and indefatigable Parisian collectors,

familiarly called "*les chercheurs*," always on the alert for novelty, and grudging neither time nor trouble in the pursuit of their hobby. From the Madeleine to the Bastille, from the Rue de Rivoli to the Luxembourg, not a book or print shop, not the most insignificant *étalage* on the Quai Malaquais, or even on the outer boulevards, is unknown to or unvisited by them; not a sale takes place at the Hôtel Drouot, or the Salle Silvestre, without its catalogue having previously undergone their critical inspection. Rouquette, the enterprising bookseller of the Passage Choiseul, with a view to the better accommodation of his regular customers, has reserved for their special use one of the two compartments of his emporium, habitually spoken of by the initiated as "*la petite Bourse*;" and there at five o'clock every afternoon, when the diurnal routine at the Palais de Justice and the different public offices is over, may be seen most of the leading Parisian amateurs, such as Messrs. de Lignerolles, de Rothschild, Paillet and Bèraldy, comparing their recent acquisitions, passing new works in review, or amicably discussing the literary chit-chat of the day. Strolling into Rouquette's last summer, I had hardly been there five minutes before I found myself deeply engaged in conversation with three *habitués* of the establishment, not one of whom had I seen before, nor shall probably ever see again; we fraternised, however, as if we had been acquainted with each other for years, and I have seldom passed a pleasanter hour.

Now all this in London is impossible; we are, as a rule, when in company with strangers, the reverse of sociable; and it would be idle to suppose that book-collectors are exempt from the ordinary prejudices of their countrymen: besides, who, and where are they? Unquestionably, England possesses magnificent private libraries; but what becomes of their owners, and how do they manage to "increase their store"? They neither personally attend the sales (and more's the pity, for, if they did, the "knock-out" system would speedily receive its death blow), nor frequent the booksellers, nor do they ransack for treasures the highways and byways of the metropolis, as Charles Lamb and Leigh Hunt used to do, and carry goodly quartos boldly under their arms, mindful of the precept and example of His Majesty George the Third! When M. Brunet's priceless collection was dispersed by public auction, in the Rue des Bons Enfants, every one knew that the first edition of Madame de Lafayette's "*Zayde*" had been knocked down to M. de Rothschild, and that the fortunate possessor of the marvellous copy of the "*Contes de La Fontaine*," bound by Derome, was no other than the Duc d'Aumale; but such indiscreet revelations are seldom even whispered on this side of the channel. In nine cases out of ten, the real purchaser of a rarity at Christie's or Sotheby's remains a myth to the world at

large, the lot ostensibly becoming the property of Messrs. Quaritch, Ellis, or some other of their colleagues, who must seem, from the constant recurrence of their names in the newspaper notices of sales, gifted with as inordinate an appetite for literary curiosities as Mr. Agnew is supposed to have for pictures.

The habit of exclusively buying by commission, and the consequent absence from the auction room of the collectors themselves, necessarily act as a bar to any social intercourse between them, and render wholly impracticable, that interchange of ideas and opinions which is so pleasant and prominent a feature in the Parisian literary world. However, where "ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise;" and as, according to the learned Pangloss, everything is ordained for the best in the best of all possible worlds, it is probable that they do very well without it.

I often wonder what would become of the London book and print-sellers, if America (which Heaven forbid!) were suddenly reduced to irremediable bankruptcy. During the last three or four years, our transatlantic brethren, largely profiting by the indifference of our own collectors, have established here a permanent *razzia*, which threatens ere long to deprive us of our few remaining art-treasures. Already have our choicest vignettes, the charming masterpieces of Smirke and Stothard, doubled, nay, tripled in value; already are the original editions of Dickens and Thackeray, the Selwyn of Jesse and his namesake's Beau Brummell, and even Peter Cunningham's "Story of Nell Gwyn," as rare as a Reynolds before letters, or the Madame du Barry of Cosway. This is disheartening enough, but *ce n'est rien encore!* Books, that formerly languished unsold and unsought for on the dusty shelves of a second-hand dealer, are now pounced upon by lynx-eyed commission agents, and exported by shoals to supply the never-ceasing demands from the embryo libraries of the far west. All is fish that comes to their net; poets, historians, novelists and playwrights are digested with equal rapidity and complacency by these ravenous purveyors of literary wares, whose maxim appears to be,

"tous les genres sont bons, hors le genre ennuyeux,"

and *that*, to do them justice, they leave us for our especial consolation. But the principal object of their researches is the so-called "illustrated" book, and in the wholesale production of this *desideratum* the speculative industry of the London trade has lately distinguished itself in an eminent degree. Brother Jonathan's custom-house officials alone know the number of Shaksperes, Miltons, Macaulays, Crabb Robinsons, Lives of Washington, and theatrical memoirs of every description which have been "done," with more or less taste, more or less accuracy, and

despatched across the Atlantic for the benefit of the enlightened citizens of Chicago and San Francisco! The result has naturally been an indiscriminate raid on portraits, views, book-plates, and other available materials; thereby completely impoverishing the home-market, and effectually crippling the resources of the private illustrator.

Twenty years of personal experience having rendered me tolerably familiar with the subject, I may be excused for indulging in a little gossip respecting the progress this particular taste—or mania, if you will—has made within the last quarter of a century in France and England. Renouard, the bookseller-amateur of the Rue de Tournon, to whom the admirers of Molière, Corneille, Racine and Voltaire, are indebted for the publication of carefully printed editions of these and many other classical authors, embellished with vignettes after Moreau la jeune, was one of the first to contribute to standard works the fresh attraction of extra illustrations. His own collection, dispersed by public auction in 1854, contained several volumes, principally ornamented with choice proofs of portraits engraved by Saint-Aubin. Five years previous, in 1849, the vast collection of M. de Saint-Mauris passed under the hammer; and, owing to the unsettled state of political affairs, realised scarcely one-third of its actual value. It comprised almost every important French work, and translations of the best foreign writers, copiously adorned with every variety of illustration, such as drawing in water-colours and sepia, portraits and other engravings in the finest state, and autograph letters. M. de Labedoyère's sale in 1862 was peculiarly rich in rarities of this kind; among its attractive features were several large paper copies of his own version of Goethe's "*Werther*," with the original drawings by Moreau and Tony Johannot. In 1869, a copy of the memoirs of Saint Simon, with upwards of a thousand extra illustrations, was knocked down for 1,200 francs (£48), and the Letters of Madame de Sévigné, in a similar condition, for 950 francs (£38). Since then, the number of amateurs of this particular speciality has increased a hundred-fold, and prices have augmented in proportion—a copy of the works of Voltaire (Beuchot's edition), enlarged to seventy-eight volumes, and containing three thousand additional illustrations, quoted in M. Fontaine's catalogue for 1874 at 35,000 francs (£1,400), and actually sold a few weeks later for 30,000 francs.

Among the leading Parisian illustrators of the present day may be cited Messrs. Paillet, Martin, Bérally and Sieurin: * the first named

* Author of the recently published "*Manuel de l'amateur d'Illustrations*," a most admirably comprehensive and indispensable *vade mecum*, as may be seen from the following summary of its contents: (1). A list of the best large paper editions of French and foreign works, suitable for illustration by means of vignettes and portraits.

of these, in addition to a magnificent series of the standard works, and scarce Elzevirs, possesses a choice selection of the writers of the "romantic" school, in original editions, ornamented with drawings by Chauvet and Baudet-Bauderval; nor must I omit to mention the splendid Boileau of M. Bérally, adorned with upwards of two thousand engravings, chiefly proofs before letters.

The French works usually preferred for illustration, exclusive of the classics, are the "Memoirs of Saint Simon," the "Letters of Madame de Sévigné," the *Historiettes* of Tallemant des Réaux, and Thiers's "History of the Revolution;" and in fiction, "Gil Blas," the "Arabian Nights," and Bouchon-Dubournial's translation of "Don Quixote." Fétis's "Biography of Musicians" has been frequently attempted; but as there is only one example on record of this arduous enterprise having been successfully accomplished, and it is not my mission to chronicle black swans or blue dahlias, I only allude to it—*pour mémoire*.

But what are the English illustrators doing all this time—or, to speak more pertinently, are there any English illustrators? Occasionally in my rambles I have lit upon clumsy-looking quartos, interspersed with portraits and other engravings, sometimes pasted on blank leaves inserted for the purpose, but more commonly left loose in the volume, and supposed to represent the illustrations of some thirty or forty years ago. I have heard traditional accounts of the vast quantity of materials collected by the late Sir Charles Price, and no less indefatigable Mr. Shepherd; but of actual *bonâ fide* amateurs of this class I have seen little or nothing. A report once came to my ears, certainly, of an old lady domiciled in some remote part of Sussex, who had conscientiously devoted (and was still devoting) her leisure hours to the pictorial embellishment of the "Biographie universelle;" and it has been whispered to me that another member of the fair sex, residing at a fashionable seaport in the same county, has been long engaged in the more congenial task of illustrating the diary of that most fascinating of autobiographers, Madame d'Arblay. But all this is mere hearsay; and as the sole result of my own ocular experience has been a very shy glance at a ponderous mass of folios, purporting to be a county history, the *opus magnum* of a persevering local enthusiast, I must give it up in despair, and go back to the book-sellers.*

- (2). A list of the various existing collections of engravings.
- (3). Their exact number.
- (4). Their different states, and the prices which the principal collections have attained in public sales.
- (5). A list of the portraits of each author, as well as of those which may be added to the various works, with the names of the painters and engravers.
- (6). A general index.

* But for his hearsay knowledge of these lady-amateurs our contributor's experience

Talk of ants and bees, and other exemplary models of industry, what are they compared to one of these literary artificers, employed in "doing" a book "to order"! Short work does he make of it; in a moment the volume is divested of its cloth covering, and prepared to receive whatever supplementary attractions his stock in hand will enable him to supply. The book in all probability is an old acquaintance, and has been "done" already; in which case he need only refer to the list of portraits compiled for copy No. 1. which will serve equally well for No. 2, or No. 20, if subsequently required, the personages and paging being for one and all necessarily the same. This done, the larger engravings are reduced to the size of the volume, and the smaller ones inlaid either by himself, or by a special professor of the art, and finally subjected to the tender mercies of the hot-presser, after which the task of the bookseller may be considered at an end, and the rest is the affair of the binder. The cost (to the purchaser) of this species of wholesale illustration varies according to the importance of the work embellished, and to the number and quality of the engravings and other extras added to it. I have seen a really fine copy of Beaden's "Life of Kemble," enlarged (if I remember rightly) to nine volumes, and adorned with rare portraits, original drawings and autograph letters, quoted at £150; a life of Garrick in the same style at £130, and a precious copy of the "Story of Nell Gwyn," ornamented with scarce mezzotints and broadsides of the time, the price of which was no less than £200. In order to admit of the insertion of the larger class of portraits, the text of these volumes had been inlaid in quarto or folio size; the result being in each case a very effective picture book for the table, but difficult to peruse except with the aid of a reading desk, and instinctively reminding one of Sir Benjamin Backbite's definitions; "a neat rivulet of text meandering through a meadow of margin."

Without in any way seeking to undervalue the labours of others, I cannot help thinking that the *real* amateur will generally prefer putting his own shoulder to the wheel, and confiding the embellishment of his library to the inspiration of his particular taste and fancy. He can hardly wish for a better field for his operations than our own capital, and if the national maxim, "Time is money," does not prevent him from

in the subject of which he treats seems to be limited to London and Paris; we can assure him, however, that in our county towns there are many Bibliopoles worthy to rank with their Parisian *confrères*. When the late Mr. Thomas Turner, ex-banker of Gloucester, died a few years ago, his splendid and unique collection of illustrations to Shakspeare, in between thirty and forty volumes, was knocked down for £400. Had it been sold in London at Christie's it would doubtless have realised double that sum. We believe an agent from the British Museum bid £300 for the set.—ED.

devoting an occasional hour to a pursuit which, if not always remunerative, is at any rate intellectual and enjoyable, he will be amply rewarded for his pains. From Robert Bruce's spider down to Brummell's neck-cloths, patience and perseverance eventually gain the day ; and though weeks, months, nay years, may elapse without our eyes being gladdened by the coveted success, it will certainly turn up when we least expect it.

A very important matter for the consideration of an incipient illustrator, is the choice of a book for his first attempt ; and I would recommend him to confine himself at the outset to a single volume, Rogers's "Table Talk," for instance, or Barry Cornwall's "Memoirs of Charles Lamb," both of which are easy to "do." He can then try his hand on one of Leigh Hunt's delightful topographical reminiscences—"The Town" or "The Old Court Suburb ;" or, if he have a predilection for contemporary biography, I know few more attractive "Recollections" than those of James Robinson Planché. These prefatory essays accomplished to his satisfaction, he will have acquired sufficient proficiency to enable him to aim at higher game ; and then what a land of promise he will discover opening before him ! Nowhere will he find a richer or more varied literature, or one better adapted to his purpose than our own ; his Shakspeare may combine the grace of Stothard, the picturesque fancy of Smirke, and the delicate conceits of the Etching Club ; his Byron and Scott may derive a new charm from the masterpieces of Turner and Stanfield, and his Milton from those of John Martin and Westall. He will enjoy dear old Pepys more thoroughly, when connected with the familiar faces of the Merry Monarch and his Sultanas of high and low degree ; and will imagine himself seated with the Doctor and Bozzy at the club, while contemplating the well-known features of Goldsmith, Sir Joshua, and Bennet Langton. His Walpole will form a complete portrait-gallery of the celebrities and notorieties of the Georgian era, from Hogarth to Kitty Fisher, from Charles Fox to Mrs. Rudd ; and "Their Majesties' Servants," by Dr. Doran, the most comprehensive and entertaining theatrical work ever published, will afford him ample scope for the introduction of every eminent personality of the British stage, from Betterton to Edmund Kean.

I have dwelt on a subject which, though interesting to enthusiasts like myself, may possibly be "leather and prunella," to the general reader ; but old collectors have their privileges, and are ever on the look-out for proselytes. What to many may appear merely the occupation of an idle hour has become to me a labour of love. It would be invidious to presume that the readers of this magazine have ever personally experienced the meaning of the word "*ennui*," but *on ne sait pas ce qui peut arriver*

—such a calamity *may* occur (especially towards the middle of the month, when they have finished the current number, and are waiting impatiently for the next,) and then, who knows? if the bait of “book-illustration” be temptingly held out, some congenial spirit may courageously venture on a nibble, and—this paper will not have been written in vain!

FORSAKEN.

BY JAMES MEW.

LONG since, your love was mine,—last spring!
 My love, ere these dark days were born;
 Green has grown gold with laughing corn,
 And winter, freezing like your scorn,
 Now scathes me. Me, that self-same thing
 You loved so long ago,—last spring!

If Heaven sees wrong with wrathful eyes,
 She too in time must taste amiss
 To you who swore with many a kiss
 Sweet love to me alone; for this
 Deserves some sequent bitter sighs,
 Surely, if Heaven holds angry eyes.

Too many an hour, alas the while!
 I waste my life's fast fading grace,
 Where your mouth met my burning face,
 Though empty horror loads the place
 Now, where I lingered by the stile,
 Ah, once too oft, woe worth the while!

Oh, night divine! and dear as dark!
 When my fed senses would not fail
 In sleep, while loud the nightingale
 Sang from wet leaves till night waxed pale,
 And with white morning woke the lark,
 Divinest night! more dear than dark!

From complins never to matins bell
More, may a man's voice seem so sweet,
To me, nor hours with fleeter feet
Fly past, nay, never half so fleet,
As when I drank warm words, which fell
From lying lips till matins bell!

Ere such a night I know again,
Roses shall redden the salt sea's sand,
Wild winds be bound by some silk band,
Ere your hand clasp my heavy hand,
Ere your voice whisper like spent rain,
Ere I know such a night again!





OLLA PODRIDA.



R. S. C. HALL reminds us that Mrs. Henry Wood and Miss Braddon "began" their literary careers in the pages of the ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE, under the auspices of Mrs. Hall.

A good story is told of the Premier. A gentleman of colour, recently knighted, waited on Mr. Disraeli, to point out to him that as class representation was becoming general, he thought aboriginal races subject to British rule should have representatives in Parliament, as well as English artizans; and added that he himself proposed to become a candidate. The Premier listened with his accustomed engaging attention, and said finally, shaking the ambitious native by the hand, "Well, Sir, I heartily wish you success; but to attain it you will have to find a *very enlightened constituency*." The refined irony of the reply was perfect.

Referring to Mr. Edward Spender's able article, "Sobriety by Law," in our last, Mr. Mortimer Collins writes from Berkshire: "In this parish of about 850 inhabitants there are eleven public-houses and beershops—one to about sixteen adult males. Now if a bill were promoted by which this excess could be reduced throughout the country, moderate men would support it. Why should not the inhabitants, instead of the magistrates, decide whether a new house is necessary, or whether a license should be renewed? Note this significant fact, or *sortes* of facts—the majority of houses belong to the brewers; in the country almost all brewers are bankers; few J.P.'s can be found who do not wish to be on good terms with their bankers."

Mr. Perugini, whose works at the last exhibition of the Royal Academy were "A Cup of Tea" and "A Labour of Love," has just completed a life-like and characteristic portrait of Dr. Hayman, as a parting present to Mrs. Hayman, from about fifty ladies in Rugby and the neighbourhood. The autographs of the donors are affixed to the back of the picture, and the frame bears an appropriate inscription.

The Rev. Hubert McLaughlin, Rector of Boraston, Tenbury, writes us that Mr. Charles Kent fell into a "sad mistake" in his "Recollection of Daniel O'Connell," given in our last number. "It was," says the rev. gentleman, "not Lord Norbury the *judge* who was murdered, but his son or grandson. O'Connell got himself into great disrepute for the attempt he made to throw the guilt of the murder on Lord Norbury's brother. The crime was, however, manifestly committed under the Ribbon system."

Probably most of our London readers are familiar with the appearance of H. M. S. *Royalist*, the head-quarters of the Thames Police, just off Somerset House. This little craft, famous for her part in the conquest of Sarawak by "Rajah" Sir Charles Brooke, has been removed to another part of the river, and her moorings are occupied by a somewhat uncouth object looking like a gunboat that has seen better days. This is H. M. S. *Rainbow*, the drill-ship of a new corps destined in all probability to solve the problem of coast defence against isolated attacks by cruisers. To Mr. Goschen belongs the credit of suggesting that, "if the ports would find the men, the Admiralty would find the ships;" and upon Mr. Alfred Sebastian Boom has fallen the task of organising the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers, a force drawn from the yatching and boating men of the "well-to-do" classes, and intended for service in gunboats only. When it is borne in mind that a vessel like the *Staunch* or the *Arrow* carries an 18-ton gun (a 400-pounder), and that whilst using it with tremendous effect, she would, under certain circumstances, be nearly invisible herself, and that some twenty men, besides stokers, are all that are required for working the gun, it is obvious that she possesses a very efficient engine, if properly developed, for defensive purposes. Unfortunately the *Rainbow* is only provided with 64-pounders, and the Naval Artillery Volunteers have to be drilled on board the *President* in the West India Docks, if they are to learn anything about armour-piercing guns. Nevertheless the *Rainbow* is a good beginning. Many of these corps are being formed at various ports. The London Brigade is under the command of a gentleman whom Nature intended to be a post-captain, but whom fate has placed in the House of Commons,—Mr. Thomas Brassey, M.P.

Our readers will not fail to observe, and we hope they will as clearly approve, the changes which have taken place in the appearance and literary character of this number of the ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE AND UNITED EMPIRE REVIEW—which begins an entirely new series and the fifteenth year of its life. In drawing attention to the typographical

improvements now introduced, we desire to express our acknowledgments to our old printers, to whom we are indebted for many valuable acts of kindness, and from whom we part with feelings of regret not easily expressed. It will further be noticed that a change has been made in the publishing department, and with respect to it we need only say that it was imperatively necessary to the completion of arrangements planned after much deliberation. Separation from old friends is always painful, and we are happy to know that in our future career we carry with us the good wishes of Messrs. SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, LOW, and SEARLE, from whose eminent house the ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE has issued for the last four years. Henceforth we have our own office, having appointed Mr. ARTHUR H. MOXON, of 21, Paternoster Row (son of the celebrated poet-publisher and Charles Lamb's "Isola"), General Agent for the Trade.

Having thus briefly referred to what may be called mechanical changes, it may be expected that we shall say something respecting the literary department under our own immediate control; but this we think unnecessary—the contents of the present number speak for themselves, and those who appreciate them at what we believe to be their true value, may rest assured that it will be our study to maintain the standard thus set up. We desire, however, to call special attention to the series of articles on "The Professions" begun in this number. "How to Become a Barrister," by the Recorder of Wolverhampton and Leader of the Oxford Circuit, will be followed in June by "How to Become a Clergyman," by the Rector of Aldingham and late Head Master of Rugby, and we believe that the information given by such high authorities on the subjects of which they treat will be of inestimable value to parents and their sons in deciding the choice of a career for the latter. Our colonial readers and those in England who are interested in our colonies (and who is not?) will be glad to learn that arrangements have been made for a series of articles by eminent writers on the past, present, and future, as well as the needs and aspirations, of England's vast Colonial Empire.





THE WILD BULL OF YARAMA.

A Spanish Ballad.

By WALTER THORNBURY,

AUTHOR OF "CAVALIER AND ROUNDHEAD BALLADS," "LIFE IN SPAIN," ETC.

TO Alonzo de Mendoza, proudest lance that rode in Spain,
Ran his stripling brother, Juan, playing with his gilded rein :
"Let me, brother,—let me gallop, only one good swift
career,—

"I can hold a lance with any ; and I've never known a fear !"

"Hence, thou prattler, to the women," cried the knight unto the boy ;

"Hence unto thy broken horn-book, to the nursery and thy toy :

"This no place for idle truants,—you in time will wield the sword ;

"Learn now duty to thy vassals, and thy homage to thy Lord."

Don Alonzo de Mendoza, as the Moorish cymbals sound,
Springs into the great arena, while the trumpets echo round ;
Now the drum's wild thunder-music bursts still louder on the ear,
And ten thousand joyful people scare dull silence with a cheer.

Poising lance, and waving pennon, doffing hat unto the crowd ;
Reining with a thread of silver sable charger, fretting, proud,
Kissing hand to blushing ladies, bowing to the jewelled Queen,
Shaking cap, and greeting kinsmen with a gay and gallant mien.

Sweeping madly round the circle, shaking lance and flashing sword,
Then as swiftly calm, but frowning, reined his charger with a word.
Gambols, caracols, and prances, leaping from him to the ground,
Then into the high-peaked saddle in an instant, with a bound.

Thousand scarves are waving to him ; caps go flying in the air ;
Fans and feathers shake in greeting to the knight so brave and fair.
Thrice he bowed unto the people, three times to the saddle bow,
Tossing showers of Indian gold to the heralds as they blow.

Laughing voices, cries, and clamours, jests that bandy to and fro,
Kissing hands and lusty greetings from above to those below ;
Songs and screamings, noisy struggles, shouts folks scarcely know for
what,
Fights for spangled feather falling from the gallant's waving hat.

Then there fell a sudden silence, almost awful, 'twas so deep ;
Just as when a mighty city feels the opiate of sleep.
At this moment not a trumpet could be heard above the din,—
In the next with clashing music were the heralds pacing in.

For the King came slowly riding with his knights all gathered round,
With his banners and his pennons and the great rejoicing sound
Of a hundred welcoming trumpets, and the answering cannon's roar,
Like the billows bursting, breaking, on the rocky Afric shore.

Every eye was fixed in silence : suddenly a distant cry
Deep resounded, then burst louder, fiercer, and more savagely ;
Cries of drovers, blaze of fireworks, as they opened wide the den,
And the wild bull of Yarama burst like wolf from burning fen.

Round and round as swift as swallow drunken with the joy of spring,
Like a victor in the tilt-yard newly crowned the lord and king,
So flew swiftly in wide circles Don Alonzo on his barb,
Like a humming-bird in sparkles shone the lustre of his garb.

With a roar of drums and cymbals, and a shout that shakes the
roofs,
Rushed the wild bull of Yarama, spurning with his iron hoofs ;
Sharp his horns as any poniard, burning dull his glaring eyes,
Lashing with his tail in anger, stung to fury by those cries.

On his dun hide, hot and steaming, lay the foam in creamy fleck,
Like a lion's mane the flowing of the black hair on his neck ;
Gnarled with sinew, lithe, yet knotted, billowy with a bison's strength,
With a roar and screaming bellow leaps he twice a halberd's length.

This no vulgar steer of Seville, this no ploughman's sluggish bull,
Be thy lance then sure, Mendoza, let thy thrust be strong and full.
Alonzo falls, and in the dust is gored and trodden down ;
The King leapt up from off his throne, his smile turned to a frown.

The aged father saw the sight, and tore his thin grey hair,
Then cast himself without a word before the royal chair ;
And rising leapt upon his steed, the noblest horse in Spain,
And gnashed his teeth, and shook his spear, and loosed his charger's
rein.

But fiercer than the winter storm upon a blighted tree,
The wild bull drove with butting head, and gored him savagely.
The old man groaned, his feeble spear snapped in the tough dun
hide,
Another moment and two horns clash in his horse's side.

A shudder ran along the seats ; but no one ventured down,
No, not though King of fair Castile had thrown his holy crown ;
When on a sudden Juan rose, the youngest of his race,
And cried, " Now help me, Lord of Hosts, I will avenge my race.

" David was young, and angels guard the brave, although a child,
" I think I saw through golden clouds a holy face that smiled ;
" If killed, then Spain has one son less and Heaven has one child
more ;
" No bull shall scare Mendoza's sons who never feared the Moor."

He leaped into the saddle gay, as if but for a tilt,
He looked for succour up to God, and kissed his sword's cross'd hilt,
Then grasped a lance with ebon shaft and shook it manfully,
And tightened girth, and buckled spur, and smiled half playfully.

But first he kissed the old man's lips, and pressed his bloody hand,
Then for a moment by his horse he knelt upon the sand ;
Now like a wild fire spurring flew as all the people cheer,
And eyed the bull that paced as slow as any ploughman's steer.

He turned his eyes unto the Queen and three times lowly bowed,
Then patted meek and gentle the steed but late so proud ;
But ere he drove the ready steel into his fiery horse,
He three times said the Ave, and three times signed the Cross.

With sudden rage the maddened bull bore at him with a shock,
And three times frozen to his seat the boy sat like a rock ;
A silence of half-palsied fear was broken by a shout,
As in hot race the bull and horse went circling in and out.

He drew the wild beast from the men who bore his father out,
Guarded the doorway with his spear, and checked with cry and shout
The frantic charges of the bull, eager to end the life,
Saved but to pass another day though in a nobler strife.

From gaping wounds in flank and side ran down the Arab's gore,
And now the bull with fiery breath and an exulting roar,
Bore down a bursting tempest, and Juan waved his sword,
His spear was snapped, his steed was dead,—no help but from his
Lord.

One stab—the bull groaned, shuddering reels, and then in thunder
falls ;
You might have heard the shouts that rose far as the city walls,
As in a glad procession, with flags and torches bright
They led the Page unto the King, who dubbed him straight a Knight.





AMERICAN PROTECTION AND CANADIAN RECIPROCITY.

By ROBERT GRANT HALIBURTON.

THE late Secretary of the National Board of Trade of the United States, Mr. Hamilton A. Hill, in a very sensible letter to the *Times*, suggests a striking picture of the present state of political and commercial affairs in the United States. It seems that the general commercial sentiment of the whole Continent is in favour, if not of *free*, at least of *fair* trade ; but that the legislature of that country is practically in the hands of monopolists and of political rings. The teachings of experience seem lost upon the advocates of protection. Their empty ship-yards suggest no warning to them that fostering ship-building by prohibitory duties is a failure. The falling off in the revenue of the United States, which well might cause patriotic Americans to pause and reflect, seems only to confirm these political economists in the course of treatment of the sick man that has resulted in such depletion and exhaustion. It may be as well, before we discuss the failure of the present commercial policy of the United States and its effects, to revert to the history of that country during the past few years.

In 1859 the United States was the envy of the world. Success such as had rarely fallen to the lot of a nation had not only dazzled themselves, but astonished the rest of the world. Their boundless territories, their myriads of acres of virgin prairie land, their mines of coal, iron, and gold, attracting emigrants from all parts of the world, returned a rich harvest to the treasury of the Republic. The nation had adopted a liberal and a prudent policy. It had annexed the whole of North America to the United States, if not as an integral portion of the Republic, at least as tributaries to its wealth. The Reciprocity Treaty threw open the markets of the United States to the raw products of British America. The disunited and divided provinces of that country were substantially more closely united with their American customers than with the Mother-country or with each other. The lumbermen on the Ottawa and the Saguenay toiled through the long winters only to

bring a harvest to American shippers and exporters. The fishermen of the St. Lawrence and of the Northern Atlantic were tributaries to the enterprise of Massachusetts merchants. The orchards of Acadia supplied raw fruit at a nominal price to Boston and New York, to be shipped abroad at a high price to European and foreign markets as American products. The gypsum deposits of Eastern British America became practically the property of the Americans. All these streams of raw products, pouring from a thousand sources, swelled into an enormous volume, which found its outlet in the foreign trade of the United States. Americans were rapidly competing successfully with the Mistress of the Seas for the first rank as a commercial power. Their clipper ships were unrivalled. In China, India, Japan, Australia, all over the globe, the English shipper found a new and formidable competitor in the self-reliant and prosperous American. In most of the South American markets, and in many of the islands of the West Indies, American enterprise secured a monopoly. Not less than sixty-two millions of dollars worth of products that were peculiarly the growth of British America were shipped to the West Indian markets by the United States, every penny of which might have been successfully exported by the people of Canada, if they had had the enterprise and the self-reliance to enter the lists as competitors, or had been placed under the rod of some stern taskmaster that would have forced them to depend upon themselves.* The trade between Canada and the United States also assumed enormous dimensions. From every little harbour and creek along the extended seaboard of British America small craft built by farmers, and manned by their sons, carried the raw products of British America to American ports, and brought back manufactures for home consumption. Everything that was required for domestic life, for agricultural purposes, or for manufactures, was imported from the United States. For everything that the Canadians needed, from the

* In a pamphlet written by the author of this article, at the request of the Dominion Government, in 1868, called "Intercolonial Trade our only Safeguard against Disunion," a chapter entitled "An unlimited Market for Canadian Manufactures and Products in the West Indies and South America," was devoted to this subject, and gave full statistics on this point. It states that, among other exports, the Americans shipped in 1864 to those markets \$10,764,266 worth of flour and bread; \$6,053,443 worth of timber, etc.; \$2,755,301 worth of manufactures of iron. "Nor is the field of enterprise limited to those markets. It extends to every country to which the Americans are now exporting. Their total exports in the following items were—breadstuffs, \$38,797,656; coal, \$1,845,928; iron and manufactures of iron, \$6,726,372; timber and manufactures of wood, \$15,036,471; coal, oil, and petroleum, \$24,397,308; provisions and tallow, \$28,156,539; distilled spirits, \$1,886,884; leather and leather goods, \$1,040,543; tobacco and manufactures of, \$22,671,126." A total of \$140,538,827.

very cradle that rocked the infant Bluenose, to the coffin that conveyed him to his grave, they were dependent upon the energy and the enterprise of Americans. To the people of the maritime provinces of British America, Boston was all that it claimed for itself, "the hub of the universe." To Ontario and Quebec, New York was the great emporium and metropolis.

Such a trade, while enormously advantageous to the United States, was not without its benefits to the people of British America. Until the passing of the Reciprocity Treaty the latter were practically without any markets, and the rich products of their forests, their seas, and their mines were of little commercial value. It was true that the Americans reaped the harvest, and that the Canadians were merely the gleaners; but so great was the prosperity of that period that even to be the "hewers of wood and drawers of water" to the great Republic was sufficient to ensure comfort and prosperity, if not wealth and affluence. It can well be imagined how intimate became the commercial and social relations of the two countries. The old jealousies of the "United Empire Loyalists" were rapidly dying out. The memory of the old war of 1812, like that of the still older War of Independence, was becoming a matter of tradition known only to the survivors of generations that had passed away. The influence, too, of the political as well as commercial prosperity of the United States dazzled the Canadians, as it did the rest of the world. It was supposed very naturally that the marvellous extension of American trade, and the extraordinary prosperity of its agricultural, manufacturing, and maritime interests, were due to the vigour of republican institutions; and had this belief continued undisturbed a few years longer, it is difficult to say what influence these commercial and political sympathies might have had upon the future of the Continent; but in an evil hour, in the midst of their prosperity, a "lying spirit" was sent to tempt the American nation to do battle with its commercial allies, and tell them that they would surely conquer.

This delusion was cultivated by selfish monopolists, and by powerful interests such as the great Pennsylvanian coal-owners and timber-merchants of Maine, who found that the American consumer could rely upon Canada as well as upon the United States for cheap and serviceable articles. The manufactories and the homes of New England were supplied with cheap fuel from the mines of Nova Scotia, which, lying on the very seaboard, near accessible harbours, were enabled to supply American consumers on the Atlantic seaboard at a cost which defied competition on the part of the owners of Pennsylvanian coal mines, the heavy cost of railway transport to the seaboard rendering competition

with the coal of Nova Scotia unprofitable. It therefore became desirable in their eyes to introduce a system of protection which should cut off the consumer from his cheap supplies of colonial produce. To accomplish this, it was necessary to veil their cupidity under the garb of patriotism; monopolists, therefore, preached a commercial crusade against the people of Canada: Mr. Potter, the Consul-General at Montreal, discovered that the commercial relations between the United States and Canada were so intimate and so prosperous, that even a temporary suspension of them must bring the Canadians to their knees, and starve them into annexation. It should not be supposed for a moment that these gentlemen had any desire to turn their obnoxious competitors into fellow-countrymen. Annexation was the last thing they either hoped for or expected. By combining various powerful interests, and buying up the support of unprincipled politicians, a party in favour of protection succeeded in terminating the Reciprocity Treaty, and in cutting off the people of Canada from commercial intercourse with the United States. It was a bold step to take, but it was still more dangerous when they were engaged in a struggle the end of which no prudent man could pretend to foresee; but the same lying spirit that sent forth the jubilant volunteers for a three months' march, which was to bring them back victors of the South, deluded the people of the United States into commencing a commercial struggle which they imagined was to end in six months by uniting the whole continent under American rule. The hopeful volunteers, who went forth joyously on a "holiday excursion," never dreamed of Bull's Run, Gettysburg, and the score of battle-fields on which the South was destined to make so stout a stand for its independence. Had the North known what was before it, it is possible that it might have preferred to "let the erring sisters go in peace." There can be still less doubt that had the Legislature of the United States foreseen the commercial struggle awaiting them, and the present evil hour that was to befall the commerce of their country, they might have hesitated before they passed the Rubicon, and threw away the scabbard; but wise counsels were in vain; the step was taken, and the commercial war of annexation commenced.

It seems a marvel that a shrewd sensible people like Americans should not have foreseen how suicidal was the policy they were pursuing. They put up a barrier of not less than 25 per cent. against those very products which were necessary for their own export trade. The stream was stopped at its source, and American statesmen marvelled why the volume of their foreign trade dwindled away, their ships were idle, and their merchants bankrupt. Everything but the right thing was blamed. It was the *Alabama* and British cruisers that had driven American

commerce from the seas ; and yet, strangely enough, from 1860 to 1870 we find an almost uniform decline of American commerce. In 1865, at the end of the war, the decline was even greater than in the previous years, though the *Alabama* was then at the bottom of the sea ; nor was this decline limited to the ocean, where Anglo-Confederate pirates might be feared if they could not be seen. On the vast inland seas of the United States the decline was equally striking. Protection was at length accomplishing its mission. A thousand different selfish interests entered into a conspiracy against the American consumer and the Republic. It was not enough that the American nation must bear the heavy burden of war taxes. The additional burden was put upon them of contributing millions to the coffers of privileged interests under the plea of fostering native industry. As a matter of course where every interest is protected, such protection must be paid for. If the coal-owner could raise the price of coal, he was obliged to pay a ruinous price for his timber as a *douceur* to his protectionist allies of Maine and New Hampshire. What went in at one pocket was by the exciseman taken out of the other. The great mass of the American people, however, only experienced the pleasures of one process—that of paying, and not of receiving. All articles of consumption and the necessities of life rose to an extravagant price ; ship-builders were protected, but so were the owners of copper mines. The wood that the favoured ship-builder consumed, all the articles that he needed in his ship-yards, as well as the labour that he employed, were doubled and trebled in value, until at last it was plain that native industry, in the midst of its good fortune, was starving, like Midas in the midst of his wealth.

The ingenuity of protection, which had accomplished so much, was not yet exhausted. To the many intolerable burthens pressing on American commerce, it added one of a most serious nature, by making even the use of the water highways of the Republic a monopoly, and by taxing the transport of the already over-taxed products of American industry. If there is any principle that holds good in commerce, it is that successful trade depends not only on the price and quality of the article produced, but on the facilities for transporting it cheaply to the consumer. In the case of bulky articles, such as coal, corn, etc., the first of these considerations is often a comparatively secondary one.

One would have supposed that protection having already taxed American industry almost to death, would at least have given it the same facilities for finding its way to a market which are enjoyed by producers in every other civilized country ; but the same lying spirit preached to the Americans that it was necessary to exclude foreign ships from the coasting trade, so as to foster maritime enterprise. Whilst their

deserted ship-yards, therefore, were jealously protected, American shipping, having secured the monopoly of the coasting trade, began to dwindle away even on the inland waters of the United States.

Up to this hour this insane policy has been preserved by the people of the United States. When the recent proposal for a renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty was made, a very significant delegation on the part of the shipowners of the Lakes waited upon the President, and urged in their behalf a fact which should make American statesmen, and above all American consumers, reflect. They urged that if the coasting trade of the Lakes were thrown open to competition, American shipping would disappear from those inland waters. They alleged, in plain English, that American shipping had been so enfeebled by a vicious system of protection that it could not exist upon the same waters as British enterprise. This is the more startling, as it cannot be alleged that the *Alabama* found its way into the Lakes, or that the increased use of iron ships had affected the prosperity of the inland commercial marine of the United States. The *Alabama* was indeed a Godsend. It solved an infinite number of commercial problems. Whenever the sick man was suffering a fresh spasm from some new attack of protection in some new quarter, there was always the same comforting solution. The *Alabama* was the root of all evil; but this refuge for protection came at last to an untimely end, and the truth had to be faced. The time has come when not only the commercial men, but the great bulk of the people of the United States admit that protection has been a mistake, and are prepared if possible to retrace their steps.

This change in public sentiment has been gradually brought about. "The starvation policy," as the commercial crusade against the people of Canada was aptly termed, is found to be not only a commercial but also a political blunder. The Canadians have been taught a sore but salutary lesson of self-reliance. They send abroad now their raw products in Canadian ships, manned by Canadian seamen; and the American exporter is everywhere met by Canadian enterprise, which is enabled successfully to enter the lists with its former masters. Manufactories have rapidly grown up in Canada, and Canadian manufactures are now exported to the United States. Colonial enterprise, untrammelled by the heavy taxation of the United States, is able to supply many articles at so low a cost that even a tariff of 25 per cent. is an ineffectual barrier to protect American industry. Messrs. Gooderham and Wortz, of Toronto, are enabled to import the raw material for their distilleries even from the South-Western States, to manufacture a superior article, and then to send it back successfully in the face of a heavy tariff, and to supply American consumers with the cheap products of

Canadian industry. Canadian cheese, which formerly found its way to Boston and New York, and was exported as the product of American dairies, is now a successful competitor in European markets. Canadian shipping has gradually increased, and Canadian ship-yards present a cheerful scene of constant activity which strangely contrasts with the sickly spasmodic efforts which American ship-building periodically puts forth for the purpose of resuming its former pre-eminence. As a curious illustration of the uselessness of the bounty system and of the futility of protection, it may be mentioned that a liberal grant was made for the purpose of establishing a line of steamers between San Francisco and Japan which were to be constructed in the United States. American statesmen forget, however, that the hull is not the only costly part of a steamship. A large portion of the grant, which came out of the taxes of the overburdened American consumers for the purpose of fostering native industry, found its way into the pockets of machinists and mechanics on the Clyde, who supplied the costly engines, machinery, furniture and fittings for this patriotic line.

Let us hope, however, that there is a new era of wisdom and of prosperity dawning upon the United States. The agricultural interests of the West are finding that they have been forced to pay black-mail by the conspiracy of privileged interests that have been feeding like a vampire upon the life of the public. The enormous products of the West depend for their value upon the question of transportation. Yearly, as the grain-growing area is being extended, the highways of trade are becoming more overcrowded, and the exertions of New York shippers and forwarders more obnoxious; and there is a growing spirit among the farmers and grain-dealers of the West in favour of a closer commercial union with the people of Canada, and against a continuance of their industrial subjection to the capitalists of New York. This natural feeling has found a most able and indefatigable advocate in the National Board of Trade of the United States.

In describing the gigantic folly and the ruinous results of American protection, a Canadian finds himself slightly hampered by the fact that Englishmen generally speak with "bated breath" of American affairs, for the agitated state of public feeling in this country on the *Alabama* question, which our Americans would very correctly define as "a scare," and which led to a slight sacrifice of the rights of our fellow-countrymen in Canada, has not yet subsided.

The reports of the National Board, and the press of the West as well as the East, are as outspoken as I am * on the subject. Mr. Edward

* Few Englishmen have more kindly sympathy for the generous people of that great country, or have been thrown into more friendly relations with leading com-

Atkinson, one of the apostles of Free Trade in the United States, has, in his pungent, trenchant style, denounced the folly and the ruinous results of protection in the United States in terms that, from our morbid dread of wounding the sensibilities of our American cousins, few Englishmen would venture to use.

In treating of the burthens upon the transport of grain, the *Chicago Tribune*, quoted by Mr. Hill in his paper read at the meeting of the Social Science Congress at Norwich in 1873, makes some statements that are deserving the serious attention of the people of the West. After alluding to the fact that there were, besides other grains, nearly six million bushels of Indian corn in store in Chicago, the *Tribune* says :—

“ This grain has been put in store here *expressly for lake transportation. The corn cannot be moved in any other way.* Behind this stock there are millions of bushels of corn and wheat in the cribs and station warehouses all over the West. The rates demanded for lake transportation from Chicago to Buffalo are 16 cents per bushel for corn, and we are informed that it is proposed to advance these on future charters to 18 cents per bushel. Corn can be moved at present only by water, and the lake carriers are dependent upon the corn crop for their profits. Last season, while the rate was lower than now, *vessels earned their own cost in three months' time.* At the rates now demanded, the profits will, of course, be greater.

“ Now, while there is in one sense no monopoly in lake navigation, and every man is free to put as many vessels afloat as he thinks proper, and charge what he can get, *there is a substantial monopoly in the fact that no vessel not exclusively owned in the United States can carry corn or other freight between any two American ports.* Canadian vessels may come to Chicago and carry freight to Montreal, but the law prohibits their taking corn from here to Buffalo. Canada has some seven thousand vessels of all kinds afloat, large numbers of which could be brought into Lake Michigan, and assist in carrying off the surplus crop of the West at reasonable rates. But the law prohibits them from so doing. The result is, that the producers of corn in the Western States have to pay *monopoly prices on water.* Before the opening of the Straits of Mackinaw, and during the whole season, there will be freight offering at Chicago, Milwaukee, and Toledo sufficient to employ twice the number of vessels that will be at those ports to carry it, while there are on Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence a large number of vessels that would gladly come here to do this business if the law permitted them.

mercial men of the Republic, than Mr. Haliburton. Nothing is said in this paper that has not been plainly expressed by the author, and received with applause at public meetings and social gatherings of the members of the National Board of Trade of the United States, and at a public dinner given by the city of Boston to those who were present at an International Conference of the Boards of Trade of North America, which Mr. Haliburton was the means of bringing about, and in which he took part.—ED.

Now, let the farmers send up to Congress, in the most emphatic form, their demand that these old prohibitory shipping laws be repealed, and the navigation of the lakes be open to anybody who will put a vessel or a steamer on them."

If the shippers of the West find even nature's water highways have been obstructed by protection, they also discover that the same evil influence meets them on the land.

The great iron roads of the Republic are in the hands of monopolists, who in their turn find that they themselves have to suffer indirectly from the working of protection. It is estimated that the duty on imported railway iron in 1873 amounted to an aggregate tax of \$140,000,000, or \$4000 per mile. The *Chicago Tribune*, referring to this fact, makes the following startling statements:—

"To this must be added the iron needed for annual repairs. But, taking only the figures of the tax on the first cost of construction and equipment, and assuming the whole cost of constructing a railroad at \$24,000 per mile, this tax alone would have built 5834 miles of additional railroad,—or nearly twice the length of the railroad from Omaha to San Francisco. This \$140,000,000 has to be collected, with profits and compound interest included, out of the corn and other products carried over these roads. To pay this tax, the distance in which corn can be transported by rail has been reduced, and the rates for transportation have been advanced. The man who sold his corn for 35 cents has now to give 10 cents per bushel of that sum to help to refund this tax, and therefore now receives but 25 cents per bushel; and so on, according to the distance, the price of corn recedes in obedience to this well-ascertained law. The gross earnings of all the railroads in the United States, from all sources, in 1871, were \$454,000,000, while the tax on the iron alone consumed in the construction of just one-half of these railways was \$140,000,000, exceeding one-fourth of the gross earnings of all the railways. Farmers who will attentively read these figures will see how it is that the cost of transportation has been made double what it ought to be, and will discover why it is that, with the increase of railways, the cost of transportation has continually depressed the commercial value of the products transported."

While monopolists and politicians were starving the consumer, and dwarfing American industry, the commercial men of the United States, and of the whole Continent, were in favour of a more liberal and sensible policy; but though their sentiments were well known, they were unable to exercise any permanent influence at Washington. Professional politicians sneered at these Boards of Trade as intruders upon the domain of politics. In order to ensure their due influence to

these representatives of the commerce of the country, the very prudent step was adopted of effecting united action on the part of the National Board of Trade of the United States and of the Dominion Board of Trade. When these bodies met, it soon became apparent that the commercial men of the whole Continent were almost unanimously in favour, if not of a free, at least of a fair trade.

For this improved state of public feeling the people of the United States are largely indebted to Mr. Hamilton A. Hill, who has done more than any other man to encourage a liberal commercial spirit on the part of his fellow-countrymen.

Two years ago the National Board memorialized the President in favour of a renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty, and adopted a resolution which, though in advance of the public sentiment of the United States, does credit to their own political sagacity. They recommended that the coasting trade and the registry of shipping should be thrown open to foreign vessels. It is impossible that the repeated expression of their views on the part of commercial bodies representing nearly thirty states of the Union, and practically the whole of the Continent, can be without important ultimate results on public opinion. At present, however, the question does not depend upon the people of the United States, still less upon the commercial class of that country. The public is practically ruled by the great railway and manufacturing interests, who are combined together against one common enemy, the free-trader; and who have united to prey upon one common victim, the American consumer. The question, too, of renewing reciprocal trade, we acknowledge, is involved in some difficulty, and is not likely to be solved without some delay. It must be borne in mind that almost the whole of North America is inhabited by the English race, and is divided into two countries by an imaginary line stretched across the Continent many thousands of miles, from ocean to ocean. It is self-apparent that to maintain a line of custom-houses, and the host of officials who are necessary in order to sustain opposing tariffs, must be an enormous loss to the people of the whole Continent. It is an axiom in trade that the near market is always more profitable than the distant one. The cost of long voyages, and of freights, insurance, commission, agency, etc., must be borne by some one, and that some one is ultimately the consumer. The quick returns, therefore, of home trade are in the long run more remunerative and more satisfactory than those of a distant market. Nature has undoubtedly intended that Canada should be the home market for the products of American industry; that the United States should in the same way supply an outlet for the manufactures and natural products of British America.

At the first conference of the Councils of the two Boards of Trade, held in Boston, the idea of a Zolverein, a favourite one with the Hon. John Young, at that time President of the Dominion Board, was mooted by the President of the National Board of Trade of the United States. As a commercial suggestion, there can be little doubt that it was a sensible and a wise one. It is impossible that in all respects the people of England can be placed upon the same footing in Canadian markets as the Americans. Nature has discriminated in favour of American trade by the interposition of the Atlantic Ocean; and until we can abolish this obstacle to perfect equality and to perfect free trade, English exporters to Canada must always labour under a disadvantage in competing with American industry. Mr. Young's idea of a Zolverein was discarded at the Boston Conference as impracticable as well as imprudent. That something of the sort must ultimately become a necessity there can be but little doubt; but it belongs to the future, and not to the present. So highly, however, did the commercial men of Canada resent this proposition of a Zolverein by the President of the Dominion Board, that, although its commercial merits could not be denied, they removed him from his position, and ultimately from his seat in the Council of that body, because he had suggested a scheme which, while advantageous to the commercial interests of Canada, trenched upon those of British merchants.

It must be remembered, in justice to Mr. Young, that when this discussion took place the people of Canada were constantly informed, even by officials sent out in Her Majesty's name, as well as by the press and the public men of Great Britain, that they were at liberty to go whenever they liked, and that the Colonies were not a paying speculation. Mr. Young, who is one of the most able and far-seeing commercial men of the New World, had as much right to consult the interests of his native country, as English politicians and English commercial men had to discuss the question of dismembering the Empire because they hastily assumed that it did not pay. The conduct of the Dominion Board of Trade is a conclusive proof that colonial loyalty may yet be found to be of commercial value, and to be profitable to British trade; and that no class is more deeply interested in preserving the unity of the Empire, and in fostering a national sentiment throughout the Colonies, than the commercial men of Great Britain. The first form of disintegration will be seen, not in politics, but in trade. It will be the merchants of England whom the shoe will first pinch. They will suffer from Zolvereins long before the statesmen of the Empire will be forced to face the question of political dismemberment.

The contrast presented by the United States and the New Dominion

should teach us a useful lesson. In the one case we have monopolists deluding the people into excluding English products as a matter of patriotism ; in the other, we have hard-headed commercial men shutting their eyes to pounds, shillings, and pence, and remembering only the fact that even in commerce they owe allegiance to the Empire.

[This important paper was read before the ROYAL COLONIAL INSTITUTE (His Grace the DUKE OF MANCHESTER in the Chair), on Thursday, April 15th, 1875, and afterwards kindly placed at our disposal by the author.—ED.]





MOODY AND SANKEY, THE AMERICAN REVIVALISTS.

By DR. ALFRED J. H. CRESPI.

THE history of religious Revivals is one of disappointments. We are the creatures of education and habit. We cannot by a mere effort of the will change our mode of thought. We must be subjected to a long preparatory process before permanent changes can be made either in our physical or moral nature. Were we the creatures of impulse, we could not count on each other's conduct for a single day: there could be no government, and society could not exist. Cumbrous systems of education are yearly devised; acts of Parliament are yearly passed on the supposition that man can be trained to do certain things and to hold certain opinions.

Nevertheless, in spite of lifelong habits and deep-rooted prejudices, a man may be carried away by some irresistible impulse or great excitement, and do something quite at variance with his ordinary conduct, or give in his adhesion to a new movement. He will not perhaps repeat that action, even under similar circumstances, and it seldom happens that he continues constant to the party whose cause he has been impelled to join. Great religious excitement does, however, occasionally leave traces behind it for years, and for these reasons: some of the persons who are impressed for the time being, were up to that moment indifferent to religion; their thoughts become possessed by anxious fears about the future; the impression made, instead of wearing away, deepens; in short, powerful religious excitement is the first of many steps ending in firm religious conviction: but such cases are rare; a much larger number of people have for years thought of religion in a certain way, and in them religious excitement renews dormant convictions. Compared, however, with the many thousands who, in any large town, seem powerfully impressed for a few days or weeks by revival services, the two classes referred to are small indeed.

This view of the case will not satisfy readers who believe that God sometimes works by strange means, and occasionally plucks thousands

or even millions from peril. The religious world is divided on the subject, and always will be ; for a great deal can be said on both sides. Those who believe religion to be a slow growth, a gradual drawing of the mind into closer communion with the Father of all, cannot admit that deep religious convictions may exist side by side with frivolous and even profligate conduct, and dare not allow that there is a change of heart where there are few proofs of it except the use of a certain phraseology, and the loud assertions of the *soi-disant* Christian that he is a child of God.

It may well be, however, that what is religion in one person is not religion in another, and that the means which would prove efficacious in one case would be of no use in another. The more excitable the temperament, the more uneducated and unreflecting the mind, the greater the certainty that strong impressions will be made by any form of excitement, religious, political, or social, and that these impressions will not last. Hence it may be that persons who are being powerfully affected by the preaching of Moody and Sankey, and who are exclaiming that, after years of wandering in the dark, they have found light, were just as much impressed, though they do not remember it, by some of the many revivalists who have, during the past thirty years, laboured zealously, but generally with little permanent effect, in all parts of the three kingdoms.

What a marvellous religious revival that was, eighteen hundred years ago, when Jesus of Nazareth preached to the people of Palestine with a power, a fervour, a love, never before equalled, never since approached ! His immediate precursor, John the Baptist, had with force and eloquence entreated his countrymen to return to the God whom they had deserted. What was the result ? John the Baptist does not appear to have lost any of those qualifications he undoubtedly possessed, yet he declined in favour in the eyes of the people, and was ultimately deserted, except by a few faithful followers. Not even the most arbitrary Eastern despot would have dared to seize a man whose fame continued to be in the mouths of all people. Yet John the Baptist made countless converts, all of whom professed to have found peace, and to have commenced to live a higher and purer life.

John the Baptist prepared the way for a still greater and more eloquent preacher, who founded a new religion, purer, truer, more catholic than anything that man had ever conceived. He gave an impulse it has never lost to the religious thought of the world, and directed it into new channels. The splendour of His goodness, the divine perfection of His humanity, the sublime purity of His teachings, are only now beginning to dawn upon the world. The

greatest preacher the world ever saw, or can see, strove in vain to rouse the Jews, and the Romans indirectly, to listen to His voice. It was not possible even for Him to influence mankind, except by the slow and gradual process of education. He had to fight against the prejudice and ignorance of centuries. The vice, obstinacy, frivolity of long generations of Jews lived again in those people whom He addressed, and for whose blindness and cruelty He felt such sweet compassion.

What was His reward? Those who attended Him into Jerusalem, strewing the streets with palms, and shouting "Hosanna to the Son of David," to Him who came in the name of the Lord, fled in terror, showing how small was their faith in Him whom they had so recently been proclaiming the King of Israel and the Messiah of His people. A few hours later, and from the same fickle mobs rose the cry, "Crucify Him, crucify Him!"

Thus has it ever been. Great preachers, burning with zeal, have from time to time arisen. The world has listened and approved; the impression has soon passed away, leaving few traces of the late excitement. We repeat, this would be a worse world were man more easily moved. The progress of humanity must be slow.

One of the most singular revivals of late years is that now in progress; the chief movers in which are D. L. Moody and Ira D. Sankey. An unusual amount of interest has been excited in their movements; and there is hope that the effects of their labours will be more general and permanent than those of former revivalists; but of this there is little expectation, unless the impression is deepened by the exertions of those who, on the departure of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, undertake to carry on what they have begun. The effect produced by the preaching and singing of these extraordinary men may then gain strength and become permanent, provided too much reliance be not placed on first impressions.

Two years ago, these Americans, whose success in their own country appeared to be encouraging, determined to come to England, and commence a series of services. The first place they laboured in was York. There they only stayed for a short time, but a good deal of interest was excited. From York they made their way to Newcastle, where they remained two months, their success being far more decided than at York. The curiosity their efforts were arousing spread to other towns, and drew increasingly large audiences from many populous places in that district. On they went to Edinburgh, where they remained a couple of months, and where still greater interest was manifested. The fourth place was Dundee, where they were as warmly welcomed as they had been in Edinburgh. Thence they travelled into the Highlands; later

they visited Glasgow, and in that crowded, busy city drew still larger crowds, and their movements began to be of national interest. From Scotland they went to Ireland, visiting Belfast, Londonderry, and Dublin. On their return to England, they proceeded in turn to Manchester, Sheffield, Birmingham, Liverpool, and London. In all these places crowds flocked to hear them, and the one topic of general conversation was Moody and Sankey. Even in the metropolis, the congregations they have drawn together have been so large, and the attention paid to them so wide and respectful, that their visit is remarkable in the history of revivals.

What is the secret of the impression these men are making? Religious excitement, fanaticism, advertising, temporary insanity, have all been assigned as sufficient causes by one party; but by another their success is attributed to a special and extraordinary manifestation of God's power. Those who affirm that fanaticism and excitement sufficiently account for the congregations Moody draws together, forget that other revivalists, fully as earnest, and fully as much favoured by advertising and other means for attracting public attention, have not succeeded in the same degree. Those who give the power of God as an explanation, can no doubt support their opinion in a variety of ways, satisfactory to themselves, but not equally convincing to others. In seeking a solution of the problem, let us consider how these men conduct their services, and what are the doctrines they preach.

The first noteworthy thing is the importance they attach to singing. Other revivalists have not been blind to the power which the singing of hymns gives, and the hold it enables a preacher to acquire over a rather uncultured crowd, labouring under strong excitement; but probably no one before adopted the course followed by Moody and Sankey. Singing is a kind of safety-valve, when the feelings are strongly aroused, much in favour among the poor. But in this case Moody is the preacher, and his colleague has charge of the singing. Instead of doing all the singing themselves, the people have frequently to listen to the vocal powers of Sankey, and are only allowed to join when told to do so. In this respect a new feature has been introduced, which cannot fail favourably to impress many persons, heartily tired of the older kinds of revival services. To the mode of conducting the service a considerable part of the success of the movement is undoubtedly due, but not all. Nor will religious excitement account in any great degree for the interest displayed. It is the men themselves who have the power to draw together congregations of 20,000 persons of all classes; but whether they have the still rarer power to breathe a spirit of greater earnestness and reality into the religious life of a nation, is doubtful.

The order of service is very simple. During the two or three hours that the congregation is collecting, hymns are sung by the choir, assisted by the audience. When the service begins a prayer is offered, generally by some local clergyman or minister; a hymn is then sung by Sankey alone, a portion of Scripture is read and explained by Moody, another hymn is sung by the congregation, and then the sermon is preached, after which another hymn is sung, and the benediction is pronounced. The actual service lasts a little over an hour.

What is there in the singing of the one, or the preaching of the other, that gives this revival such a distinctive character? No doubt the clear ringing voices of the two revivalists have something to do, not with their hold on the people who flock to hear them, but with the size of the congregations they attract. Men whose voices are heard in every part of immense halls, seating from 14,000 to 20,000 people, can alone hope to draw audiences six to ten times as large as ordinary preachers would venture to address. In the most distant corners of rooms, six or eight times as large as ordinary churches, every note Sankey sings, every word that falls from Moody's lips, is distinctly heard. This of itself is a great power, and they know how to use it well.

Of Sankey's singing it is difficult to speak fairly. It would not seem probable that persons who can appreciate good singing would care to listen to a man whose voice is uncultivated, and some of whose notes are harsh. Yet thousands who could not patiently listen to the singing of a servant, sit entranced by Sankey's hymns. The words are so strange and new, there is such earnestness about the singer, that insensibly all who go are affected, and many who do not care for the preaching express themselves astonished at the singing.

In Moody you see a rather short and stout man, with little that is impressive or dignified. He goes straight at his subject, and continues it with such rapidity that it is difficult to follow him. He makes countless digressions, and sometimes leaves his subject unfinished. He introduces long strings of anecdotes, occasionally grotesque and almost irreverent, but always apposite and effective. He keeps the attention of 20,000 people alive for three-quarters of an hour, and when the service is over every one wonders what there was singular or novel in what he heard. Yet he goes again and again, still remaining in doubt, though not able to deny that in Moody is a power, hard to define or describe, but certainly there. And no one will question its reality who has once listened to him.

Sankey's voice is uncultivated, yet its charms are great, though all the training in the world would never have made it equal to that of

a professional singer. In like manner, Moody's preaching is that of an illiterate man, yet his power is extraordinary.

Moody mispronounces many words ; sometimes uses words in peculiar ways ; often resorts to inappropriate arguments ; occasionally his logic is defective ; and as for his doctrines, in some points they are not on a level with the research of the present age. He affirms his belief in dogmas long since laid aside in most religious circles. He takes literally, and without qualification, many parts of Scripture on which Broad Churchmen place widely different constructions ; and, in spite of all, thousands who disapprove of his views, and have no sympathy with his religious system, if it can be truly said that he has one, listen to him with deep interest, and go away feeling that they have gained good. It is something, in these days of half-heartedness and scepticism, to listen to a man so thoroughly in earnest, so convinced that he is right, so firm a believer in his own religious views.

Once, in delivering an address on reading the Scriptures, Moody observed that no one should require to use a marker when he closed his Bible ; he ought to study it with such earnestness as to remember exactly where he left off. Then came an illustration right to the point. He explained that in earlier life he used to hoe corn, but did his work so badly that when he went to dinner he was obliged to put a stick where he had left off, to show him where he was to begin again. Bible readers, he added, were not to resemble him in this respect. What was there in this incident of any importance to the people present ? Had any one else related it, there would not have been a smile, but Moody's illustration drew a broad laugh from the people ; every one understood better the meaning of the warnings he had just heard, and no one appeared shocked.

Moody's doctrines have much to do with his power, be that lasting or temporary. He does not profess the views of any particular sect. He looks upon himself as an agent in the hands of God, appointed to do a great work. He does not bring Calvinistic doctrines prominently forward, though he evidently believes in the possibility of instantaneous conversion, which he regards not so much as a change of conduct and of life, as the receiving of a free pardon from God, so that probably he would not necessarily question a man's conversion because he was guilty of some faults. He believes in a personal devil, in the eternity of punishment, in the efficacy of the Blood of Christ to wash away all sins. We speak with some reserve on these points, as both he and his colleague refrain from expressions likely to offend the prejudices of any of their listeners, putting prominently forward only such of their own opinions as they consider essential to salvation.

A revivalist must, it would appear, hold opinions much akin to those just described. His power for good would be gone were it otherwise. How could any one believing in a calm, thoughtful, intellectual religion, attempt to work on the emotions of vast crowds of people, and conduct services that should stir up the better feelings of immense audiences, and make them fancy that they had found salvation?

We should be doing these revivalists great injustice were we to complain that they resort to undue excitement. There is less sensationalism in their services than may be found in many Wesleyan chapels. There are none of those painful expressions of anxious feeling which are said to make revival services trying. From beginning to end there is the greatest order and good feeling, and nothing that can annoy.

As to Moody's eloquence, each must decide for himself. It is not an easy thing to address and interest 20,000 people; and the man who can do that night after night, for months, cannot be a poor speaker, whatever advantages he may derive from popular curiosity and the singularity of his manner or matter. Of course we, who have our own standard of eloquence, and consider that anything not resembling the calm, impressive, enunciation of our great Parliamentary debaters cannot be good speaking, might dispute Moody's claim to distinction. But an orator is a man who can persuade his audience. This Moody does to perfection. His model is not John Bright; but it is just possible that Italians, who love fire and vigour, would feel disappointed in Bright and Gladstone, and prefer Moody and Spurgeon.

Nor is Moody devoid of considerable administrative powers. He has presided with great tact and firmness over large conferences, and has preserved order for six or seven hours. He has on these occasions permitted no waste of time, no departure from the program drawn up; everything was done just as had been designed, and was done well.

We may dwell for a moment on the words of Sankey's singular hymns. The versification is not remarkable, nor is the poetry of a high average, yet for this special work nothing could be better. Take one of the favourite hymns:—

“The great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer;
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.
Sweetest note in seraph song;
Sweetest name on mortal tongue;
Sweetest carol ever sung;
Jesus, Blessed Jesus.”

This hymn, “Sweet hour of prayer,” “Safe in the arms of Jesus,” “Come home, come home,” “Sowing the seed,” and many more,

are not entitled to mention, as poems, in the same category with those of Cowper, Keble, or Wesley; yet they have already become general favourites, and thousands who never cared for hymns before find pleasure in them now.

No sight could be more impressive than the sea of earnest faces intently fixed upon the illiterate, humble American, discoursing with extraordinary power and fervour on the great truths of Christianity. No one who looks on these vast assemblages can ever forget the scene. Mere religious excitement, and a creed of horrors, could hardly bring together such thoughtful, intelligent audiences.

It is curious to observe how well dressed and thriving the majority of the listeners are. The town seems to send all its respectable clerks, shopkeepers, and mechanics. Perhaps any one acquainted with the life and economy of second-rate Nonconformist places of worship can form a clear conception of the class of people present, when he is told that they are just of the stamp to be seen in any small chapel throughout the land. Moody does not, therefore, attract either the highly educated or the very ignorant, but his great power is over those persons who are equally removed from coldness and scepticism, stupidity and ignorance.

In Birmingham, greater prominence was given to the movement than it would otherwise have received in consequence of the active part Mr. R. W. Dale took in it. This eminent minister, well known as a contributor to the *Contemporary Review*, *Good Words*, and other magazines, and as the Editor of the *Congregationalist*, has immense influence in Birmingham and the district; and as soon as it was found that he was present at all the services, and that he thought well of them, greater crowds than ever flocked to hear men who had his support. Mr. Dale is not a man who allows himself to be carried away by sensationalism and excitement, and is unusually thoughtful, impartial, and cautious.

The reports in the newspapers give little idea of the crowds who, in some towns, have listened to Moody and Sankey. In Birmingham the evening service was to begin at eight; but all the best seats were generally filled soon after five, and soon after six 15,000 people were in their places. So well was it known that seats could not be got unless persons were prepared to be in the hall two hours before the service began, that immense numbers of aged or busy people never attempted to go, while large crowds were, every evening, unable to find admission.

But the success which attended the labours of Moody and Sankey in the provinces is thrown into the shade by that which rewards them in London. Besides thousands who failed to get admission, as many as

33,000 persons have been present at their morning and evening services. Unless mistakes were made, it seems likely that, on one or two occasions, 22,000 persons were packed together, in the Agricultural Hall, at the evening services. The interest which the movement excited perhaps reached its climax when Dean Stanley and Lord Cairns honoured the revivalists by going to hear them. There are few men more remarkable for culture, learning, and the complete absence of anything like wild, fanatical, religious fervour, than Dr. Stanley; nor could there well be a greater contrast than his dignified, calm, impressive manner of preaching, to the rapid utterances and undignified bearing of Moody. A man whom Dean Stanley, even from no deeper motive than curiosity, would care to hear preach, must be something very different from the ordinary revivalist.

Now the question arises, will permanent good be done, or will this revival, like so many others, be only a nine days' wonder? In many towns efforts are being made to keep alive and deepen the impression created; and in Birmingham there is reason to believe that a considerable number of persons, several hundreds in the aggregate, have derived good. It would not be fair to expect very much more than this, and it would not be just to condemn Moody and Sankey, if time should show that their efforts have not borne lasting fruit.

Many persons will hesitate to approve of what they will always fear is only religious excitement, and with this view of the case we have much sympathy. But while it is right to state that Moody and Sankey do not appear to be ordinary fanatics, it may be none the less true that those instrumentalities which would have little influence for good over the cultured and learned, may be of inestimable service to a humble and less intelligent class. Let us not judge harshly even of what we may not altogether approve. This world is surely large enough, the harvest is rich enough, the labourers are few enough, to render it unnecessary to interfere with men so earnest and generous. Let Moody and Sankey continue their labour of love; *they* at least have *no* pecuniary interest in it; and let us not begrudge them the success and honour they may obtain, nor seek to lessen it by appearing to disparage the praiseworthy object they have in view.






ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING AND HER CONTEMPORARIES.

(*With Original Letters.*)

By R. H. HORNE,

AUTHOR OF "ORION," "THE DEATH OF MARLOWE," "COSMO DE' MEDICI,"
ETC., ETC.

OME indication has already been afforded of the extensive reading of Miss Barrett;* and in the present article further instances will be given of her higher class of reading in ancient and modern literature, and also that sort of popular reading known as "light literature," or "fiction," which nevertheless includes not only the constant outpouring of "seasonable" stuff that often disgraces the period, but works of real depth of thought, emotion, and inventive genius. A very pregnant comment is made by the lady on the injury of reading more than is good for you. Of this she herself was an instance, although many persons will consider the late John Stuart Mill to have been a yet more remarkable one.

The following letter contains allusions to the first scenes and the design of Miss Barrett's poem entitled "A Drama of Exile":—

"December 20th, 1843.

"Yes, my dear Mr. Horne,—I cannot refuse what you require, and the more especially as you do not require any systematic review, and as the filling up will rest with you. Nevertheless it is positively true that I am so full of business that papa would laugh at me if he stood near; he who always laughs whenever I say 'I am busy,'—laughs like Jove with superior merriment. As if people could possibly be busy with rhymes and butterflies' wings!

"A volume full of MSS. had been ready for more than a year, when suddenly, a short time ago, when I fancied I had no heavier work than to make copy and corrections, I fell upon a fragment of a sort of masque on 'The First Day's Exile from Eden,'—or rather, it fell upon me, and beset me till I would finish it. I cannot tell you even now whether I

* See ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE, February, 1875, Vol. XIV., p. 466, *et seq.*

shall end by printing it,—only if I do print it, it must take a first place in the book,—so that everything has come to a stand until it is finished, and I decide. From the twenty lines I found, I have run into a thousand already—blank verse and lyric intermixtures, and in the dramatic form ;—a masque, I shall call it ;—and after all, nobody in the world may ever see it except myself ; and I *reserve* my judgment on it. The object is the development of the peculiar anguish of Eve—the fate of woman at its root—and the first step of Humanity into the world-wilderness, Driven by the Curse. You know Milton leaves the first parents in Eden ; through Eden ‘they take their solitary way.’ I meet them flying along the great sword-glare ! Then, I have Voices of Eden, Spirits in farewell, and lyrical reproaches of Spirits of the Earth and Animal nature. The wanderers find themselves in an earthly zodiac—Shadows of fallen life answering to the starry Shapes of those twelve signs, of which Orion knows—and terrifying the Exiles in the desert, when the first exile-sun has gone down, with a vision of future desolation. At last, Christ appearing, pacifies and reconciles,—and the Heavenly zodiac shining out, chases the Earthly one underneath, and leaves nothing but the starlight on the ground.

“This is a sketch—not very definite. Besides, there is a Satan, and an angel Gabriel, and some choral angels. Tell me how it strikes you ? Is it likely to be aught, or nought ? It is better in the doing than in the saying—as I have said it here—but still I doubt. The principal interest is set on Eve ; the ‘first in the transgression.’ ‘First in the *transgression*’ has been said over and over again, because of the tradition,—but *first and deepest in the sorrow*, nobody seems to have said, or, at least, written of, as conceiving.”

My reply exhorted Miss Barrett to proceed with that Lyrical Drama. Her letter then speaks of certain proofs of papers written for “The New Spirit of the Age,” about which I wished to have her opinion, with anything she might think required revision or interpolation. I thought as highly of her taste and judgment, as of her genius.

“All this you have led me unaware into ruffling you with—perhaps. When I began to write to-day, I did not think to say any more of myself than the earnest thanks with which I overflow, for your great kindness in considering what was best for me, and trying to compass it. In despair of having a proof, I have almost a mind to send you a MS. lyrical poem, which is short enough and happy enough to have had some MS. reputation, because Mr. Kenyon took it into his head that it was ‘the best thing I ever wrote, or ever should write,’ (which isn’t true, I hope,) and chaperoned it about wherever his kindness could reach.

It is a *contra* to Schiller's Gods of Greece, and I make amends for having the worst of the poetry, by having the best of the argument.

"With many thanks I return the proof. It is excellent indeed; and there is a passage about Douglas Jerrold which is full of beauty. You will see marked, at the beginning, where I differ from you on the subject of the employment of wit in *satire*, which department of poetry you certainly seem to overlook. All the great satirists have been 'on virtue's side,' or, on what they took for virtue's; and if they sometimes struck the lash out recklessly, it is no argument against their having generally an intention. Satire in its old form of uses, by the way, seems to have died out of our literature—I mean poetical satire. Who would read a Dunciad now? or even a 'golden book' of Juvenal—if Juvenal were here to write another?

"So, you think I never read Fonblanque or Sydney Smith—or Junius, perhaps? Mr. Kenyon calls me his 'omniverous cousin.' I read without principle. I have a sort of unity indeed, but it amalgamates instead of selecting,—do you understand? When I had read the Hebrew Bible, from Genesis to Malachi, right through, and was never stopped by the Chaldee—and the Greek poets, and Plato, right through from end to end—I passed as thoroughly through the flood of all possible and impossible British and foreign novels and romances, with slices of metaphysics laid thick between the sorrows of the multitudinous Celestinas. It is only useful knowledge and the multiplication table I never tried hard at. And now—what now? Is this matter of exultation? Alas, no! Do I boast of my omniverousness of reading, even apart from the romances? Certainly no!—never, except in joke. It's against my theories and ratiocinations, which take upon themselves to assert that we *all* generally err by *reading too much*, and out of proportion to what we *think*. I should be wiser, I am persuaded, if I had not read half as much—should have had stronger and better exercised faculties, and should stand higher in my own appreciation. The fact is, that the *ne plus ultra* of intellectual indolence is this reading of books. It comes next to what the Americans call 'whittling.'

"By the way, did you receive Mr. Cornelius Mathews's book? and 'what is your thought like?'

"Yes, the essay in this proof is excellent. Still, it does strike me that you raise Douglas Jerrold a little above his natural level, and depreciate Fonblanque and Sydney Smith a little below theirs, by classing the three together—him with them, I mean. And then,—is Fonblanque praised enough for the most brilliant writer in Europe?—for his power both argumentative and epigrammatic?—and especially for his unequalled adroitness in literary allusion and quotation? His wit

covers as many sins as his charity might : and if I were Lord Brougham, I believe that I should think so still.

"Could it be possible to strengthen an expression or two in respect to Fonblanque?—or impossible?—or undesirable?"

"Then, I doubt, notwithstanding my carplings at the Stricklands and Stickneys, whether you should not put their names into your book after all. They have a certain popularity—more popularity perhaps than if they had genius,—and both of them deserve praise in their departments. Besides, Agnes Strickland stands on the high ground of history, to claim your attention; and Sarah Stickney is the actual Mrs. Ellis (or I am mistaken) who gives twelve editions of instructions to the 'Women,' 'Wives,' 'Daughters,' (and 'Grandmothers' says *Punch*) of our common England. Now, albeit you may opine in your secret soul, that the race of Mrs. Ellis's disciples runs the risk of being model-women of the most abominable virtue, you can't help, I think, in the meantime, without exposing your work to a charge of imperfection, making mention of a voluminous female writer who has carried books through a dozen or more editions. Judge if you can help it. Also, it seems to me that you should mention Miss Lawrence, and certainly *Miss Costello*, who is a highly accomplished woman, and full of grace and sense of beauty. Mrs. Ellis is a poetess, by courtesy—are you aware? And looking over a book-catalogue this morning, I saw Agnes Strickland's name attached to a 'Demetrius, and other Poems,' whereof I never heard before.

"Have you a portrait of Mrs. Somerville? I hope so.

"So, this Reverend Robert Montgomery is to have stripes instead of honour. Well, the false gods should be put down.

"I send the paper on 'Milnes.'

"Truly yours,

"E. B. B.

"Mrs. O—— says, 'If you write soon to Mr. Horne, tell him that I am better, and that I have the guitar.'"

The lady referred to was a particular friend of Miss Barrett's, who resided within a few doors of Leigh Hunt's house at Kensington. The guitar had been sent to her first, to be passed on to Leigh Hunt, as he had often expressed a great wish to put words to a certain minuet, composed by Sor, in which a peculiar blending of elegance and melancholy had much impressed him. But although it was played to him every evening, the next time I was on a visit in that neighbourhood, he could never satisfy himself with the words he wanted. His musical sensibilities were evidently without any definite ideas in this case, and he had too true a feeling and taste to substitute mere euphonious words for his

more delicate apprehensions. He had intended them, when composed, for Sir Percy Shelley (son of the poet), at that time often visiting Leigh Hunt at Kensington.

Our next Letter contains critical remarks on two celebrities of that day, who deserve to be equally celebrated now, though I fear that is not the case.

Wednesday—[1844] Thursday, rather.

[Written after midnight, I suppose.]

"My dear Mr. Horne,—The poem which I called 'domestic' is one, I think, in an octave stanza containing a story—the history of a wife who becomes aware of the dishonour of her husband. It succeeds 'The Dream.' It has more power than any composition of Mrs. Norton's which I have read. The name quite escapes me; and I have so painful an association of a personal nature with the book, as to lose all courage to look into it. There are domestic poems also, which refer to herself personally—and to the pictures of her children—sweet and tender.

"In respect to Barry Cornwall, I am delighted to hear that you admit him; and the first omission was probably accidental, or from reasons of time and haste. His lyrical poems are most exquisite,—like an embodied music. In the melodies of words he is learned, and in the causes of tears not uninstructed. His dramatic fragments are not masculine;—but *Ford* was not masculine—when he wrote alone. They seem to me to have dramatic intonations, moving, if not deep. His fault is only felt in a continuous reading, when we become aware of a certain sameness—a one-tonedness, which is not the tone of a trumpet. It is a more effeminate instrument. In my own private opinion, Barry Cornwall has done a good deal, with all his genius, and, perhaps as a consequence of his genius, to emasculate the poetry of the passing age. To talk of 'fair things' when he had to speak of women, and of 'laughing flowers' when his business was with a full-blown daisy" [dame, or dairymaid] "is the fashion of his school. His care has not been to use the most expressive, but the prettiest word. His Muse has held her Pandemonium too much in the cavity of his ear. Still, that this arises from a too exquisite sense of beauty as a *means* as well as an object, is evident; and for all sweet and exquisitely pathetic lyric qualities, we need not go farther than to Barry Cornwall.

"In this last republication, I miss (it may be there, but running the book through hastily, I cannot find it) what used to thrill me through and through with the charm of lyric cadence and matchless pathos. I admired it so, that I used the stanza in that slight poem of my own,

called 'Loved once,'—only *reversing* it in every second verse. But the time ran in my head ;—

“ Must it be? Then, arewell!
Thou, whom my woman's heart has loved too long,
Farewell—and be this song,
The last in which I say, I loved thee well.”

It begins so, I remember, and the whole lyric is most moving. I wish I had it to send you.

“ You know his ‘ Marcian Colonna,’ and others perhaps which I do not know. I admire Barry Cornwall much.”

I do not think Miss Barrett does adequate justice to Barry Cornwall (Mr. Procter) as a *dramatist*. His tragedy of “*Mirandola*” (finely produced by Macready, who personated the principal part) is one among various marked instances that must occur to all who are conversant with the dramatic literature of the last five-and-thirty years,—that the “decline,” as its disgusting *fall* before “burlesque” is softly termed, is certainly not attributable to the want of dramatists of genius. Of the foregoing critique by Miss Barrett, no portion was inserted in the “*New Spirit of the Age*,” as the intended paper was crowded out, but reserved for a projected third volume, which, however, never was written. The same Letter thus concludes,—

“ Mr. Moxon was good enough to send me yesterday Mr. Patmore's poems. I had not time to cut the leaves, when Miss Mitford came, and I gave her the first fruits of the book. Between you and me—‘dreadfully private’—this would have been more generous of me, if I had not by a few glances nearly satisfied myself that he is *not* a Tennyson, and never could have been. Also, he is not to be reproached with Barry Cornwall's fault of over-effluence in music. Still, I have no right to judge—for the leaves are uncut.

“ I heard of your meeting Mr. Chorley in Miss Mitford's presence. It never struck her what a meeting of thunder-clouds it might be—until I made the suggestion.

“ My dear Mr. Horne, I shall do my book the honour of placing your name in it, and prove that we are not under different banners,—and that I am,

“ Ever faithfully and gratefully yours,

“ E. B. B.

“ Enclosed is ‘Pan,’ at your service. How well she looks—Miss Mitford! I write in great haste.

“ But I must thank you (having forgotten it before) for your criticism

about 'the many miles.' Certainly I made out by the loose expression that Eve had travelled many miles in one day—which might have been? though I wish I had the power of altering it."

The remark on a possible "meeting of thunder-clouds," alludes to a somewhat painful, and at any rate an awkward and ridiculous scene. The late Mr. Henry Chorley, an accomplished gentleman, of fine and delicate tastes, was writing critiques in the *Athenæum*, and elsewhere, during the time that the *Syncretic Society* (mainly composed of un-acted dramatists and dramatic performers) was in "full flourish;" and he often attacked them, and was fond of employing the epithet of "feeble." Extravagant they often no doubt were, and boastful, and now and then absurd in their sanguine views of rapidly reviving the British Drama, even to the Elizabethan height; but they meant well, their cause was good, they were full of energy and faith, and for the most part were certainly not "feeble." It chanced at this time that I had written a sort of Christmas book for children, called "The London Doll," and in one of the chapters somebody says,—I forget who, perhaps the 'Doll,'—"It was a moment of that terrible kind," as the poet Henry Chorley says,—

"When all that's feeble squeaks within the soul!"

A copy of this little book had been sent by me to Mary Howitt. Mr. Henry Chorley chanced to call upon her a morning or so afterwards, and Mary Howitt, with the innocence of a child of seven years old, placed the book in his hand, as she was leaving the room to attend to some domestic matter, calling his attention to the (assumed) quotation from "the poet, Henry Chorley," as something complimentary that would please him. When she returned, "the poet" was staring down at the open book! "Why," said he, "look here, Mrs. Howitt!"—but the scene is too ridiculous to pursue. With regard to the "number of miles" that Miss Barrett made Eve journey during a single night, I had written to ask if she intended Eve to have had wings, or to have been assisted by winged spirits, because Eve as a human being could not have got over the distance indicated, in the exhausted state of her feelings. But the poem being printed, I tried to soften the vexation by directing the attention of the poetess to a similar oversight made by Chaucer, not as to distance, but the progress of time. In the "Knights Tale," we find Palamon and Arcite taken prisoners—say, at about the age of twenty-five. They are shut up in a tower, and "thus passeth year by year,"—say, four or five years; and then they both catch sight of Emelie. After this, we hear of several events, each occupying "a year or two." Then we are told that Palamon has suffered "love and distress," during seven years since he set eyes on Emelie. (Meanwhile Emelie also speaks

of "full many a year.") After the death of Arcite, we hear of "by processe and by length of certain years"—say, three or four more. I think it will be found that fourteen or fifteen years must have elapsed since the two young knights were taken prisoners; so that when Palamon marries Emelie, she cannot be less than thirty-five, nor he less than forty. This continuity may be admired, for its earnestness and intensity of purpose; but I much doubt if Chaucer directly intended so many years to elapse.

The next Letter alludes to my critique, in "The New Spirit of the Age," on the poetry of Miss E. B. Barrett. I only said there precisely what I thought and felt about it, and have never entertained or given expression to any other opinion. The poetess believed in my sincerity; nevertheless it was a nice and delicate matter for her to write about, which however she gets through with the ease of any truthful person who believes in the truthfulness of another.

"March 5, 1844.

"My dear Mr. Horne,—It has been haunting me all this morning, that you may be drawing the very last inference I should wish you to draw, from my silence. But I have been so unwell that I could not even read; and the writing has been impossible; and people cry out even now, 'Why, surely you are not going to write!'

"I *must* write. It is on my mind—and must be off it.

"First to thank you for the books, which it was such unnecessary kindness for you to send,—and then, for the abundant kindness in another way, which will, at the earliest thought, occur to you. My only objection to the paper is, that the personal kindness is too evident. My objection, you will see, leaves me full of gratitude to you; and fills to the brim that Venetian goblet of former obligations, which never held any poison.

"You are guilty of certain exaggerations, however, in speaking of me, against which I shall oppose my D [*dele*] as you allow me. For instance, I have not been 'shut up in one room for six or seven years,'—four or five would be nearer; and then, except on one occasion, I have not been for 'several weeks together in the dark' during the course of them. And then there is not a single 'elegant Latin verse' extant from my hand. I never cultivated Latin verses. And then (last and greatest) Miss Martineau's beautiful book ('Life in the Sick Room') was *not* dedicated to *me*, whatever may be said or thought of it. I know that a current report attributed the honour to me; but there was no whisper of truth in the report, and you must contradict it in the new edition."

I feel consoled for these errors by the fact that they show very clearly

that no MS. or proof of the article about herself had been forwarded to her,—a “critical” courtesy, not so very common among literary friends as may be supposed.

The Letter thus continues :—

“There is nothing to alter,—that is, nothing to add in relation to myself; but there are some inaccuracies, as I have explained to you, and not the least is in your opening allusion to the *Quarterly Review* article. Why you should give that blow to poor Lady E——, I really cannot conceive. She writes nonsense often, taking it for inspiration,—and her words carry away her thoughts, instead of *vice versa*; but the truth is that she has more imagination, more fire, more notion of what poetry is than half the ‘ladies’ graciously affected by you. To raise Miss Lowe, for instance, (who is an accomplished woman, and full of acquirement, I believe, but who certainly never wrote a line of poetry in her life) over the head of Lady E——, who has a faculty—who has imagination, only is in fault through letting it run to seed—is a very undeniable injustice to which I must call your attention. Also, Caroline Southey should have been mentioned with some distinction. She is a womanly Cowper, with much of his sweetness, and some of his strength, and there is much in her poems to which the heart of the reader leans back in remembrance. The real offence, done by that article in the *Quarterly*, was the *classification*. As far as I am concerned at least, that was what I disliked. And probably Mrs. Norton and Caroline Southey felt it still more dishonouring. Mrs. Brooke, the *Maria del Occidente*, has a faculty;—but for all the rest, Lady E——, the sacrificed ‘lady of rank,’ is well worth them all put together,—and *that* is not praise.

“But it is only astonishing that, in a work of this nature, you should not have made more slips, I am sure, than you have. How beautifully it is adorned—‘got up.’ Oh, and the heads. Guess which head I prefer? Southwood Smith’s. The power, the serenity, and sweetness, of the whole expression, have exceedingly impressed me. Is Tennyson’s like? It is an intellectual head, but the eyes seem blanker than his should be, and the lips want delicacy.* Dickens has the dust and mud of humanity about him, notwithstanding those eagle eyes.

“And I have been so amused this morning, by the sight of a letter from your friend Mr. R——, which Miss Mitford sent me. He has seen, forsooth, your advertisement, with no name of his in it!—but he is too sure of his position with posterity to care for *that* now,—though,

* This portrait, from the painting by Samuel Laurence, was the first ever published of Tennyson.—ED.

once, it would have saddened him. He is quite aware now that all the notices are written by personal friends of the parties! You have indeed got one true poet, he sees—‘in spite of his little *isms*,’—(whom in the world can he mean?—has Wordsworth any little *isms*?) Yes, and another—the ‘porcelain poet,’ Tennyson, who, however, ‘will never do anything great and spirit-stirring,’ like Mr. R——’s ‘I——*’ and the rest—which is a comfort. But that Leigh Hunt should ever be raised up to such a height, and that the author of ‘I——*’ should ‘live to see it,’ is quite astounding to him—only he is rather glad than otherwise of it, from motives of humanity—‘It may benefit him.’ That Dickens, moreover, should be so ‘elevated,’ is another marvel—he, who is to pass away, with all his ‘coarse caricatures,’ in the period of a lifetime. Altogether, Mr. R—— feels precisely on the subject of this book ‘as Molière did’ when he observed disdainfully the successes of his contemporaries, who were to be forgotten in twenty years. It is a sublime position.

“I cannot resist telling you this—although you must lay it by directly among our secrets—because, you see, Miss Mitford sent me the letter, and *might* think that I oughtn’t to say a word about it. And perhaps I oughtn’t. But I cannot resist the pleasure of communicating it to you. See what a ‘pure aspiration’ is! How pure—*how* noble! How free from ‘envy, malice, and all uncharitableness!’ I wouldn’t have such an inward fretting of the heart-strings for a good deal more than the author of ‘I——*’s’ chances of posterity.

“Nothing is said of *me*, of course. And this is disdain, not toleration.

“And now I come to tell you, that, thanking you twenty times for the promise of your aye or nay, on the MS. question—I have reasonably determined *not* to trouble you with it. When I asked, I did not think of second editions. Nay, perhaps I did not think enough of anything. It was a request worthy, I doubt not, of the goddess of Unreason—and I recall it—but thankfully, believe me.

“Yours with many sorts of gratitude,

“E. B. B.

“I have written myself *up* again with this letter. It does me good to write to you, you see, and there is not much essentially the matter,—I shall probably be quite right again to-morrow.”

The article upon Charles Dickens was written entirely by myself, and Miss Barrett had never seen any portion of it until the work was published. The following Letter contains some comments of a kind which I think no one else has ever made—that is, as matter of public criticism.

"Tuesday, February 20, 1844.

"I quite forgot to say to you, my dear Mr. Horne, what I think is your only omission of importance in your admirable critical essay upon Charles Dickens. It is the influence upon his mind, most manifest and undeniable, of the French school of imaginative literature. When people talk of Fielding and Smollett as being ideals and models before him, elected by his own judgment,—they (and even *you*) omit what consciously or unconsciously, 'in the body or out of the body, I cannot say,' Victor Hugo has been to him. Did you ever read the powerful, the wonderfully powerful '*Trois jours d'un Condamné*,'—and will you (if you have read it) confront your recollections of it with most of the tragic saliences of *Oliver Twist*—the scenes about the Jew Fagin, his trial scene and otherwise? Since, two or three years ago, I went regularly through all the romances of the gifted Frenchman, my admiration for our countryman has paled down paler and paler. The fact is, that we have no such romance-writer as Victor Hugo,—let us be as anti-Gallic as we please. And anti-Gallicism is the merest affectation at this hour of the day, upon which all the burning glasses of French genius appear to be concentrated. The indelicacy and want of elemental morality make another side of the question: but the *genius* is just as undeniable to me, as the sun would be in Italy. George Sand, for instance, is the greatest female genius the world ever saw—" [At this period, 1844, our George Eliot had not appeared.]—"at least, since Sappho, who broke off a fragment of her soul to be guessed by—as creation did by its fossils. And George Sand it is remarkable, precisely like her prototype, has suffered her senses to leaven her soul—to permeate it through and through, and make a sensual soul of it. She is a wonderful woman, and, I hope, rising into a purer atmosphere by the very strength of her wing. And then, Balzac—Eugene Sue—even the Soulies, and the grade lower—we cannot *wish* them to be popular in England, for obvious reasons, but it is melancholy to look round and see no such bloom of intellectual glory on our own literature, in shutting our doors against theirs."

Victor Hugo's *Trois jours d'un Condamné* I had read, and regarded as the most perfect thing of the kind ever put to paper. As with the writer, so with the reader—we are intensely and minutely identified with all the inmost anguish of thought and sensation, in every stage of the process through those harrowing three days and nights. And yet the treatment of that trial-scene of Fagin must be considered strikingly original, full of touches of genius; and the same must be said of several other tragic scenes in "*Oliver Twist*." That the natural bent of the

genius of Charles Dickens was to what actors term *eccentric comedy*, and to broad farce, and richly humorous and often ridiculous caricatures, no doubt can exist; nevertheless, his tragic scenes, in low life, and indeed the very lowest, are obviously his own, and founded upon an absolute knowledge of those classes he describes with so much perfection. That he had received some influences from the works of Victor Hugo is likely and natural enough; and I discovered in one of his books a yet more direct influence from one of the very earliest, if not the earliest, (as well as the almost forgotten) novelists of America, viz., Brockden Brown—a writer of very peculiar genius and originality. Miss Barrett's Letter thus continues :—

“I send you a letter, received this morning from America, because there is as much about you in it as about me.

“A Mr. Welford, a New York bookseller, brought a letter of introduction to me, some ten days ago,—and when I was forced to decline seeing him, wrote to introduce himself to me ‘paternally,’ as being the first bearer of my poetry into the new world. It was this gentleman who begged me to send him some account of my ‘cousin Mr. Tennyson;’—Leigh Hunt having intimated somewhere that he was my cousin.” [He said this figuratively.] “So, as *you* give me grand-paternal advice sometimes, see what a number of distinguished relations I have—inclusive of the New York bookseller!

“I send you this letter of Mr. Mathews, a little for him as well as for you; and would entreat you—you who have power—to use any just influence within your power, in order to procure him the critical courtesy he looks for among us. I have explained once to him, but I fear he does not understand, how *I* can do nothing at all—and that if I were to presume a step, upon the circumstance of my accidental connection with the *Athenæum*, Mr. Dilke would very properly laugh me to scorn for my pains. In the case of my own book, I shall let it float down the stream as other books. I never did otherwise, and never shall. You know, the very act of offering a civility to some editors is considered in the light of offering a bribe to a judge—and, in fact, it should *not* be done, as well as could not be done. Still, I am embarrassed, because I see plainly that Mr. Mathews thinks I can do something—the ‘something’ being out of my power. The *Athenæum* reviewed his poem ‘On Man’ the other day, and in admitting the ability, dwelt in a way likely to be offensive, on the want of ‘grace’—and I was very sorry, quite impotently. Well, if you have it in your power to help his works, and can do so honestly,—or if any friend of yours within your influence can do so honestly, you will, I am sure, remember Mr. Mathews. He

has no ordinary degree of mental power, which is developing itself into light in America ; and he is no imitator of English models—which is remarkable. Moreover, I believe him to be full of genial kindness and generosity, upright and warm-hearted, and so, for the best reasons, well worth serving.

"You have no time to hear me talk, and I have little time to talk in, —and therefore logically I am talkative this morning.

"Ever and truly yours,

"E. B. B.

"What I say of French literature *versus* our own of the day, refers of course to a particular department of it. The French have no rhythmic poetry, from a defect in the language : and their poetry finds issue in prose, while ours (thank God, and blessings on our 'pure well of English undefiled') flows in its right channel. We have no business to complain, therefore, that we have not a chorus of prose poets, such as the French boast of at this moment."

The above remark, I may remind the reader, was made in 1844 ; and "at *this* moment" of 1875, it is gratifying to know that the two greatest, viz., George Sand and Victor Hugo, are still living and working as of yore, and that we have our own George Eliot breathing the air of the same period.





UNCLE FRANÇOIS' SAVINGS.

By MRS. ANDREW CROSSE.

In Seven Chapters.

CHAPTER I.

MARKET DAY IN DUNKERQUE.

THE belfry of St. Eloi's church, Dunkerque, had just chimed twelve, and the sun was pouring down its July heat, when Rosalie Pierrot and her mother entered the Place Jean Bart, by the Rue de l'Eglise.

The large square was crowded with all the picturesque confusion of a French market, and the lively jabbering of tongues was overpowered, now by the noisy rattling of the old-fashioned diligence, or again by the loud music of the Pompier's brass band, marching past.

The market stalls were well filled with goodly wares. Some were loaded with a profusion of tempting fruit and vegetables, brought in by country people, who, though they could speak little but Flemish patois, yet managed to drive tolerably hard bargains with the English visitors and others. In some parts of the market were piles of dazzling tin cases, coffee pots, caseroles, and kettles (the Dunkerquois are justly celebrated for their tin-work), and alongside scores of sabots strung together like onions. Then there were wooden bowls, and carved platters, all looking clean and dainty. But the gayest stalls were those decked with coloured shawls and kerchiefs, knitted comforters, and white muslin caps. You stand a little aside to admire the mass of bright colour, for the next stall is heaped up with dried salt fish; and the pungent scent is by no means pleasant—unless you live at Dunkerque; then your nose gets to like it!

No market in France would be complete without its stall of pedlar's jewellery—comprising, besides the usual rings and chains, a quantity of carved metal crucifixes, tinsel pictures of saints, votive offerings of miniature waxen limbs, and tin candlesticks, with tapers to be burnt

before some favourite shrine. These things are relics of that paganism which good St. Eloi tried to eradicate when he gave Christianity to the people of these parts, in the seventh century, and built his *kerk* on the *Dunes*.

In the centre of the Place stands, on a large pedestal, the statue of Jean Bart, who, though born a pirate in this "nest of pirates," came to be Lord High Admiral to the Grand Monarque. He is represented brandishing his sword against all comers. The people of Dunkerque are very proud of their hero; and often as the town has changed its politics, they have never pulled down the statue of old Jean Bart.

There are three distinct races of people living in this town: the broad-faced, fair-skinned Flemish; the vivacious-mannered and small-featured French; and the olive-complexioned men and women, with dark melancholy eyes, proclaiming their descent from the Spaniards who once occupied this country. These aliens live in a quarter of their own, and marry only amongst themselves.

A mixed crowd in England is made up of those who wear good clothes, and those in shabby clothes of the same fashion; not so in Dunkerque, where the peasant still wears the stout linsey dress, the white cap, and neat kerchief, and where the bourgeoisie have a fashion of their own. There was another distinctive feature, visible in that day's crowd, in the persons of two close-shaven priests, sauntering through the market. At the same moment, a Sister of Mercy, with her white flapping head-gear, and scanty black garments, hurried across the Place; and though apparently looking on the ground, she saw everything, and keenly noted the clerical manner of appraising poultry.

Talking of eyes, there was the Sergent de Ville, who seemed to be ubiquitous that morning: no delinquent in all the market-place was safe from his official scrutiny. The idlest people of all the crowd were the slovenly looking soldiers, with their dirty white gaiters, peg-top trousers, and hands for ever thrust into their vast empty pockets. Poor fellows! many of them have since left their bones in the battle-field, side by side with the German foe.

As we said, the chimes of St. Eloi had just gone twelve, when the Pierrots, mother and daughter, crossed the Place to Mère Bolland's stall of cheese and butter.

Mère Bolland looked defiant, as though her ancestors had sung the Marseillaise; but she was really a very quiet personage, and cared only for the government that gave her peace and tranquillity, and a good market for butter and cheese.

"Good morning, Madame Pierrot; good morning, Petite. I have been looking out for you. I have a message from your aunt and uncle."

"We reckoned you might have word from them, and so we came here first," replied Madame Pierrot. "We are not come to the market to buy: in these hard times there's little for me to do but count the ribs of sea-sand that the next tide will wash away."

"Take heart, mother! the turn of the tide often brings good luck. What is your message, Madame?"

"Your uncle, it seems to me, shows signs of breaking—at least I hear that he has been often to mass lately."

"But what has that to do with your message?" asked Rosalie, who had heard before of her uncle's intermittent fits of devotion.

"It means that he's ill with something the doctors find it hard to cure, and your aunt says he's so troublesome that she must have you come over to Bergues to help her."

"I brought a bundle of clothes with me, for I thought they might want me, from what Jules Berteloot said in his letter."

"He writes to the Petite, does he?" said Mère Bolland.

"He wrote to me—not to Rosalie," replied the mother, with a Frenchwoman's sense of propriety.

"The Petite can go back with me in the boat that starts at four o'clock," said Mère Bolland; "and meanwhile, my dear, will you keep my stall while I get a bit of dinner? May be your mother will come with me; but mind, Petite, the butter is ten centimes a pound more to the English,—and the cheese too."

Rosalie made quite a picture as she sat under the shade of the awning. Her fingers were busily employed in knitting grey socks, which she only put down to take fresh pats of butter from under the vine-leaves that kept them cool.

Beauty is a magnet, even in the matter of butter and cheese selling; and when Mère Bolland came back, she found that Rosalie had made "good affairs," and in acknowledgment bestowed half a small cheese on Widow Pierrot, before she returned. The little cottage that she called her home was a very humble wooden erection built on the verge of the sand dunes. At its rear was a garden, enclosed by wooden palisades, the crevices being stuffed with moss—a necessary defence against the drifting of the dry sand.

It was a desolate, treeless waste, only the ocean and the interminable dunes, sparsely covered with a peculiar grass that is most useful in resisting the encroachments of the sea, having the power of binding the sand together with its wide-spreading fibrous roots. On this spot, in the year of grace 1658, Turenne, with six thousand of Cromwell's Ironsides to aid him, beat the Spanish army.

Widow Pierrot knew nothing of the Battle of the Dunes: the present

time with its hard struggles was quite enough for her. She had weak health, and when she reached home she sat down wearily after the hot walk.

She was not destined to remain long alone, for shortly in came Paul Decandt, her sister's son. He brought her a few fish, caught, with larger fry, that morning.

"Well, that's very kind of you, Paul; I don't know what I should do without you."

"Where's Rosalie?" he asked, looking round.

"She's gone to Bergues, to help her aunt; they say the old man's not well again."

Paul Decandt, who was sitting on the window-seat, turned towards the open casement, and, leaning his head on his hand, said abruptly, "Do you think Rosalie likes Jules Berteloot?"

"If she has the chance, I suppose she will marry him. He's got a good business."

"Why does he not ask her to marry him, if he likes the girl?"

"Perhaps he's waiting to see what my brother-in-law, Pierrot, does with his money."

"Which means, if she brings money, he'll have her; if she has nothing, he'll leave her alone. I'd not be had for such asking, if I were Rosalie," said the young man frowning.

"You are a good fellow, Paul, to think of your old aunt when you draw the nets," said the widow, not choosing to make any rejoinder about her daughter.

The fisherman made two or three more remarks about Rosalie, from his point of view, but the mother always turned the subject, and busied herself in preparing the evening meal, which Paul stayed to partake with her. The widow's was a wonderful *pot au feu*, considering how little was put in.

CHAPTER II.

A BLIGHTED PATRIOT.

MÈRE BOLLAND did not get off by the four o'clock boat after all; she was detained by the non-appearance of a man who owed her money for cheese. He had promised to come at three o'clock, but came not, though she and Rosalie waited till all the market people had packed up and gone, leaving the place to its hot, sleepy, afternoon emptiness.

Mère Bolland was a woman of energy, and determined not to excuse the defaulting debtor. So she went in search of him, and he was

finally unearthed in a *café* in the Rue Nationale, in company with a compatriot from Paris. These two had "glorious memories" of barricades in the year '48. Metaphorically, Mère Bolland came down like a bombshell on the patriots. The old story of Louis Philippe and M. Guizot was of no account to her—she wanted her "fifteen francs, thirty-five centimes," and to his great annoyance the patriot was obliged to pay his debts,—disgusting interruption to a man with his mouth full of liberty and fraternity !

This little episode delayed their starting for Bergues till the six o'clock boat. There is a canal from Dunkerque to Bergues, which on market-days conveys several passenger boats. There is a quiet beauty about this canal, particularly on a summer evening. On one side runs the highroad, between an avenue of trees: the declining sun chequers the road with bars of gold, while the long shadows of the poplars are thrown on the expanse of level green meadow. In the distance a windmill, the red spire of a church, a white homestead nestling in amongst a group of trees !

Along the road jogs the market-cart, and the old farmer on his ambling nag ; a woman's red cloak, and the rich brown tarpaulin of a loaded waggon catch the slanting gleams of sunlight ; while the towing-rope makes green waves of the bending rushes, as it sweeps over them unceasingly.

Rosalie enjoyed it all ; the very greenness was a pleasure to her, after the monotonous yellow dunes. Presently the belfry of Bergues comes in sight ; and many a more experienced traveller might regard with admiration this singular and beautiful tower, which was built during the time of the Spanish occupation. Bergues was besieged no less than sixteen times in the middle ages ; but the grass is green on the fortifications now, and the quaint little town has dropped out of modern history.

Arriving at her uncle's house, Rosalie was in time to share the evening meal ; supper concluded, she was immediately confronted with the means of making herself useful. An elderly Frenchwoman of the middle class is perhaps one of the most prosaic animals in creation. The probabilities are that not one tender ray of romance has lighted up her existence, more especially if she is childless. She has most likely married prudently, that is to say without love, and the ideal of her life has been the scraping together of profits and savings. Madame Pierrot was a capital woman of business, with more common sense in her little finger than in her husband's whole body. He compounded for common sense by believing himself a genius. Lucky it was for François that he had put himself into marital harness early in life.

Many a time would he have gone utterly to ruin but for that judicious woman, who knew so well how to cool the ardour of his patriotic enthusiasm. In moments of political effervescence, Madame would tell him to mind his own business, for there were fools enough in the country. However, once in '48, it seemed as if nothing would hold him back. He declared he *must* start for Paris, and there take the offered dignity of leader of a patriotic club. The sight of the formidable ledger, the enumeration of the bills falling due, the prospect of bad debts in these unsettled times, the anger and the entreaties of his wife, were all alike unavailing.

"The altar of his country demanded the sacrifice of every Frenchman's private business—he must distinguish himself—he must make the name of Pierrot glorious amongst patriots. Had they not called to him from Paris, across five hundred barricades? He *must* pack his valise, and he would start for Paris the morrow morning."

In vain Madame humbled herself. François mingled his tears with those of his *chère amie*; but in that "sublime moment" he vowed himself anew to his country, and resolutely strapped his valise. Madame, however, was equal to the occasion. She appeared to acquiesce; she was even tender and affectionate, and prepared a nice supper with her own hands, which M. Pierrot gulped down between his sobs and his excitement. The next day, he did *not* go to Paris: he was prostrated by an attack of internal derangement. Madame insisted the doctor should be sent for. The doctor came—felt his patient's pulse—looked very grave—tapped him over the region of the lungs—looked graver still—listened to the beatings of the heart, shook his head, and cried, "*Mon Dieu, mon Dieu!*"

"What's the matter with me?" shrieked Pierrot, turning pale, and trembling in every limb. "Doctor, I know you think something dreadful is the matter with me;—speak—tell me I'm—I'm not likely to die!"

"A grave complication, M. Pierrot; but with a darkened room and absolute quiet for four days, all may be well; but remember, no excitement;" and Doctor Lefort tapped his own forehead, and shook his head for five minutes.

Poor Pierrot gave a groan, and requested that the room should be darkened immediately. He began to feel divers pains and aches—"his poor heart," he declared, "knocked sometimes as if it would jump out of his ribs—his mouth was dry, and respiration difficult, and he was sure his brain was in too active a state."

Quiet as a mouse he submitted to a diet of tisane and barley-water. Madame moved about on tiptoe, and the doctor came three times a day. After the fourth day of this treatment, Pierrot was really so weak

that he could have heard the Marseillaise, in full chorus, without joining in it.

On the fourth day, the doctor declared his patient's state to be satisfactory, and that the crisis had past,—here he gave Madame such a big wink, that she was obliged to turn her head away to conceal a smile.

When Pierrot rejoined his *confrères* at the *café*, some fortnight later, he described with tears in his eyes his distress at being "chained to a bed of sickness, when the soul within him was burning to obey the calls of his country."

"You would only have got yourself shot at the barricades," said Madame. "Depend upon it that was the luckiest attack of illness you ever had."

"You have not the soul to understand," he replied with a shrug. "Called as I was to take a prominent part in a Parisian club, I might have done that which would have made the name of François Pierrot conspicuous amongst the roll-call of patriots."

"Balance your quarter's accounts, Pierrot—and don't be a fool. See, now, you have blotted the ledger with flipping your pen about."

As long as he was alone he was all right: a single Frenchman is really a rational animal enough; it is when two or three are together that they lose all common sense. These were some of the trials of Madame Pierrot's past life. Early in the decade of the sixties, the Pierrots had returned from business; their savings had secured to them a comfortable independence—indeed, no one knew exactly how much they had saved. And as for the troubled region of politics, we all know how patriotism slumbered and slept under the tranquillizing prosperity of the Second Empire.

Madame Pierrot's anxieties were now connected with the state of her husband's soul. In his more courageous moments he boasted himself a disciple of Voltaire—fortunately, however, Monsieur Pierrot's life was not made up of courageous moments. A sharp attack of illness always went far to reconcile him to the Church. Monsieur Pierrot was fast throwing off the coils of his religious phase, when his niece Rosalie arrived at the neat green-shuttered house. He was fond of his brother's daughter—at least, as fond as any man can be who has never had a child of his own. It is always pleasant to have a pretty young creature moving about the house.

On the other hand, Madame had an aversion to everything young and pretty in general, and to Rosalie in particular. She was glad, however, to have her help; and a fresh target against which to direct the wordy missiles of wrath is a relief sometimes to an ill-tempered person.

CHAPTER III.

ROSALIE'S FLIGHT.

"You have a capital hand for an *omelette aux fins herbes*, and *gâteau aux fruits*, Petite," observed Monsieur Pierrot, partaking with relish of the light refreshments permitted in his convalescent state.

"It is well she can do something," remarked her aunt sharply, "for it is a poor way of bringing up a girl without a trade, as her mother has done."

"I have begun to learn book-keeping, aunt."

"Much good will that do you. Your mother should have sent you as apprentice to a dressmaker."

"You know she had not the money," said Rosalie with tears.

"Well, I suppose it does not require money to go out to service. Madame Pontet would have taken you as nurse."

"I don't see any occasion for a niece of mine to go out as a servant," remarked M. Pierrot, getting very red. "The time may come when she will have a marriage portion that may get her the chance of a good husband."

"Oh, indeed," retorted Madame, turning the key of the cupboard on the wine. "I don't know where Mademoiselle Rosalie's marriage portion is coming from. I don't suppose that either you or I intend dying just yet; and as we have only enough for ourselves, we are not likely to take the roof off our own heads to present Mademoiselle Rosalie with a fortune that others have worked and saved for all these years."

Fortunately, a visitor walked in at this moment. It was Jules Berteloot—the well-to-do young tradesman whom everybody settled was to marry Rosalie. The elders had the conversation to themselves, that is to say Berteloot allowed himself to be talked to. He was a stolid young man, whose intellect was so remarkably slow in its operations that he was always beginning with "I was going to say——," and rarely got beyond ready-made commonplaces about health and weather—and even then it was yesterday's weather that he spoke about. But he was no fool in business matters: slow as he was, no one could pass him there.

Rosalie, who sat in the corner of the room darning house linen, had much ado to help laughing; for Madame's voluble irritability was such a ridiculous contrast to Berteloot's measured "going-to-say" manner. Rosalie's pretty face and chance of an inheritance had together made a serious impression on Jules Berteloot. He was not going to commit himself too soon, moreover; it was wiser to wait, for M. Pierrot had no

intention of dying. Indeed he felt so much better about a week after Rosalie arrived, that one morning, when his wife was gone to mass, he got up from his couch, flung aside his dressing-gown and slippers, and called his niece to aid him in finding his outdoor garments, which his careful spouse had folded away.

Rosalie timidly suggested that it might be better to wait the return of Madame, that she might authorize such an important step; but the invalid was determined, and Rosalie must go with him. The girl obeyed half-trembling, for she dreaded meeting Madame in the street. M. Pierrot had calculated on this chance, so they dived down a side lane, and quickly reached a pleasant green slope outside the fortifications.

Monsieur Pierrot had walked so fast that he puffed and panted, and was glad of the support of Rosalie's arm, till he could reach a convenient seat. In this retreat she had to listen to a catalogue of her uncle's domestic grievances. In the middle of this large subject, he started off on the question of Jules Berteloot. "He is a nice young man—so steady; he will make you a good husband some day, I hope,—eh, Rosalie?"

"I was going to say—I don't know that I have made up my mind," answered the girl, laughing, and mocking the peculiar manner of her admirer.

"Then, Rosalie, you ought to know that it will be the best thing possible for you to have an offer of marriage from Jules; he's such a remarkably steady young man."

"Oh, uncle, he's so slow. I don't think he would make up his mind to ask me to be his wife before I was grown an old woman."

"If you'd got a marriage portion, as I hope you will have some day, he'd ask you quick enough, Petite."

"I wish I could learn a trade, uncle, and never be obliged to marry."

"Bah!—girls are made to be married."

"Oh, uncle; but not to any one so slow as Jules Berteloot. Besides, I don't think really that I have a vocation for marriage, uncle."

"Fiddlesticks about vocation—the Curé taught you that word . . . Your mother is very poor, and she will get older every day—women do, though they don't think it; and it will be your duty to marry a well-to-do steady man like Berteloot—if you have the chance: you will then have a comfortable home for your old mother. Think of that, Rosalie."

"If he was only not so slow," said Rosalie.

"It is a very good fault; so you must consider you have got quite an uncommon sort of a husband, Rosalie. Think of your old mother, and promise me like a good little girl."

"Well, uncle, for mother's sake I will."

"Good girl," said M. Pierrot, tapping her cheek; "you are so reasonable—I wish your aunt was: oh, what a life she leads me, with her *Curés*, and her *tisanes*, her fast-days, and her threats of purgatory. The Church is a very proper refuge for women; but for me, I serve my country with sublime aspirations—that is my religion, child. If I had been free, I would have made a name for myself, and Bergues would have boasted her François Pierrot as Dunkerque does her Jean Bart. Ah! I missed a great chance in '48."

"What was that, uncle?"

"Rosalie, I was elected to take a prominent position in a patriotic club; there was an opening for my noble ambition. But the inexorable Fates forbade. I was prostrated by mortal illness; and France lost the help of my strong arm—lost the aid of my voice in her direst time of need. Since then my life has been a dead-level of domestic routine;" and here Monsieur Pierrot wept warm tears into his yellow silk pocket-handkerchief.

"I daresay things will be better now," observed Rosalie, not quite understanding the situation.

"Alas, alas! public affairs are not favourable for individual distinction, as they were in '48. Ah, that was a time!"

"But, I daresay, uncle, there will be another revolution soon; they often come round, don't they? Paul says things are more rotten than they look; and people don't like the Mexican expedition at all."

"Hush! hush! what are you talking about, Rosalie?" cried M. Pierrot, changing colour, and pinching her arm sharply. "Don't you see Monsieur le Prefect standing at Widow Durand's door? *Mon Dieu*, he has ears in the chimney of every stove in Bergues;" and so saying, the patriot shuffled off in an opposite direction.

Monsieur Pierrot was not blessed with the sight of another revolution; but he was destined to encounter other troubles nearer at hand. Hardly had he and Rosalie entered the house, than they were met by such a storm of wrath from Madame, that nothing remained but absolute submission.

Madame snatched at his hat, and pulled off his coat, declaring that he was damp all over, and insisted on his sitting near the kitchen stove, though beads of perspiration were on his face.

Rosalie maintained that her uncle had taken no cold; and M. Pierrot observed how much better he felt for the fresh air. These remarks turned the vials of Madame's wrath on Rosalie, whom she abused with an intemperance that really frightened the poor girl. Then she fell foul of the girl's mother in a very unwarrantable manner. Rosalie,

unable to stand this, fled to the shelter of the garret, locked herself in, and, after passing some hours of dreadful solitude, went supperless to bed.

Monsieur Pierrot felt very sorry for his niece, but he only shrugged his shoulders: he had not the courage to defy Madame. Rosalie made up her mind that she would go home; her aunt's temper was unbearable; and to avoid any unpleasant discussion she resolved to start before any one was up.

As soon as it was light enough to see, she dressed herself quickly, all but her shoes, and crept noiselessly down stairs.

It was still dark in the passage, and she bungled a little in undoing the fastenings of the front door. The click of the lock roused Madame Pierrot, who rushed out on the landing, calling "Who's there?"

"Aunt, it is I. I am not happy here, and I am going home to my mother," answered Rosalie, and immediately let herself out of the door, pulling it close after her.

Madame had not counted on such a resolute step on the part of her convenient drudge. She flew down in a towering passion, pulled open the hall door, and, looking out, caught sight of the retreating figure of Rosalie. She screamed after the fugitive, but to no use—Rosalie was gone! A red night-cap popped out of an opposite window—the wearer was alarmed by the noise; but Madame, not being in a condition to answer public inquiries, violently slammed the door. When she returned to the bedroom, she was surprised not to see her husband.

"Mon Dieu, François, where are you?"

No answer.

"François, can you not speak? I tell you Rosalie has run away—the ungrateful girl!"

At this piece of information the door of a hanging wardrobe slowly opened, and a head with a red night-cap looked out cautiously. "Are there any thieves in the house? Are you sure that there are no thieves, Jeanette?"

"Come out, you frightened imbecile!" cried Madame. "Don't stay there, crushing my silk dress. Much good you would be if the house were attacked!"

"My dear, you do not understand," replied Pierrot, slipping back into bed. "A man must never forget his personal dignity. I retired into the closet to put on my clothes before I confronted the burglars."

"You meant to put on my petticoats then, for your own clothes were here by the side of the bed," said Madame, pointing to them.

"Speak no more at present. I have the palpitations in the heart," groaned M. Pierrot, rapidly subsiding under the bedclothes.

CHAPTER IV.

ROSALIE'S RESOLVE.

WHILE this little comedy was being enacted, Rosalie was fast quitting Bergues. When she was a mile out of town, she looked back on the straight road, and satisfied herself she was not followed.

The mist of the morning lay like a white sea over the level meadows, while the real ocean appeared in the horizon as a bright edge of steel, and far away stretched the undulating wavy lines of the yellow sand dunes. Here and there in the foreground a willow, taller than the rest, thrust its head above the level mists, and on it scores of small birds were gathered, tuning up for a general concert.

The mere sense of liberty made Rosalie feel joyous. It was delightful to her to be in the fresh air, out of the four walls of that close shuttered room; and especially was it a relief to be away from the basilisk eye of Madame Pierrot. The girl trudged briskly along the straight road by the canal bank; on she went, till the mists dispersed, and the sun became quite hot. At a cottage by the wayside the folks were already stirring, and Rosalie learnt from them that she could strike off from the road and get to her destination by a path leading cross-country to the sea. When the first excitement was over, she began to feel very exhausted from being so long without food. The way was rough, but once on the Dunes she felt at home. She could just discern her mother's cottage, but there was a long stretch of sand yet to be traversed, and she suddenly felt rather faint, and half sank on the ground.

At this moment she saw some one crossing the sands and making towards the sea; she was sure, by the swinging stride and easy gait of the tall lithe figure, that it was her cousin, Paul Decandt. He did not see her—so, like shipwrecked mariners on a raft, she jumped up and waved a scarf, and thus succeeded in attracting his attention.

"Why, Rosalie, is it you?" he cried on approaching. "I thought you were at Bergues. Where have you come from, child?"

Rosalie told her story, not without some tears, for she was quite weak for want of food. Fortunately, her cousin had a roll of bread and a bit of salt beef in his pocket: it had been destined for his own dinner, but he rejoiced that it was at hand for poor hungry Rosalie. The girl had been accustomed to treat Paul quite as a brother, and she poured into his ear all her troubles, especially about Berteloot.

"I should like to throw the whole lot into the sea," said Paul, thrusting his heel into the sand.

"Poor old uncle, I am sorry for him—he has a hard time of it."

"But why does he wish you to marry Berteloot?" asked Paul almost fiercely.

"Because Berteloot is well-to-do, and uncle says it will be a home for mother."

"But you don't wish it, Rosalie?"

"No, no,—except for poor mother's sake," replied the girl with a quivering lip.

"Suppose you and I were to marry, Rosalie,—could you be happy with me?" said Paul, looking straight into those honest eyes of hers.

"I have always been happy with you, Paul, and I should like to live always with you—I think you must know that; and if we could earn enough to keep mother when she can't work any more for herself, then it would be a very happy thing for us to be married."

"My darling, I will work very hard, and save all I can," said Paul, drawing his companion towards him and kissing her warmly on both cheeks. "I will go to Amiens—to the factories; men are wanted there; and by next spring I shall have saved enough to become part owner of a smack for the Iceland fishing. Who knows, Rosalie, I may make a good venture and come back rich?"

The girl took his rough hand between both of hers, and said, looking up in his face, "Then I will be your wife; I have always loved you, and I shall go on loving you more. If they were to stone me to death in a prison, I will not marry Berteloot."

When at length Rosalie reached the cottage it was past eight o'clock, and her mother was in the act of putting away her scanty breakfast. She was very much surprised to see her daughter, and not best pleased when she found how she had left her uncle's house. She groaned dreadfully over what she called "Rosalie's foolish temper," and foreboded mischief and trouble. Her uncle would be so offended that he would leave her nothing in his will, and then Jules Berteloot would not marry her. There are some persons who pile up misfortunes, and seem rather glad at times to prove that they must be miserable: the widow was one of these; she seated herself on a low stool, and, covering her face with her apron, sobbed aloud, saying she had a naughty, disobedient daughter.

Poor Rosalie was quite frightened at her mother's threats, and resolved not to say anything about her promise to Paul. Sometimes she wished she had stopped at Bergues, and married Berteloot, if that would have made other people happy; then, again, she wished that her Uncle Pierrot had been a poor man, instead of saving up a lot of money, and plaguing all the world with his tiresome will.

Rosalie looked through the open door at the air quivering over the hot sand, and on the dazzling sea beyond, and she thought how joyous her childhood had been, when no future troubled her.

CHAPTER V.

THE LOST BUNDLE, AND PAUL'S PERIL.

IT was a severe winter, and Monsieur Pierrot's health did not improve. His friends and neighbours said he was certainly breaking.

The Curé was very assiduous in his visits. The sight of the good man's sleek face and well-polished beaver hat always gave Pierrot a shudder. Many an evening the same trio sat in the Pierrots' parlour—the invalid bolstered up with pillows and swathed in flannel. On the table before him was a volume, of the “Lives of the Saints,” placed there by his wife, and a glass of *eau sucrée* flavoured with *fleur d'orange*. This was not cheering for a man who had formerly liked his comic papers, a glass of liqueur, and dominoes. His wife's confessor was not a cheerful companion. Evening after evening he came through the snow to spend some time with M. Pierrot, and sat opposite the sick man, sipping a glass of hot wine well spiced and sugared by the careful hands of Madame. It was provoking enough to sniff the fumes of the good stuff that he, Pierrot, was forbidden to taste, but what he suffered from most was the spiritual vivisection that he underwent.

It was a fact that he had not yet made his will. The Curé reminded him more than once that he would be able to attend to his soul so much better if his worldly affairs were settled ; but on this matter Pierrot was both silent and obstinate. He never let drop a word as to what he meant to do with his money. Like many timid people, Pierrot dreaded making a will ; it seemed equivalent to ordering his own funeral. The Church considered that some portion of his savings ought to come to her. Madame's views were nearly, but not quite, identical with those of the Church. She wished to enjoy, during her possible widowhood, the full management of the capital her husband had to leave ; later on, she could square accounts with the Church herself. Jules Berteloot had his interest in the question, and frequently dropped in during the forenoon, when Madame was occupied in the kitchen. He was always “going to say” something about Rosalie, and her chances of a marriage portion. Monsieur Pierrot, however, became rather tired of his slow manner of utterance. Invalids want quick and ready sympathy ; and, besides, he got to think more and more of self, and less of this possible marriage of his niece with Berteloot. Save in a few rare and glorious

exceptions, age and sickness terribly narrow all outside interests. Widow Pierrot came over from time to time to look after her own and her daughter's claims, but, unfortunately, she let her brother-in-law know that she thought he was "breaking."

"My health breaking!" he retorted, irritably; "it seems to me that ever since I have had any money to leave people have done nothing but tell me I am 'breaking.' I suppose they are looking out for the *pieces* when I do break. Besides," he added, kicking his footstool into the middle of the room, "I am only three months older than you. I mean to get well in the spring, and perhaps I may yet fulfil the duty of attending your funeral, Widow Pierrot."

After this tirade the widow left. It chanced that his wife was away for a few hours, and Monsieur Pierrot, unknown to any one, sent forthwith for the notary, and made his will. But the world of Bergues, and even the wife of his bosom, did not know that the much-desired testament was executed. As for Rosalie, she was never asked to her uncle's house again, her name was never mentioned, even by M. Pierrot, for somehow he felt he had not exactly distinguished himself on the memorable morning of his niece's abrupt departure. Rosalie was leading a quiet and rather sad life at the cottage. She had only seen Paul Decandt once after their betrothal on the Dunes, for he had gone almost immediately to Amiens, where he had heard of work. His absence had made things more than usually desolate to his aunt and cousin; and the former, not suspecting the object he had in view, was continually groaning over his absence. "He has been always as good as a son to me," she said.

Rosalie kept her secret, for she knew that her resolve not to marry Berteloot would add a thousand-fold to her mother's grievances.

When the widow returned from this last visit to Bergues she was in a very bad humour, and attacked Rosalie with many bitter words, saying that her running away in the summer had so greatly offended her uncle that most likely he would die without leaving her a *sous*.

The winter months wore on; the brighter days of February at length came round; and Rosalie one day had occasion to go into Dunkerque to return some needlework that she had finished. It was Carnival time, she only got as far as the church of St. Eloi when she met a great crowd of people coming up the street with much noise and boisterous mirth. Excitement is contagious, and she began to shout like the rest when she saw a gigantic figure approaching. This was a mommet in the guise of a man, ten feet high, drawn about in a cart. This giant makes his appearance at Carnival time in Dunkerque, and is called "The Reuss." The people dance round him in mockery, and style

themselves "Karles." He is represented as wanting to devour incredible quantities of food, and is supposed to be furious if he does not get it. This traditionary custom, peculiar to this part of the country, probably preserves the memory of the long-sustained struggle between the nobles and the commons. However that may be, Rosalie had seen all the fun and frolic to great advantage, for she had clambered on a corner of the façade of the church. There were dominoes and other fancy dresses amongst the crowd, "quite beautiful to look at," thought Rosalie, who had not been so excited for many a long day. Presently the procession had passed on, and the noisy crowd followed it, shouting and screaming, to some fresh quarter, and the Rue de l'Eglise became almost deserted. Only then, Rosalie bethought her of her bundle of work. It was gone—yes, gone! She was in despair. She looked up and down the street, but there were only two old women and an old blind man coming to the church door, who, after struggling with the weight of the heavy leather curtain, passed in.

"I, too, will go in, and pray to the Holy Mother to restore my lost bundle," cried Rosalie, with a sudden impulse. She followed the old people; and what a change it was from the noonday brightness and the noisy street! The faintest odour of incense was perceptible. In two or three of the side chapels votive lights were burning before the shrines of favourite saints. The Romish Church has one advantage over our more intermittent ceremonial—her doors are *always* open as a refuge to her people. The weary, the heavy-laden, the poor and broken-hearted, may enter into the place of prayer and meditation, and for a brief time be at rest from the din and turmoil of the city.

Rosalie was dreadfully distressed at the loss of her bundle, and bitterly repented lingering so long with the crowd of revellers.

Prostrated before the effigy of the Virgin and Child, she prayed for help in her trouble.

These walls had seen strange mutations in the time of the first revolution—the "Revolution Mère" as the French called it. The church of St. Eloi was turned into a corn-market, busts of Voltaire and Marat were placed on the altar, and the orators of the clubs took possession of the pulpit.

It was well that poor little Rosalie did not live in those evil days; as it was, she rose from her knees comforted, though sad enough. Making a reverential curtsey and the sign of the cross, she left the church with hurried steps. She had made up her mind to go and tell Madame Charpentier of her misfortune. It is always a comfort to do anything definite when in trouble or perplexity. Besides, Madame Charpentier was a kind woman, and would give Rosalie some advice, and she must know why the work was not forthcoming.

For the sake of a short cut, Rosalie crossed by the Rue St. Jacques, and as she turned into the narrow street, she heard the sound of solemn music. She knew directly that it was a funeral, though the procession was not yet in sight. "How sad for some one to die at Carnival-time," thought Rosalie; "and it is a young girl, too, I see," she added; for the blue and white pall was held by young maidens, who sang with great sweetness an ancient chant partly in the old Flemish tongue. There was a strange mingling of sadness and of triumph in the music of the hymn; as for Rosalie, she was in tears, and, covering her face with her hands, she said, half aloud, "When will my rest come? When will my trouble cease?" Her heart was possessed by a passionate yearning for the grave: the music had touched her impressionable nature, and she turned to follow the funeral, with a sort of blind feeling that she must go whosoever those hallowed strains led—even if it were to the grave itself. With neither eyes nor thought for anything in the outside world, she followed the mourners for some distance, when suddenly a hand grasped her shoulder;—she looked around—it was Paul Decandt! The spell was broken by the sight of him: she stood aside, and let the procession pass; and then her head fell on his shoulder, and she burst into tears.

He comforted her as if she had been a child. They were near the little park, where there are trees and seats; and here, sitting by his side, with hands locked together, she told Paul of the trouble she was in about her lost bundle.

"Let us go at once to the guard-house, and tell the Sergent de Ville of your loss. We had best lose no time," he said.

"Tell me, Paul dear, how came you here? I thought you were at Amiens."

"I came back only this morning, and was on my way to the Dunes, thinking to surprise you and your mother, when I met you so strangely following the funeral procession. At first I thought you did not know me, for you looked frightened and unhappy."

"I was very unhappy, and thought only of death," said Rosalie, looking into his face as if to reassure herself of his presence; "but now I feel strong again, and—happy."

"I was going to tell you, Petite," continued her lover, "that I have done well at Amiens: I have saved money enough to become part owner in a fishing-boat; so I shall start with the fleet for Iceland, after the drawing of the holy net."

"Ah, that is good, my dear Paul: then you will take St. Eloi's blessing."

It is the custom with the Dunkerque fishermen to devote the pro-

ceeds of their nets, at stated periods, to the repairs of the church—the haul is called, “St. Eloi’s holy net.”

“Here we are in the Place,” cried Paul. “Wait for me, till I go into the guard-house.”

He remained some time away, but at length re-appeared, and told her to come with him. She followed him upstairs to a room heated almost to suffocation by an iron stove. There sat an official in spectacles, with an enormous ledger before him.

“This is the young woman who states that she has lost a bundle, containing body linen, is it not?” inquired the official.

“Yes, Monsieur, she is.”

“Silence! Young woman, what is your name?” he said, turning his inquisitorial glance upon the girl.

“Rosalie Pierrot.”

“Your age last birthday?”

“Eighteen.”

“State where born—the names of your parents—and what is your father’s occupation?”

“My father, Monsieur, is dead,” said Rosalie, in timid accents.

“You are out of order in your replies. I asked, where were you born?—give Christian name of both parents, also your mother’s family name,—state your present means of maintenance,” said the official in the tone of a judge denouncing a culprit.

Rosalie answered the questions, and was beginning to observe, “We live principally by my needlework; it was work of this kind I lost in the bundle. I had six pinafores, and——”

“Stop! I have not come to that yet,” said the functionary. “Where have you lived since your father’s death?”

“At the cottage on the Dunes.”

“You live there alone with your mother?”

“Yes.”

“I don’t see what this has to do with the loss of the bundle,” cried Decandt impatiently.

“Silence! Now, young man, let me know *your* name and occupation.”

“Paul Decandt—age, twenty-three—born, Rue St. Jacques, Dunkerque. A fisherman by trade, but employed for the last five months in the factory of Leblanc et Cie, at Amiens; and here are my papers,” said Paul, pulling out a large square letter from his pocket, and opening it before the official with a suppressed look of defiance. “Have you any more questions?”

“A few more,” answered the functionary drily. Having made two or

three notes in his ledger from the paper Paul had given him, he turned to the young man, and said slowly, with judicial emphasis, "Paul Decandt, two things have occurred this winter at Amiens. There was a strike among the *employés* of Leblanc's factory; one of the local newspapers was suspended for three months, and the editor fined five hundred francs for inserting an account of the meeting of the *employés*, and for reporting certain unpatriotic remarks on the Mexican expedition. What knowledge have you of these circumstances, Paul Decandt?"

"I have no knowledge whatever, beyond what I learnt from common rumour," replied Decandt, with a certain uneasiness at the turn the questions were taking.

"Common rumour has a birthplace and a parentage, as well as everything else," retorted his questioner, looking sternly at Decandt. "Now, Rosalie Pierrot," he added, "what is your connection with this young man?"

"He is my cousin," replied the girl, getting painfully red.

"Your cousin—only your cousin?" said the official.

Rosalie coloured, and tears started into her eyes, for she was getting nervous and frightened.

"She is my betrothed," exclaimed Paul Decandt angrily, and taking Rosalie's hand was about to depart.

"Stop!" cried their tormentor in a voice that involuntarily arrested them. "Rosalie Pierrot, come here at ten o'clock to-morrow morning, and you will receive your bundle, providing your statements on inquiry prove to be correct."

"Oh, I am so glad! Is my bundle really safe?" exclaimed Rosalie.

The official made no rejoinder, but, turning to Paul, said, "Decandt, you may hear more of the meeting of workmen on the 13th of January, 'Maison de bon esperance, Rue St. Pol.'"

Decandt started, for "Maison de bon esperance" was a password, known, he thought, to a certain number only of secretly affiliated workmen. He had withdrawn from the association himself, but had been present for a few minutes at the meeting on the 13th of January. Either the official had made a lucky hit, or the law was dodging his footsteps. Rosalie and he left with certain uncomfortable misgivings, though the former gave utterance to many expressions of joy at the prospective recovery of her lost property.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE COTTAGE ON THE DUNES.

PAUL DECANDT'S boat was one amongst the little fleet that left Dunquerque for the Icelandic fishing. The pier was crowded with the friends and relatives of the sailors; some were aged and feeble folk, who might pass away before their sons and grandsons returned from the "black north;" and there were wives carrying the youngest baby, with other little ones holding on their skirts, all come to say the last "good-bye" before the bread-winners left for their perilous work. It was a bright, clear spring day, with just enough wind to fill the flapping sails. It was a busy scene, cheery and animated, notwithstanding that some cheeks were wet with tears, and some hearts were heavy.

Rosalie watched long after the answering cheer was silenced by distance,—watched till the boats were as small as sea-birds skimming the waters, and still gazed when the white specks were lost in the misty horizon. It was March now, and in September they might, with God's grace, look for their home-coming.

To work and to wait was once more the motto of Rosalie's life. She had not lost her patron, Madame Charpentier, for the bundle of linen had, as we know, been recovered. It did not, however, suit the ideas of official routine that the property should be given up till the affair had been investigated, and something of the owner's family life elicited.

Rosalie would utterly have forgotten the inquisition she was subjected to in connection with the neatly sewn pinafores, if subsequent events had not recalled that bad quarter of an hour.

The boats for Iceland had been gone some four or five weeks, when one morning the widow said, "Rosalie, I think we are going to have a fine day at last, after all the rain." She looked out through the open door, at the sweep of yellow sand and the quiet grey sea beyond, lit up here and there with an island of soft light. It was one of those spring days when all creatures love to be in the open air. The widow had no romantic feelings about nature's revival, but she felt the air was pleasant, and longed to get about a little.

"Rosalie, it is a long time since I have heard of your uncle; if his health is for bettering, as he himself thinks, he ought to be on the mend now. I think of going to see him: it is no use to show coolness because he is queer in his temper. We are poor enough, God knows, and his savings must be considerable—I always said that; and we are his nearest of kin—everybody knows that."

"Yes, mother; but I don't believe we shall ever be any better for uncle's savings."

"We ought to be, if he does what is right by us. I shall go and see how things are going on: perhaps he may have quarrelled with somebody else, and then he'll be inclined to favour us. It is market day, and I'll go."

"Well, mother, the change will do you good, anyhow."

"It is strange," continued the widow, "that Jules Berteloot has not been our way for a long time."

"He need not come to look after me," said Rosalie.

"Why not?" rejoined the widow sharply; "Jules Berteloot is a prudent young man, and I should be very glad to see you married to him: no one looks more keenly after the money than he does—you may depend upon that;" and, some necessary preparations made, the widow departed.

After Rosalie had made everything tidy in the little kitchen, she placed a low stool by the open door and took out her needlework.

The warmth and the brightness made her break out into a song of gladness—a bright carol which she had sung as a child. She was glad because the skies were bright towards the north, where Paul Decandt, the true, the brave, was toiling for her.

Suddenly darkness came between her and the sunshine; she looked up from her work, and found that the shadow was caused by the substantial body of that same official who had questioned her so closely when she sought to recover her bundle. She gave a start and jumped up, for the sight of his searching glance was not pleasing to her.

"Good morning, Mademoiselle Rosalie. I met your mother on the Quai, going towards town," said the stranger, seating himself on a chair, and crossing his arms in a free-and-easy manner.

"Yes, Monsieur, she is gone to Bergues to see my uncle, who is ill," replied Rosalie, still standing.

"Pleasant day for an excursion. Sit down, my dear."

Rosalie obeyed mechanically. Monsieur, who probably detected her fear of him, did not trouble her with questions, but remarked in a friendly tone on the pretty view. Rosalie was rather afraid of admitting that the weather was finer than it had been, lest it somehow should be set down against her. It was not till her visitor began to talk with great interest of Paul Decandt, and his chances of a good year for fishing, that she felt once more at ease.

"I heard he was gone fishing to the North. I have often seen you and your mother in the Place on market-days, but you would never look at me. How was that, Mademoiselle?" said the official, drawing his chair nearer to the young girl.

"I had no call to speak to you, Monsieur."

"But, Mademoiselle, I must teach you that I am very much your friend," he said, taking up the corner of her needlework; "one must be friends with such a pretty face."

Rosalie's cheek flushed, and she quietly withdrew the piece of calico.

"You see, Mademoiselle," he continued, "pretty eyes like yours always make fools of us men."

Rosalie started up; but the fellow had been too quick for her,—his arm was round her waist, and he offered to kiss her.

"How dare you!—leave me alone directly!" she cried indignantly, tearing herself from his grasp.

"Come, come, pretty one,—don't be angry."

"Go immediately,—I hate the sight of you!" cried Rosalie in an agony, retreating into a corner of the room.

"Come, one kiss,—just one to make friends."

"I would rather die than let you touch me!" screamed the girl; and, with a look of ineffable disgust, she suddenly bounded aside, overturning a heavy table upon her tormentor, which for a few seconds, at all events, blockaded him; and during the brief interval Rosalie dashed out of the cottage and locked the door behind her.

Naturally, the gallant official flew to the window, thinking to make his exit thence; but it was too small—he could do little more than thrust his head out, and now felt himself to be in a supremely ridiculous position; ridicule being what a Frenchman dreads beyond any moral degradation. There he was, safe as a caged monkey; and very like a monkey he looked—vociferating, struggling, and gesticulating at the window, with a very red face and blinking eyes, for he had lost his spectacles in the fray.

Rosalie, in her fright, ran away from the cottage as fast as she could; but she had not proceeded far, when she met an old deaf woman from the village, who often came to sit with her. Old Nanette was in the very nick of time; and to her Rosalie told her trouble.

Nanette had seen a good deal of this wicked world in her day. She chuckled when she heard the story, and pointed her skinny finger with derision at the absurd figure-head of Monsieur making dumb show at the cottage window, for they were out of hearing distance.

"Something must be done, Petite," said Nanette; "Monsieur must not stay there a moment longer than we can help. You have done right; but he is better away."

"I dare not go near him," said Rosalie.

"Come along," cried Nanette; "folks will always believe the worst side of the story. Come along; let us get rid of him."

They went back together to the cottage, and held parley with their prisoner. He threatened, entreated, and even shed tears, begging to be let out, but Nanette would not surrender without conditions.

"Monsieur must say he is sorry for trying to kiss Mamselle; and, to prevent mistakes, Monsieur must just write down the words and sign them; then he shall be let out. I will call for help if he does not."

By this time there were several stragglers on the beach,—English visitors at Dunkerque, most likely, for some were children. A couple of schoolboys were making straight for the cottage, to Nanette's great satisfaction, for she regarded them in the light of reinforcements.

"Quick, Monsieur! write down what I said before there is a scandal. You see all those people."

There was no escape. It did not suit the captive to have a scandal; so he wrote the required apology, and threw the folded scrap of paper out of the window.

Rosalie took it up, and read the contents.

"Is it right, Petite?"

"Yes, yes; all right," replied the girl.

"Then, my dear, the sooner we get rid of him the better," said the old woman, in what was intended for a *sotto voce*.

The unwelcome visitor took himself off without a word, and Nanette remained for the rest of the day with Rosalie, who begged not to be left till her mother returned.

As the shadow of twilight was deepening into night, the widow came back, full of such important news that she could hardly listen to the account of Rosalie's adventure.

"It's a sad business, I believe, about the will and everything; but there now, your uncle's dead, Rosalie—he died this morning—I must have been putting on my clean cap to go to Bergues when he died. I was quite seized with the thought of him this morning; and you see how it has turned out."

"Poor uncle,—I'm so sorry. I did think to see him again," cried Rosalie, sobbing.

"All the world is talking about his will; and nobody knows what he has done with his money,—some say one thing, and some another. All I hope," continued the widow—"all I hope is, that he has done his duty by those that are nearest to him,—his own brother's widow and daughter."

"Who did you see at Bergues?" asked Rosalie.

"Well, I saw Madame Pierrot; but she didn't ask me to stop,—every one seemed in a flurry. I did not see Jules Berteloot, though I called at his shop. I fancied I heard his voice in behind, but he did not

come out. The only sure thing I heard was that your uncle has made a will—really has made a will—though they did not know that till two or three days ago. The notary never said a word that your uncle had seen him ; but at length, I believe, they bothered him so to make his will, that he told them to hold their tongues, adding that they need not trouble themselves, as he had settled his worldly affairs to his own satisfaction months ago.”

“Poor uncle ! Did he suffer much ?”

“They were thinking so much about the funeral and the will, that there was not much said about your uncle. He must have saved a lot of money, Rosalie,—a lot of money. I wonder how it will all be settled. I think it was queer Jules Berteloot did not come out to see me—perhaps he’s waiting, as we all are ; but I do hope it will all come right between him and you—he’s such a steady young man.”

“Mother,” said Rosalie, with considerable agitation, “forgive me, but I must tell you now that, happen what may, I will not marry Jules Berteloot. Mother, I must tell you—Paul and I are betrothed. I love Paul, and I will marry him, and no other.”

CHAPTER VII.

“LE PATRIOTE EST MORT—VIVE LE PATRIOTE !”

DURING the time which elapsed between M. Pierrot’s death and the moment when his will should be read by the notary in the presence of relatives and friends, there was a period of intense excitement amongst the gossips of Bergues. Madame, his widow, was well known to be older than her husband ; and even if she had a life interest in the bulk of the property, where would it go afterwards ? There were people who said she ought to have all the money to do with as she liked ; but those were her own relations. During these days of suspense, the notary who had made the will was interviewed, as if he had been a candidate for a vacant throne. Everybody sought to get a word with him, hoping that some hint might drop from his lips. It was noticed that he crossed over the street to speak to Berteloot ; this act of civility possibly meant that Rosalie would be her uncle’s heiress, and as matter of course Berteloot’s wife. Then the Church party declared that the notary had expressed a hope that the church restorations would be carried out before long ; which surely meant that he knew funds would be forthcoming. Several lean and hungry cousins, regular legacy hunters, hung their hopes of being remembered on the fact that the notary had been heard to say

that Monsieur Pierrot was a man of general benevolence, which doubtless indicated that everybody would have a share.

When the contents of the will became known, they created surprise. The widow had her legal proportion of the property, and a small sum besides ; but there were no legacies, no remembrances to any one. Monsieur Pierrot's last will and testament set forth that, having missed several opportunities of distinction in his life, he yet wished to perpetuate his memory in his native town. He desired therefore that a certain field of two acres, just outside the walls, should be purchased, and laid out as a public garden, and should be called the Parc Pierrot. He further directed that at the end of a central broad walk an alcove should be erected, of handsome architectural proportions, containing a full-length statue of himself, with a scroll in his hand, bearing the date "1848 annus mirabilis," and on either side busts of Voltaire and Rousseau. On the anniversary of his death wreaths of immortelles were annually, for ever, to be placed on the head of his own statue and those of his two distinguished friends. The park was to be kept up by the funds appointed for the purpose, on condition that the town provided a band of musicians to play for the space of not less than two hours on the memorable anniversary of his birth, so that the day might be considered by the people in the light of a fête. A few other conditions, all tending to the glorification of Monsieur Pierrot, were made obligatory on the part of the town ; but these it is unnecessary to mention. When the listening audience recovered their breath, there was a general groan of disappointment, and opinions were expressed by no means complimentary to the deceased local benefactor.

The outside world had also its say. The Church was scandalized ; the public even were not pleased. Who wanted a "park" of two acres, with the full-length effigy of stupid old Pierrot at the end of it, supported by a couple of infidels ? And the document itself was found to be such a muddle, that finally the whole thing was relegated into the hands of the lawyers, who passed on the case from one court to another, till in the end, a few hundred francs, all that remained of Monsieur Pierrot's savings, were divided amongst seventeen thankless relatives.

The only person who did not repine was Rosalie. To her it was actually a relief, for she need not fear any more trouble from the proposals of Jules Berteloot. Her mother, she was sure, would no longer oppose her marrying her dear cousin Paul, who would now soon be back in Dunkerque. In the fishing expeditions there is so much danger and uncertainty, that when the time approaches for the return of the boats, a feeling of intense anxiety prevails amongst the friends of the fishermen. In the month of September, the visitor at Dunkerque

may not unfrequently see a group of women at the end of the pier, looking seawards—sometimes for hours together : often, in the fervour of their anxious waiting, they kneel down and pray for the absent loved ones.

It happened this year that one boat far outstripped the others in their homeward track. It came the harbinger of good news : all the fleet was safe ; not a man had been lost ; and the fishing was the best they had known for years ! This was the news that Paul Decandt brought, and he was the first man that sprang on shore ; for was not Rosalie there waiting for him ?—Rosalie, to be his own, not Jules Berteloot's, nor willed to that too-steady man with Uncle François' Savings !





THE POETRY OF HOME LIFE.

By CHARLES KENT,

AUTHOR OF "FOOTPRINTS ON THE ROAD," "THE GLADSTONE GOVERNMENT,"
ETC., ETC.

HAMARTINE has told us, in his own charming way, "Chaque famille est une histoire dans elle-meme, et presque un poeme." Yet, true as this is, poetical dreamers have often gone far afoot in search of a theme worthy of celebration, whilst it was discoverable, had they possessed but the wit to see it, close beside them! The Ayrshire peasant found one readily enough when his ploughshare turned over the mountain daisy.

The born poet is your true alchemist; everything turns to gold when cast into the alembic of his meditations. Even the homely muse of Cowper had but to throw a glance upon a dunghill, and it was like "a god kissing carrion."

The delineation, however, not of inanimate nature, but of human life with its inner world of the passions, most severely tries the capacity of any writer of what affects to be poetry. And perhaps the crucial test is that voluntarily chosen for himself by any one, whether he be a descriptive or dramatic poet, who selects his subject, his characters, and their surroundings, not from the very lowly, not from the very lofty, but from the well-to-do, refined, upper middle-class society of his immediate contemporaries. Charles Dickens, in 1842, wrote in his graceful prologue to Dr. Westland Marston's *Patrician's Daughter*—

"Not light its import, and not poor its mien;
Yourselves the actors, and your homes the scene."

Among the descriptive and narrative poets of the present time, there is one whose whole drift and purport that terse couplet exactly delineates. He has had his literary successes. His books have never once fallen flat on the public, but, on the contrary, have passed from edition to edition. He has been heartily commended even by critics who are usually cynical or supercilious. Yet for all this, he appears to us as yet to have been only partially appreciated. We regard him quite dispassionately, for to us he is simply an author. His name is only known to

us from his title-page. What manner of man he may be individually is beyond our conjecture. For anything we know to the contrary, he may be

"A great broad-shouldered genial Englishman,
A lord of fat prize oxen and of sheep,
A raiser of huge melons and of pine,
A patron of some thirty charities,
A pamphleteer on guano and on grain,
A quarter sessions chairman."

William Alfred Gibbs, of Gillwell Park, Sewardstone in Essex, are the name and address imprinted on his books,—a name and address not inharmonious with the Laureate's foregoing description: added to which, oddly enough, our author, if not "a pamphleteer on guano and on grain," has written a capital pamphlet on "Harvesting Hay in Wet Seasons," besides inventing ingenious farm machinery, such as the Lever Fork and the Hay Dryer. His principal works, however, from the author's point of view, are metrical: he, as a writer, is essentially a singer and a dreamer. In his character as an agriculturist, he sees his way clearly to making hay otherwise than when the sun shines; while as a lyrist, he apparently takes delight above all things in making a sunshine of his own in that shadiest place—the heart of a great home sorrow.

Out of that conception has come his inspiration. Selecting as his theme a refined household, and thereupon imagining to himself the possibility of its social harmonies being stricken abruptly into discord by some stupendous grief, he has written a trilogy. His rhythmical works as yet published are really three, though nominally twice that number. The earliest, in some respects the most varied, and, in many ways, the most highly elaborated of them all, he has since its original publication re-issued more than once in a divided form—now in seven parts, now in four volumettes. "Seven Years' Writing for Seven Days' "Reading" was its collective title, if we remember rightly, on its first appearance. Portioned into divisions, as thus arranged, each had the distinctive prefix of one of the days of the week. This portioning out was purely arbitrary, of course, as inevitably so as the superscription of the name of a muse to each of the nine books of Göthe's "Herman and Dorothea." Issued separately as four thin green volumes, they lie before us now—Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday containing "The Story of a Life," with two Sequels, published by Provost and Company; Thursday and Friday, "Kling-Klang and Klong," with other miscellanies, published by Moxon; Saturday (also from Moxon's), a prose comedy called "Lost and Won;" and Sunday (published by Provost and Company), "The Church Porch, and Sunday Readings." Minor

fragments of the original work have been also passed through the press in a pamphlet form, one of them entitled "The World, the Press, and the Poets;" and another, now in its fourth edition, otherwise in its twelfth thousand, "An Address to Working Men." Besides this, through the publishing house of A. W. Bennett, the author has in two instances set to music his own words, each lyric being selected from "The Story of a Life,"—one called "Shadows," the other "Eva's Song."

Mr. Gibbs has since given to the world two poems of larger pretension, published by Provost and Company, each bound with exquisite grace and delicacy as though it were a little ivory casket of jewels,—one entitled "Harold Erle, a Biography;" the other, "Arlon Grange, and a Christmas Legend."* We are thus particular in describing even the outward appearance of these books because they seem to us to have about them a certain suggestive physiognomy. Opening the rind, however—now for the blood-red meat of these pale-green pomegranates.

Turning first to "The Story of a Life,"—the most typical poem of all—we stumble at the threshold over "An Apology for the Earlier Editions," that jars uncomfortably on many of our most cherished predilections. Swayed by his own certainly happy idea of demonstrating that there is a world of poetry in what at first sight may appear so prosaic as a refined and well-educated family, our author goes out of his way to cast a gibe at "reiterated attempts to galvanize a dead and extinct heathenism into a spasmodic life;" giving some readers, as he says, the idea that Poetry is "a dreary mechanical waxwork of Olympus." Classical mythologies, "with their *dramatis personæ* of gods and nymphs, dryads and fauns, heroes and muses," he seems to hold in utter detestation. Preferring for his own part to lounge in the boudoir, or stroll across the croquet lawn, he recoils with a sort of revulsion from the thought of the classic dreamland. Yet, apart from the masterpieces of the old Greek and Latin writers, there are modern classics in our own literature, and in the literature of a strong-minded race like the Germans, that might have taught him some toleration for what appears only to excite his derision.†

* As Mr. Gibbs's best known and perhaps most important poems are freely quoted in this critique, he, at our request, presents the readers of this Magazine with a reprint of the "Legend of the Castle," for the twofold purpose of giving a fair specimen of his poetry of a totally different kind from that here examined by Mr. Kent, and of forming an Introduction to the BATTLE OF THE STANDARD, an Historical Poem, to be commenced in our next number.—ED.

† We regret that we have not room for Mr. Kent's enumeration of well-known modern mythological poems, from those of Milton to Schiller. For Mr. Kent's views on the subject we refer our readers to his splendid poem "Aletheia; or, The Doom of Mythology," which has already passed through four or five editions.—ED.

The author of "The Story of a Life," of "Harold Erle," and of "Arlon Grange," however, has his own bias towards, not the Remote Past, but the Recent. Indeed, he loves to sing of the immediate Present rather than of the Past at all, or of the Future. What is directly around him upon the plane of his own experiences he delights to delineate, and he finds his sympathies in no appreciable degree aroused in favour, on the one hand, of "blameless kings and misty Merlins;" nor, on the other, of "imaginary cottagers and improbable pedlars." Familiar haunts are those which have for him the greatest attraction. Hence he has sung with the intensest feeling of which his poetical nature is capable of those whose prototypes one might expect to find in his own class, and among his personal surroundings. Selecting as his theme a well-to-do, well-born, delicately nurtured, and tenderly attached family, who, when his story opens, are living as happily as the days are long at their old country mansion, he depicts first in their midst the maternal queen of that fair young group,—

"Wisdom her crown, and for her sceptre, love."

Around her, daintily pencilled in by a touch or two adroitly given as by a master-hand, he portrays this home-queen's chief prime minister, Margaret,

"Clear, crisp, and bright as a September morn."

After her,

"With promise of a rounded, graceful form,"

the gentle Eva. Beside her,

"Eager for freedom, like a wild bird pent,"

the restless and bold-eyed Harold. With these are grouped three others, the youngest of the race, like the two eldest, daughters—sweet Mabel, imperious Maude, and, last, the blue-eyed beauty Lilian. After expatiating upon the joys sheltered under the roof-beams of the home in which the husband of this bright matron, and the father of these six children, treasured them up as his noblest possessions, the author of this simple idyll exclaims, in ominous accents,

"O happy home! transient foretaste of heaven!
Why lurked the deadly serpent in that house?
Whence came the canker in this golden fruit?"

The explanation unfolded by his answer is certainly startling enough, but it is hardly, as we conceive, adequate. Husband and wife are, as their respective parents have been before them, cousins—that is all! Intermarrying thus too near in blood, standing in this way too closely in "dangerous dear relationship," their offspring—nay, they themselves,

The Poetry of Home Life.



we are seriously assured—are liable at any moment to become suddenly insane as if struck by a thunderbolt. Precisely such a calamity happens early in the narrative, "The shadowy spectre," we are told, like a curse,

"Lurks undeveloped, till it is conveyed
A generation down—but even there,
It follows like a bloodhound on the trail,
Sooner or later to tear down its prey."

Bidding his reader

"Mark now the bitter punishment that fell
Upon the innocent from foregone wrong,"

the author thus relates how, in the tranquil home he has been describing, the tragic incident which is the turning-point of this particular "Story of a Life," transpired :—

"One day, presiding at the children's meal
(Her loving custom from their earliest years),
She who most cheerfully denied herself,
That they might fare the better,—joying much
To mark their naïve, outspoken, childish glee
At simple dainties, or delicious fruits,—
She—thus by nature generous to a fault—
Now, with an angry movement, sudden rose,
Demanding wildly, why such costly food
Should be prepared for children? The good nurse
Looked up amazed from where she sat to tend
The last fair rosebud ; as she looked, a thrill
Of nameless horror curdled thro' her blood,
To see that wild dilated eye and quivering lip,
The aimless gesture, and the staggering clutch
At something that was nothing but the air ;
For it shot thro' her, like a lightning gleam,
'Great God of heaven, mistress has gone mad !'"

The desolation that follows is powerfully depicted. Upon this, the misery of the whole story hinges. The children are scattered. The home falls into dilapidation. Later on, when the mother has been mercifully laid in her grave, the ineradicable taint falls on Eva, not in lunacy but consumption. She is described as a very "pearl of fragile beauty," nay, "too like a pearl, indeed,"—

"A pearl of loveliness so delicate,
That a rude hand with rough unguarded touch,
Or the sharp acid in life's mingled cup,
Might crush—and utterly dissolve away."

As in reality so happens but too shortly after her wooing and espousal by young Arnold of the Grange. Thus, in the "Story of a Life" and its two Sequels, the keynote is struck upon which, in many tender minors,

with here and there a thrilling discord momentarily introduced, in contrast to the prevailing harmony of the whole composition, the dominant theme or *motif* is developed and prolonged through a succession of intricate and some of them exquisite variations. Margaret's denial of Glenroy's love, and his own manly and agonized acceptance of that denial in the first of these two Sequels, is among the most charming portions of this mournful narrative, or rather series of narratives. Heart-breaking anxieties, arising out of a lawsuit which results at last in the ruin of the family, are painfully depicted in the second Sequel—the tormenting monotony of the machinery of justice being incidentally described to admiration, with all

“ Its judgments made, reversed, and set aside
In regular, incessant alternations,
Like swingings of a solemn pendulum.”

The one exception we must take to these otherwise gracefully conceived and executed works of art is that they have running through them, as a dark vein might run through parian statuary, flawing its beauty and disfiguring its proportions, a scathe of horror the effect of which is at the last simply oppressive.

“Kling-Klang and Klong” following immediately upon this, comes upon the reader with an air of not unwelcome exhilaration. Kling-Klang and Klong are a jangling couple who are always at loggerheads, and whose offspring emulates their contentions in his very mode of acquiring knowledge :

“ His reading he barked out like bow-wow, bow-wow,
In figures he figured most fractions of fractions,
His writing suggested a wild Irish row,
Or electrical dolls under counter-attractions.”

In his uproarious passage through life, it is said of him, with a Hoodlike play upon words that runs riot all through this comical narrative :

“ Alas for stout porter who came in his way,
He was quickly let down to very small beer.”

Discord prevails, however, it is here insisted, elsewhere than in the family of Kling-Klang and Klong. It disturbs the harmony even of an orchestra :

“ Flute flouts at the cornet, and trumpet at drum,
Bassoon in base viol no merit can see,
Oboe's a slowboy, and bagpipe's a 'hum,'
And fiddle thinks all the rest fiddle-dee-dee.”

As for the hero and heroine of the piece, it is almost superfluous to

relate that their troubles began in earnest upon the very morning of their marriage :

“ Soon as Hymen had caught these two birds in his mesh,
Of course it is perfectly needless to mention
That ‘flesh of his flesh’ meant a thorn in the flesh,
And ‘bone of his bone’ meant a bone of contention.”

His quiet ridicule not infrequently stings in a couplet, as when we hear him lamenting—

“ young people are not now invented,
They are older than elder, and more discontented.”

A Cockney rhyme at intervals makes us wince as we turn the leaves. Thus, at the mention of Chaucer, he has the effrontery to ejaculate—

“ Pshaw, sir, is he not a bore, sir ?”

At another time setting our teeth on edge with the exclamation—

“ Outrageous ! Allow this, we won’t, never can, sir !
In wet blankets we’ll toss him like old Sancho Panza.”

Sometimes in a dozen syllables, as in his “*Laborare est orare*,” he will give his reader a heartening amulet not unworthy of remembrance : as thus—

“ Think no labour mean, nor low,
That can any help bestow.”

His sorrowful philosophy is wistfully expressed in his pathetic verses entitled “*A Middle-age Journey*.” Standing by the seashore, he muses—

“ But thy calms no longer soothe us, thy storms no more inspire,
Our hearts have lost their melodies, our souls have lost their fire,
And we think in dreamy reverie of joy-enjoying youth,
When the world was new and wonderful, and fancy dwelt with truth.”

His *vanitas vanitatum* he thus articulates :

“ Pleasure ! an interval of pain,—rest ! but a change of labour,
Above our heads anxiety suspends the thread-hung sabre,
Amidst our gayest-seeming feasts we know that it may fall,
And turn our food to ashes, and our sparkling wine to gall !”

One of his most powerful poems is that in which he hurls his denunciation at Princes, Kings, and Emperors, but more particularly against those archetypes of tyranny, of whom the earth knew one in 1870, who—

“ hiding fiendish wrath ’neath pious hood,
Sail with triumphant smiles thro’ seas of human blood.”

Seas of blood, of which he finely says afterwards, that their

“ ebb and flow
Send up a ceaseless spray of agony and woe.”

His closing admonition to the despots is—

“ To check presumption in its earliest germs,
And—to remember Herod—think ! there yet are worms ! ”

The noblest stanza of them all is this :

“ Not in presumption, Lord ! I cast my stone
At these embodiments of giant crime !
In Thy pure sight there doth exist but One
Of all mankind, of virtue so sublime
As to have right to judge men thro' all time ;
But we, tho' weak, Thou armest with a sling,
Commandest that our vantage ground we climb,
And when Goliath spear on shield doth ring,
Straight at the monster's head our pebble bidd'st us fling.”

In utterances like these, there is the resonance of true and sterling poetry.

By way of startling contrast to this, we come immediately afterwards upon the amusing little prose comedy of “Lost and Won,” in which there are many passages akin in their sly humour to the glorious old farce of “High Life Below Stairs.” Hammercloth the coachman, for example, while foregathering with his fellow-servants, calls out, in answer to some remark from the Scotch gardener, “Hold hard ! Come, come, Mr. M'Cabbage, you're not going to harness your hobby, and drag religion into the mud ;—religion's all very well once a week, when we drive the family twice to church, but it don't do when you've got a stiff bit of collar work to deal with.” The happiest portion of all the Sunday Readings, to our fancy, is the vindication of Doubt. “Faith could not be,” says our author,

“ If doubt were not ; had we unclouded light,
No trial of our spirits could have been ;
We should not walk by faith then, but by sight ;
Not from believing, but from having seen.”

Therefore, he concludes—

“ When thus thou dost perceive that we must earn
God's grace by perfect faith,—that faith implies
A pre-existent doubt,—then thou wilt learn
To thank God for these doubts that now arise.”

Although “The Story of a Life” was among all these books our earliest favourite, and although “Arlon Grange” contains much that is entitled to the highest praise, “Harold Erle,” to our thinking, is the writer's masterpiece. The narrative has all the interest of a novel, and at intervals is enthralling. The delineations of character are often masterly. The fluent, vigorous blank verse has an easy swing about it

that is simply delightful. In his ready command of all the arts of rhetoric, and of all the subtle graces of poetic composition, the author is here at his very best. Harold is described from his youth upwards, or rather from his earliest infancy. When we are first introduced to him,

“ Stars of that night from which he had emerged
Seemed still reflected in his young soul's sky,
Bright visions of a former life remained
Brilliant, but indistinct, like fading dreams ;
Music and voices of lost fairy-land
Rang in his ears, making earth's harsher tones
Seem hideously discordant, like the mirth
Of devils.”

Taunted in his experience of school life with his mother's madness, he has while growing older only greater reason to recognize that diabolical resemblance. His first achievement in battling with his tormentors is that of trouncing within an inch of his life the bully of the playground. The incident is related with something of the precision of Pierce Egan, and with all the vigour of Tom Brown. It at once makes Harold a hero among his schoolfellows.

“ The slow-brained master who misruled the school ”

is next admirably described, not alone externally, but

“ Within,—a pedant, learnedly morose ;
Ill-bred, unmannerly, and with a smirch
Of grim, indecent humour in his blood.”

Delighted above all things at any opportunity of wielding his cane, this surly pedagogue resolves to punish both the combatants. Thereupon two pictures are touched in with inimitable skill. One provocative of Homeric laughter, shows us under the most comic aspect the castigation of the bigger of the pugilists, the vanquished bully, who is revealed to us roaring at each descent of the ferule. Harold's silent endurance, on the contrary, when subjected to the same punishment, so irritates the master, that the latter swears he will not desist until the culprit shall have begged for mercy. The result is that Harold is beaten so brutally that—preserving silence to the last moment of consciousness—he faints. No finer or more exciting description than this of a school scene has been written since Nicholas Nickleby thrashed the Yorkshire schoolmaster. The sequel, instead of falling off in interest, advances upon the principle of the crescendo. Harold, prostrate and apparently inanimate, is laid out for dead. Conscious himself, but unable to give any sign of life, he is measured for his coffin, is later on placed in it, and at the last is actually being borne out towards his grave, when the boy's father and

sisters arrive, just in time to secure his reclamation from his winding-sheet. Another school is found for him after his recovery has been completed,—a school having at its head the kindest of masters, Franklyn. From this point the charm of the story commences in real earnest. Commending it to those who care for vigorous poetry, as the medium for the relation of a delightful home romance, it will be enough for our present purpose if from "Harold Erle" we give a sample or two of our author's quality. Here is his description of a marriage feast :—

" A wedding breakfast is love's tournament,
When cavaliers use license of the hour
To tilt at demoiselles with polished jests,
And oftentimes get an eye-glance, *en revanche*,
That sends a dangerous arrow to the heart ;
And many brilliant passages of arms,
Swift, subtle fencing, well-aimed archery,
Attack and parry, hit and quick retort,
Filled up the merry measure of the joust."

Thus, fingering in imagination the ribbons of the four-in-hand, he writes of

" the full eager pull upon the hand
Of four good horses gathering up the pace
And striking to the gallop well in step :
The fine elastic tension of the nerves,
The need of swift decision, swerveless will,
Judgment of eye and head, and power of arm,
Leave little thought for past or future woes."

Among all the varied interests of human life, the author himself, at least, has not gone

" sauntering by with lazy look askance,
And drooping eyelids of indifference."

But, on the contrary,

" Hammering the glowing iron of the soul
Upon the aching anvil of the brain,"

he has enabled himself to offer up with success his own glowing invocation :—

" Oh, glorious poesy ! divinest art !
Reach here thine hand to tune the jangling strings
Of harsh discordant words, that so no sound
Of jarring inharmonious language break
The flowing melodies of gentle themes ;
But bold conceptions, bright imaginings,
Clothed in their rhythmic robes and crowned with flowers,
May ride on music soaring up tow'rd Heav'n,
And speak again of Nature, praising God !"



NAVAL POWERS AND THEIR POLICY.

(*First Article.*)

By JOHN C. PAGET,

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THERE is nothing so fallacious as "facts, except figures," is a maxim the truth of which will be admitted by anybody who has ever read a Ministerial statement or a Parliamentary debate. And of all figures, totals are the most misleading. Yet they exercise an extraordinary fascination over the minds of many people. To be told that the paper on which a daily journal is printed is a roll so many miles long; that the speeches of a certain statesman would, if spread out in a single column of print, reach to the top of the Monument; that there are more Roman Catholics in London than in Rome; and that six old people have recently died whose united ages nearly reached five hundred,—are all statements the bearings of which, as the "great" Bunsby would say, lie in the application of them. A newspaper, when once the difficulty of printing from the "web" has been overcome, must necessarily absorb an immense roll of paper; no human being would think of cutting out the reports of Mr. Gladstone's speeches, and pasting them together in one interminable column; the Roman Catholics in London are not in the proportion of one to twenty Protestants; and there is no such thing as "collective age." Fiscal aggregates are equally misleading. That the amount of taxation remitted in a certain year came to four millions sterling, sounds like a great relief to the taxpayer; but if the only benefit he has derived from it is a half-penny off every pound of sugar he consumes, the result is really too insignificant to be worth mention. So, too, when the bare unvarnished fact is stated that we are spending over seventy millions a year, it sounds like extravagance; but if twenty-six millions are absorbed in the payment of interest on the National Debt, and three or four millions for cost of collection (which is a fair per centage when compared with the same item abroad), the figures, though large, cease to appear excessive. And some

of this expenditure—that of the Post Office—is actually reproductive ; the Government, in fact, making a handsome profit on their outlay.

The cost of munitions of war seems to approach the fabulous when the value of one round fired from a Woolwich Infant is £16. But the fire of a single 35-ton gun is, roughly speaking, equal to the fire of the whole broadside of a 74-gun ship. Military totals are old offenders. By including every Army Reserve man on his way to Australia, and every Pensioner just able to walk, the British army, with militia and volunteers, shows a paper strength of over 400,000 men. But after putting the whole administrative machinery of the War Office to a severe strain, we can barely bring a force equal to two *corps d'armée* into the field within fifty miles of London. Unfortunately, as we shall proceed to show, grand totals quite as misleading have come to be the rule in regard to the Navy.

To the Naval Service the people of England are under that obligation which one man (if amongst individuals such a state of things were possible) would owe to another who had four times saved him from drowning, delivered him from the stake, preserved both his property and reputation; and set up all his sons in business in the Colonies. The defeat of the Armada, the preservation of India at the Nile, the destruction of the vast Northern Confederation against us at Copenhagen, the maintenance of our very existence as a nation at Trafalgar, the command of the ocean in nearly every war for two centuries, the absolute command of it for the last fifty years, the preservation of a Colonial Empire washed by every sea, and the protection of a commerce increasing “beyond the dreams of avarice,”—these are the claims of the Navy upon the support and confidence of England. But it is with the present, not the past, that we must deal. Two facts—each of vital importance to us as a nation—are being brought home to us more and more clearly every day. The first is that the importance of a Navy to any country is now greater than it ever has been. The offensive power of a fleet is immeasurably increased since the introduction of modern guns. When the allied squadrons of England and France bombarded Sebastopol, they can scarcely be said to have done more than scratch the forts, whilst ship after ship was set on fire. But those days are over. With ironclads steaming rapidly past, and delivering their tremendous blows in the shape of “concentrated broadsides,” every gun being fired at the same instant by the electric current, and six or eight gigantic shells bursting within a space of a few feet ; with the ships themselves painted slate grey, and only presenting their broadsides as targets to the enemy when they fired, and not necessarily even then ; with turret ships of possibly still better qualities for close fighting than these ; with such a power of offence and

defence, and such rapidity of movement among the assailants,—Sebastopol would probably have been in ruins, whilst the fleet itself might have come out of action minus only one or two ships. Nor does the fact that land defences have also been radically changed tell much against this theory. For ships are moving objects, whilst forts are stationary. Moreover, every one knows that as a matter of fact land defences are not, in most parts of the world, equal to fleets. Our own new defences of Plymouth, Portsmouth, and the Thames-and-Medway system, are very powerful, and Sir William Jervois well deserves his honours; but what guns are they to carry? We hear that 18-ton guns are being mounted in most of them—powerful weapons, no doubt, but against recently built ships almost useless; for the latter would carry guns of 35 tons as in the *Devastation*, of 38 tons as in the *Thunderer*, or, as in the *Inflexible* now building at Portsmouth, actually of 81 tons. To those non-professional readers in whose minds a fort is suggestive of a massive structure, against which no ship has any chance of success, we recommend a visit to Shoeburyness. There—a couple of hours' journey from London—they will see facsimiles of the most powerful forts absolutely pulverized by modern shells. Moreover, recent experiments seem to show that the power of torpedoes as a means of harbour defence has been exaggerated.

The second fact—unfortunately only too closely connected with the first—of grave national importance, is the rapid and gigantic growth of foreign navies. On this subject details are of so much value that it will be necessary to go into them at some length, though no better illustration of the great changes being effected around us could be found than the interest excited some time ago by the launch of the *Independencia*. That vessel, one of the most powerful men-of-war in the world, intended to be fully rigged as a sea-going ship, carrying 35-ton guns in her turrets, very heavily armoured, and possessing the great advantage of an outer skin of coppered wood (under water), which would enable her to keep the sea and move freely, whilst the iron bottoms of other ironclads were getting fouler every day, belongs to a power whose flag a few years since was never seen upon the water. The noticeable fact is this: whereas a short time ago, in the event of a disturbance in Brazilian waters, a gunboat or a corvette would have been told off to watch British interests, in the present day it would be necessary to send a fleet; that empire now possessing seventeen ironclads. Nor will it be safe to rely too exclusively on the proved capacity of our men and officers to carry us through any conflict. Nelson said no captain could be far wrong who laid his ship alongside the enemy, and the instructions sometimes were “not to fire until you see the white of the Frenchman's eye.” Once alongside, we could resort to boarding. But a weak vessel

would now invite destruction by such an attempt. The ram, which is the modern equivalent for "cutlass and pike," would give the weaker assailant a chance of success if she could get near enough to use it. But if the enemy carry guns that will pierce her armour at a thousand yards, whilst her own shells are bursting in vain against the sides of her antagonist, the attempt to use the ram becomes desperate. Curiously enough, boarding has been attempted in quite recent times in Brazilian waters, and with a most unexpected result. The war between Brazil and her allies on the one hand, and Paraguay on the other, is a signal instance of the change that has taken place in naval warfare (corresponding exactly with a similar change on land) since the introduction of modern armaments. Weight of metal, length of range, and overwhelming numbers are now sufficient to crush courage and skill under ordinary circumstances. In that war the fine fighting qualities were with Paraguay, numbers were with Brazil, and Paraguay was defeated accordingly. In one action a number of Paraguayans boarded a Brazilian monitor. The crew were "battered down" below; the Paraguayans found nothing on deck but smooth surfaces of iron, and whilst they looked for their enemies they were shot down by the fire from other Brazilian ships.

Nor has Brazil the only South American navy. Peru and Chili both have their ironclads. Even China and Japan have made a beginning.

But the greatest changes have been effected in Europe. "Close with a Frenchman, but fight at long-bowls with a Russian or a Dutchman," was Nelson's maxim. But what if the Frenchman has no intention of allowing you to close?

Let us turn to Russia. In 1871 the clause of the Treaty of Paris neutralizing the Black Sea to the navies of the world was repealed, and a Black Sea fleet is now being re-established. The first important vessel completed—the *Novgorod*—is about as singular a specimen of naval architecture as it is possible to imagine, but her construction shows an inventive spirit at the Russian Admiralty. She is circular. Russian naval officers are not, it is said, very enthusiastic about her, but for coast defence she ought to be useful. Admiral Popoff's main idea in designing this ironclad tub appears to have been that this shape will carry a greater thickness of armour with a comparatively small draught of water. She carries powerful guns, but is of course slow, and would come to fearful grief if caught out beyond her depth by an opponent determined to use the ram. Another of Admiral Popoff's ships not intended to hug the shore quite so closely, and greatly resembling our own *Devastation*, is the *Peter the Great*. Of course there are many considerations which tend to lessen the offensive power of

Russia at sea. An ally older than Prussia may almost be said to take away with one hand what he gives with the other. He even presumes on his friendship so far as to dictate, to a great extent, the nature of the operations which Russia shall undertake. *Le bon Général Janvier* is the friend in question. Still, if Cronstadt is hermetically sealed in winter, Sebastopol (since the Conference of 1871) is not. But in considering the power of Russia, or of any other state, it will not do merely to say that they have so many ships, and we so many more. It is against a combination of powers that we shall be called upon to contend, if at all; and in that case an addition of *two* ships to a hostile confederation may make an important difference, even if we are only called upon to detach ships for blockading.

"Our ancient enemy of France," possesses the enormous number of sixty-two ironclads. But no reliance is to be placed upon totals. Some of these vessels were launched in 1861, and only built to resist 68-pounders. The purchase of the *Dunderberg* (now called the *Rochambeau*) from the United States for £400,000 reflects no credit on the administration of the French Navy. The *Taureau* is an excellent steam ram, but carries an inferior armament.

The position of France since the last war is so peculiar, and her interest in keeping on good terms with this country so evident, that it may seem unnecessary to point out possible differences between us. But we must not forget that in that great continent round which it has been said we are now putting a girdle, and where we shall continue to extend our influence by some such gradual process as that by which we have become the masters of India, French influence has of late been active, and anything but friendly. Neither in Egypt nor at Zanzibar are our interests identical. But the real danger is lest in her desperate want of an ally France should turn to Russia, in which case perhaps other than white squalls may be looked for in the Mediterranean.

In a Mediterranean struggle, or in one further East, Turkey, as regards *matériel* at least, stands high among maritime states. "At anchor in "idle state in sight of the Imperial palace" at Constantinople, there lies from one year's end to another one of the finest ironclad fleets in the world; some twenty ships all told. Has it ever entered into the heads of the responsible Secretaries of State who govern us, or of the irresponsible writers of leading articles who govern them, that this fleet might change hands? Our position at Constantinople has been completely altered since the Conference of 1871. It is true that the Turkish fleet is always commanded by an English officer; but if "Hobart Pasha" has been unable to prevent the dismissal of English engineers,

and our representative is not properly supported at critical times, there is certainly cause for apprehension.

No more striking illustration can be given of the manner in which steam and iron are bringing states hitherto scarcely known as maritime into the second rank of naval powers than the battle of Lissa, fought during the Seven Weeks' War of 1866, between the Austrian and Italian fleets. The only battle, in fact, in European waters since the new revolution in naval warfare has been fought under flags of which one certainly seldom entered into the calculations of English statesmen and naval commanders in the past, and the other until a few years since was not in existence.

In dealing with navies, we of course allude solely to ironclads. To give the total numbers of any navy would be most misleading, as it would include wooden ships unable to take part in a general engagement, sailing ships, guard-ships, and despatch-boats.

Turning to Italy, we find that she possesses eleven ironclads, four of which may be considered of the first class. To one of these vessels, the *Venezia*, we shall presently have occasion to allude more particularly.

Austria enjoys the distinction of having won the only naval victory on the open sea in modern times. The name of Tegethoff alone entitles Austria to the respect of Englishmen, who throughout their history have ever followed the fortunes of fleets and sailors with a closer interest than those of armies. Ironclad navies have developed such unprecedented powers of offence and defence, even in the short period since 1866, that it may not be altogether safe to rely too much on the lessons of the battle of Lissa. Still, we may safely draw two deductions: one is the great power of the ram in a sea-fight; the other, that notwithstanding all modern mechanical inventions, coolness and courage are important factors of victory. The Austrian fleet was formed into three triangles or phalanxes, the apex of each being towards the enemy; the ironclads leading. "I simply rammed away at everything I saw painted grey," is the sailorlike description of his tactics given by Tegethoff. Nor did the wooden ships shrink from encountering the ironclads; they even rammed them. The *Kaiser Max*, a wooden liner, rammed the *Ré d'Italia*, and sunk her. Against the comparatively moderate armour-plating of that day it was found that a "concentrated broadside" from a wooden liner was more than enough. The victory was complete, and there are few actions by sea or land whose record reflects more honour on the victors. While speaking of the Austrian navy, we cannot omit to mention that the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian, of Mexico, who had himself been a naval officer, wrote warmly congratulating Admiral Tegethoff on the success of his old comrades in arms.

Austria possesses four ironclads of the first class, six of the second class, three of which are being rebuilt, and a considerable number of unarmoured vessels.

Three centuries have nearly elapsed since Drake and Howard fought their nine days' battle in the Channel for the independence of these islands. They were indeed

"Thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient days;
When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain—
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts in Spain."

From the sixteenth to the end of the eighteenth century the contest between England and Spain can scarcely be said to have ceased. The influence of the House of Bourbon combined the French and Spanish fleets against us many times, though always with one result. In the long struggle, not only did the empire of the sea pass into the hands of England, but colonies in every quarter of the globe. The commencement of the last century gave us Gibraltar, and it closed with the acquisition of Malta.

To the nineteenth-century Englishman Spain is simply an incomprehensible country, which pays no interest on her bonds. But even now, low though she has sunk in the scale of nations, she is far from insignificant at sea. A nation which has practically defied the United States cannot be classed with the small powers, however weak may be her forces on land, however torn by civil war. We suppose there can be no dispute about the fact that the United States did "cave in" on the *Virginia* question on account of their utter inability to cope with the Spanish fleet. Seven ironclads, including three of the first class, constitute the armada which the United States refused to face.

As if to show how great are the responsibilities of England, and in what unexpected places the services of our Navy may suddenly be called upon, we may direct attention to the affair of Cartagena in the autumn of 1873. The Intransigente rising in that town placed three powerful ironclads, with some wooden frigates and the strongest fortress in Spain, in the possession of a number of desperadoes differing little from pirates. To establish the immortal principles of the Commune, these vessels proceeded to visit various places along the coast (mostly unfortified), and made "requisitions" for money and provisions. That they should never have been allowed to leave Cartagena on their errand of plunder is obvious. The capture of the *Almanza* and *Vittoria*, and their retention at Gibraltar, was the least we could do to repair this error. On that occasion, as our readers will doubtless remember, our Mediterranean squadron was cleared for action, and sharp was the disappointment

of officers and men when Galvez "thought better of it," and refused to fire. We mention the incident simply as showing how in a moment a complication may arise demanding the presence of the fleet. We have said that there was a vessel in the Italian navy to which it would be necessary to allude particularly. Among the ironclad squadrons which flocked to Cartagena at the outbreak of the insurrection was the Italian—and English readers should lay well to heart the fact that an Italian ship, the *Venesia*, carried the heaviest guns of all. If our position at sea is to be maintained, such a thing must not be repeated. A heavy account will be demanded of any English Ministry, whether Conservative or Liberal, which permits any disaster to befall a single English ship through an insufficient armament. We are not anticipating any differences with Italy. On the contrary, an "understanding" of a cordial character with that power and with Austria, combined with the adoption of a firm tone and great vigilance at Constantinople, would, we are convinced, be attended with the happiest results. The reconciliation of two powers which has just been celebrated by the Emperor of Austria and the King of Italy at Venice, is one of the few recent royal meetings calculated to give much confidence to those who wish to see not only peace but freedom prevail in Europe. Nevertheless, the country which is still first amongst naval powers cannot afford to be surpassed even by one ship on one station.





ALTAR OR TABLE? AND THE EASTWARD POSITION.

(*Second Article.*)

BY THE REV. HENRY HAYMAN, D.D.,

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THE APPROACH with reverence and hesitation the subject of the "altar" of the Apocalyptic visions. Amidst so much that is mysterious, it seems plain that, (1) It is not distinctively Jewish or Christian, for in the glorified Church above these distinctions disappear, and whatever is spiritual in either belongs to that apotheosis of both. (2) It is not an altar of propitiatory sacrifice, but has a certain sacrificial relation as regards, i., the "Lamb as it were slain," only indicated by the word, which means "slain in sacrifice;" ii. the souls of the martyrs similarly "slain,"* further indicated by their lying at its foot; iii. the prayers of the saints, which are censured by the ministering angel by means of it.

From 1, it would seem to follow that it is idle to inquire whether its type is the altar of burnt-offering or that of incense—distinct from each other in the Jewish tabernacle and temple. It seems to have some of the attributes of both. There is a fire, but no sacrificial victim burning upon it. The "Lamb" is introduced "as it were slain," yet alive, and is the chief personage, as in the first so in the last act of the mystical drama, which culminates in the introduction of "the Bride the Lamb's Wife." His blood seems to remain in perpetual efficacy. He has "entered in once (for all) with it into the Holy Place, having obtained "eternal redemption for us." The redeemed ones in hosts unnumbered were those who had "washed their robes and made them white "in His blood. Therefore they are before the throne of God." To them that blood appears to be transferred. That life-blood is taken up into the life of the Church; and this perhaps is why there is no other

* Ἐσφαγμένον, Rev. vi. 6; ἐσφαγμένων, vii. 9.

mention of it, *e.g.*, upon or about the altar. The function of the altar as regards Him might be best defined by recurring to the words of our Catechism, as being "for the continual remembrance"—in Heaven as on earth—"of the sacrifice of the death of Christ." As regards "the Lamb that was slain," it is a monumental or commemorative altar, as strictly so as any altar of the Church on earth.

ii. As regards the souls of the martyrs, they have been "slain" as in sacrifice too; not indeed as a sin-offering—no robes are washed and made white in their blood—but still as votive victims. Thus they lie at the base of the altar,* "filling up," we may say with St. Paul in Col. i. 24, "that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ," and therefore in a subordinate position.† Still, though not propitiatory, they are sacrificial; and their souls lie, as their bodies would have lain, if slain for a sacrifice, at the altar's foot. So St. Paul spoke of his approaching martyrdom as a sacrifice,‡ although in a phrase which rather suggests heathen ritual. As regards the martyrs, then, the altar consecrates their sufferings, and is the symbol of their acceptance: as in the first age, so in our own.

iii. As regards "the prayers"—including in that term praises and thanksgivings—"of the saints," the heavenly altar here appears as an altar for incense. Here also it is called "the golden altar which is before the throne." An angel comes and takes his stand near it with a golden censer (viii. 3). The "prayers of the saints" apparently lie upon it, or are wafted towards it, awaiting his function. "Much incense" is "given" to him, which he apparently kindles from the altar, and the smoke of the incense goes up "to the prayers of the saints" before God. The incense probably represents the acceptable effects of Christ's intercession on those prayers, who offered Himself "as a sweet-smelling savour." In a previous stage of the vision the Elders about the throne have golden *phiale* full of incense, "which is

* *Ἰποκάτω*, compare the same word in Mark vii. 28, *ὑποκάτω τῆς τραπέζης*; not, therefore, as bodies buried beneath the altar would lie—a custom probably not older than the fourth century—but on the level of the temple floor, or of some projecting base. It is possible, however, that in the custom of so burying martyrs, or rather of erecting altars over their remains, may be traced a reflex influence of this text on the mind of the early Church.

† Perhaps suggested by Exod. xxix. 12, "pour all the blood beside the bottom of the altar;" although there said of a sin-offering, verse 14.

‡ *Ἐγὼ γὰρ ἤδη σπένδομαι*, 2 Tim. iv. 6, which Ignatius on his way to martyrdom seems to echo, *πλέον μοι μὴ παράσχησθε τοῦ σπονδιασθῆναι θεῷ, ὥς ἐτι θυσιαστήριον ἑτοιμὸν ἔστω*, *ad Rom.* ii., in which words the ideal altar of his sacrifice seems to blend with the image of the real altar of the Church. The actual phrase of St. Paul occurs also in *ad Antioch*, viii.

"the prayers of the saints." There the incense and the prayers blend ; here the incense perfumes and permeates the prayers.

In two succeeding visions a voice is heard from the altar ; the first (ix. 13) mandatory, as if in answer to prayer ; the second (xvi. 7) acclamatory and responsive. The first bids "loose the four angels "bound in the river Euphrates"—for some mission of Divine judgment, it should seem ; the second hails judgment as finished—"I heard "the altar saying" (so stand the words in the most correct and ancient texts), "Yea, so be it, Lord God Almighty, true and righteous are Thy "judgments." At the altar the voices of God and of His faithful ones meet. It is His oracle and theirs. As regards then the saints, the altar receives the spiritual sacrifice of their prayers, including every votive address,—praise, thanksgiving, and ascription ; and is a means of those prayers receiving the propitiatory influence of Christ, which last function is due, we cannot doubt, to its connexion with the "Lamb "which was slain."

And this is truly the function of the Church's altar on earth. It commemorates the sacrifice of the Lamb ; it sanctifies symbolically the offerings—not unknown in our own day, although rare—of the martyrs' lives ; it is an actual altar in respect of the prayers and praises of the faithful.

The imagery of the Apocalypse in a further stage becomes more charged with Old Testament symbols : "the Temple of God is seen" (xi. 19) opened in heaven—*vetus in novo patet*—probably meaning an inner sanctuary corresponding to the Holy of Holies ; and the "Ark" of the Covenant or "Testament" is seen in it. The New Testament recognizes the Old. The Gospel expands and fulfils the law. Thus we need not regard the Decalogue as superfluous in our most solemn service, or think the visible record of it "made plain upon tables," as unmeet for our most Holy Place.

But on the other hand let us dwell for a moment on the aspect with which the grand vision of the "things that are to be hereafter" opens on the seer. The great centre of view is a vast temple interior, having a "throne and One that sat on it" (Rev. iv. 2).^{*} Round about this throne are four-and-twenty other thrones, "evidently smaller and probably lower than the throne," says Dean Alford in his Commentary ; and on them as many presbyters seated, "the assessors of the enthroned one," says the same authority. The various objects said to be "before the throne" (verses 6, 10 ; vii. 15,) give the impression of a presence fronting one way only ; at any rate the imagery of the scene

^{*} Comp. Rev. vii. 15, and xvi. 17, where the "throne" is clearly indicated as localized within the "temple."

can only be translated into our conceptions of space by assuming that condition. Thus the "four-and-twenty" must also be viewed as *fronting* the same way, and their thrones may be conceived as forming a crescent line with *the* throne as it were in the apse or mid-point of its arc. On the chord of this arc and within it, may be assumed suitable standpoints for the "altar" and "the Lamb" as he first appears. We are not driven to geometrical precision in estimating such a phrase as "*round about** the throne" in reference to the four-and-twenty minor thrones, or such a phrase as "in the midst of" † in reference to the Lamb. Now how far did this mystic scene reflect existing Christian worship, or supply a model for that worship? There are some facts which will sufficiently enable us to answer this question approximately.

The earliest detail of a Christian Church which has come down to us is to be found in Eusebius (*Hist. Eccl.* x. 4). The earlier Church at Tyre had been demolished in the Diocletian persecution, and the sermon preached at the inauguration of the new one, very probably by Eusebius himself, a personal friend of the then Bishop of Tyre, Paulinus, is preserved by that writer. The demolition of the old, and its replacement by the new, the "glory of the latter house greater than the glory of the former," the liberality of the faithful in contributing, and the energy of their bishop in stirring them up to the work, all come in for notice; but the preacher describes the plan and dwells on its details rhetorically rather than architecturally, but with sufficient precision to enable us to realize the relation of parts of the whole and to each other. The date of this new dedication of the Tyrian Cathedral may be taken as probably in 313 A.D. The preacher here speaks of "thrones set on high to signify the presiding clergy, of seats set orderly in the general space, and above all of the holy of holies, viz., the "altar, as set in the midst." He passes on to allegorize the building, as representing the spiritual temple of the Lord in His Church. "Here too," he says, "are thrones and seats innumerable . . . but in the supreme one of all Christ entire, we may say, presides, and also in those of the second order, in proportion as each contains a share of the "power of Christ and of the Holy Spirit." "The supreme one of all"

* In Exod. vii. 24, "The Egyptians digged *rouna about* (κύκλος, LXX.; *Savivath*, Heb.) the river;" i.e., on right and left of its line. So here *κυκλόθεν* may mean on right and left of a point—the throne—yet preserving some notion of the κύκλος in the crescent form of the row of seats. Whether "the rainbow round about the throne" wholly encircles or forms a crescent canopy, is similarly doubtful.

† He stands (ver. 6) *ἐν μέσῳ τοῦ θρόνου καὶ τῶν τεσσαρῶν ζώων καὶ ἐν μέσῳ τῶν πρεσβυτέρων*. Here the phrase *ἐν μέσῳ* seems repeated in imitation of the Hebrew, *bēn* . . . *uḇēn*, or as more rarely in the case of the Latin *inter*.

is undoubtedly that of the bishop, and "those of the second order" are those of the presbyters or priests, who are thus all classed together as "presiding clergy" in the previous description. We may assume then a prominence and perhaps an elevation of position as distinguishing the bishop's throne from those of the presbyters.* And we learn, further, that this part of the Church, containing these thrones and the altar, was literally a chancel, being at the extremity of the whole structure, and separated by an open screen-work of wood, carved with marvellous delicacy, from the access of any but the clergy.

Of the relative position of the thrones to the altar we have no precise indication; but from the latter being "in the middle" of the chancel, they can be most easily conceived as disposed in the apse of the extreme wall. The most prominent object, however, to judge alike from the description and the allegory, must have been the altar. It is spoken of as "above all" the other neighbouring objects, as "the Holy of Holies," as "grand, reverend, and unique."† Now if we assume this as the actual relative position of the thrones and the altar,—and it is strictly agreeable to all that we gather from the clearer detail of later churches so to conceive it,—we shall have an arrangement closely resembling that proposed above for the mystic scene of the heavenly temple in the Apocalypse, with the awful throne in the centre of the apse, the range of presbyters enthroned on either side, and the "altar before the throne." This idea of the outlines of arrangement in the Apocalyptic vision being reflected in those of the chancel of the Syrian Church, and probably in Christian chancels generally, is favoured by our finding in Ignatius passages speaking of the Bishop as "to be revered as the Father," and "the Presbytery as the Sanhedrim of God;" of the bishop as "presiding in the place of God;" of "the Bishop with his spiritual crown of Presbyters;" and conversely of the Father as "the Bishop of all."‡ This parallel of representative persons is closely correspondent to that which we have assumed as existing between the ideal and material systems of seats.

"Such," says the preacher in the peroration of his allegory, "is the mighty temple which the mighty Word, the Creator of all, hath built

* He is appealed to as τῷ προκαθημένῳ τῆςδε τῆς σπαρίας ἡγεμόνι, 469, 36. Now as προκαθήμενος is unsuited to the image of a "commander leading his host," we must take it as descriptive of the actual position of the bishop in the church, which he probably occupied at that moment before the eye of the preacher.

† Ἐφ' ἁπασί τε τὸ τῶν ἀγίων ἀγίων θυσιαστήριον, 474, 14; σεμνὸν δὲ καὶ μέγα καὶ μονογενὲς θυσιαστήριον, 479, 20. The last epithet, not easy to convey fully by any English word, means "only-begotten," the epithet of Christ, to whom in the allegory it is assigned.

‡ Ignat. *ad Trull.* iii., *ad Magn.* iii., vi., xiii.

"up for Himself in all the world, having Himself completed this spiritual image on earth, a counterpart of that heavenly shrine beyond, . . . the realm supercelestial, the prototypes yonder of these which are here on earth;" and similarly in an earlier passage: "He (your bishop) has reared this magnificent shrine of God Most High resembling in structure its greater original, so far as the visible can resemble the invisible." These words clearly justify the notion that the resemblance of the earthly shrine to the heavenly, as conceived by the Church of that age, was actual, deliberate, and intended. And where are we to look for the basis of that conception, if not in the Apocalypse?

But this Church only replaced an earlier one; and from the description given of the later, we are warranted in assuming that its plan involved no essential novelty; that it grew out of what it superseded; that greater dimensions, more numerous subsidiary parts, and richer magnificence were its only claims to originality. This takes us back into the third century, before persecution had ceased, and while the faith of the Church was yet being purified by its fires. The scanty records which we possess of even an earlier period than the third century, so far as they bear on the question, tend to confirm the idea that the Apocalyptic vision governed the internal arrangements of a Christian sanctuary from the first.

But before gleaning what lies between the dates of the Apocalypse and the year 313 A.D., I may point out a few facts clearly deducible from Eusebius's description of Paulinus's Church.

1. It did not "orientate"—in fact, it did exactly the opposite. It was, clearly, entered by the congregation at the eastern end, where its great porch "fronted the rising sun;"* and advancing westward along its length, you would reach the shrine or chancel last, which therefore stood at the western extremity, as, it is believed, at least in the later temple, did the Jewish "Holy of Holies."

2. There is no trace of its having been cruciform; and the general plan rather seems to have been oblong, to judge from the enumeration of the successive members of the pile.

3. The "altar" was not against the wall; it stood "in the midst." A contra-mural position has nothing whatever proper to an "altar," either in itself, or as distinguished from a "table."

4. There is nothing to show whether the altar or the thrones were moveable or not. There seems no reason to suppose that the character of either would be affected by their being moveable or fixed. But

* Πρόπυλον δὲ μέγα καὶ εἰς ὕψος ἐπηρμένον πρὸς αὐτὰς ἀνισχόντος ἡλίου ἀκτῖνας, 472, 50. 'Τὸ δὲ μὲν ταῖς ἡλίου βολαῖς αὐτῆς τρεῖς πύλας ὑφ' ἐν καταβῆις πλευρόν, 473, 29.

some expressions used by earlier writers than Eusebius seem to raise a presumption that the altar of Christian worship was moveable at first.

5. Further as regards the position of the ministering priest, the sermon above referred to contains a remarkable phrase. "What," the preacher asks, "should the altar be" (adding the epithets as given above)* "but the "inviolable and inmost sanctuary of the soul of the common priest of all? *Standing beside which, on the right*, the great High Priest of all, "Jesus, the only begotten Son of God, receiving with propitious face "and uplifted hands the sweet-smelling incense and the bloodless "immaterial sacrifice of prayer, hands it on to the God and Father of "all which is in Heaven."†

The priest, then, "stood beside the altar on the right when offering "the sacrifice of prayer;" for undoubtedly the attitude and position of the allegorical high-priest is founded on that of the real ministrant. We may from the allegory safely assume the fact, because without the fact the allegory would be baseless. Even supposing that "consecrating" is not actually included, still he is the priest at the altar performing a sacrificial function. Nay, it is evidently *the sacrificial function par excellence* which the preacher selects to dwell upon for the purposes of his parallel. Can we doubt that, if there had been any sacrificial function more exalted or more central in reference to worship, he would have selected it in preference? Let us consider what it is: "The Great High "Priest receives the sweet-smelling incense and the bloodless immaterial "sacrifice of prayer," and "hands it on to the God and Father of all." I take it then that the Eucharist, with its sacrifice of prayer and praise—the former in its wider sense including the latter—is what the preacher intends; that "sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving" which, in our first post-communion prayer, we "beseech" God "to accept." The offering this is the special sacrificial act which the preacher seems to single out as characteristic of the "altar."

Chrysostom (in a remarkable passage in his *Homily de cœmeterio et de cruce*, last paragraph) selects the invocation of the Holy Spirit as holding a similarly central or characteristic relation. In reproving profane disturbers of the sanctuary in evidently the most solemn moments of worship, he says, "What doest thou, O man? When the priest standeth "before the table, invoking the Holy Spirit to be present and to touch "what lies in view thereon, let there be profound calm and silence.

* See note on p. 199.

† Σεμνὸν δὲ καὶ μέγα καὶ μυστηριώδες θυσιαστήριον, ποῖον ἂν εἴη ἡ τῆς τοῦ κοινῶν πάντων ἱερέως τῆς ψυχῆς τὸ εἰδικρωτὸς καὶ ἁγίον ἅγιον; ὃ παρυστῶς ἐπὶ δεξιᾷ ὁ μέγας τῶν ὄλων ἀρχιερεὺς αὐτὸς Ἰησοῦς ὁ μυστηριώδης τοῦ θεοῦ τὸ παρὰ πάντων εὐώδες θυμιάμα . . . παραπέμπεται, § 479, 20.

"When the Spirit descends and touches what so lies, when thou seest the Lamb slain and (the sacrifice) consummated, then dost thou introduce uproar, confusion, strife, and reviling?" The words are noticeable as containing, perhaps accidentally, some of the very words of our much-debated rubric, "*When the priest standing before the table hath,*" etc. I am not going to enter on the vexed question of the sense of the word "before" in Chrysostom or in that rubric; but it seems certain that Chrysostom and the preacher in Eusebius are alike speaking by *synecdoche* of the Eucharistic service as a whole, under what each from his own point of view regarded as its supreme act; and that in the latter, which is the earlier authority by about a century, this act is done by the priest "standing beside the altar on the right." Let us examine the phrase in relation to the known or probable conditions of space. Now "on the right" should most naturally mean, on the bishop's right, as seen from his throne, placed, as we have seen, at the extreme west end. This will therefore be the south side. If viewed from the opposite end of the church, it will of course be the north side. If the same side relatively to the bishop, as similarly placed in a church that "orientates," be taken, it will be the north again. But between north and south the choice must lie. And I believe this, of the year 313 A.D., is the earliest Christian authority for any detail of this kind. Josephus de B. J., v. 5, § 6, says that the priests in the Jewish temple approached the altar on the *south* side, where a gentle slope led up to it. The Levite is directed, in Lev. i. 11, in the sacrifice of the victim for a burnt-offering, "He shall kill it on the side of the altar *northward* before the Lord." So that in all that we know of ministrants at the Jewish altar, the choice still lies between south and north; and it seems not unlikely that the Jewish analogy may have guided the early Church in this respect. For the profound veneration for the Old Testament which that early Church everywhere displays,* would have led them reverently to accept its guidance wherever the higher authority of the Lord or His apostles did not lead in the opposite direction. Any notion, then, that a sacrificial act done at a Christian altar has a more decided sacrificial character if done towards the east, is repugnant

* The solemn observance of the Sabbath *as well* as the Sunday which prevailed far beyond the limits of the Hebrew Christian communities is one instance of this. Another is traceable in the large number of Eastern Churches which in keeping their Easter followed the Jewish Passover. Another may be seen in the very sermon of Euseb. x. 4, referred to above, where there are at least a dozen quotations express and referential from the Old Testament for one from the New. Indeed I doubt whether there are more than two from the New Testament which can be called decided quotations, although there are several casual allusions, and although the spirit of Apocalyptic imagery governs the whole.

to what we may fairly gather from this instance ; and I am not aware of any similarly clear instance in the ante-Nicene Church.

No doubt there is a general symbolism of the east, as the origin of light, and therefore as typical of Christ, the true "Light of the world," which is connected with all Christian adoration. Indeed, it is older than Christianity. Ezekiel saw, xliii. 2, "and behold the glory of the "God of Israel came by the way of the east," and again, in xlv. 1, 2, speaking of the eastern gate of the "outward sanctuary," he says, "The "Lord said unto me, this gate shall be shut, it shall not be opened, and "no man shall enter in by it ; because the Lord, the God of Israel, hath "entered in by it." It should be remembered, however, that at the first appearance of the Divine vision to the prophet, the *north* is the quarter from which it approaches (i. 4). The Star of the Nativity as seen "in "the east," the traditional site of Paradise, and other subjects of hallowed association, led the Christian Church to adopt in their worship an eastward aspect. Whence, it seems from Tertullian,* they were supposed to worship the sun ; comp. Ezek. viii. 16. The custom might of course apply to all solemn occasions of adoration, including the prayer of consecration. But I do not see that there is any particular plea in favour of its being said eastward : nor does the early Church seem to have seen any special fitness in an eastward position for the celebrant ; for if it had, I can hardly think we should not have found some trace of its being either prescribed or practised.

The actions prescribed to be done by the priest, may become very inconvenient when done at the narrower side of the table ; for the rubric directs him to "lay his hand upon every vessel, be it chalice or flagon, "in which there is any wine to be consecrated." When there are three or four such, and as many patens, it is somewhat unseemly to crowd them together at the narrow end, where, together with the service book, and perhaps in many churches still a large cushion, it is difficult to find room for them. And this "ordering" them may incur the risk of an accident. At any rate a celebrant who is nervous or short-sighted may reasonably wish for more ample space. It is surely desirable that his mind should be free from all petty embarrassment at such a moment by making the conditions physically as easy as possible. To some, I fear, these reasons of mere practical convenience will seem unworthy of notice, but those who have learned to view such accessories as matters of expediency, and only valuable as conducive to reverence and edification, will feel their weight. In an orientating church where the chancel-

* Tertull., *Apol.*, cap. xvi. : Alii plane humanius et verisimilius solem credunt deum nostrum. . . . Inde suspicio quod innotuerit nos ad orientis regionem precari.

arch is narrow, the priest at the north side will often be visible from the south aisle only, or perhaps from only a part of it, and not from the north, whereas standing in the middle of the west side he will be equally visible from both aisles. These appear to be sufficient practical reasons for not forbidding the use of what is called the "eastward position." At the same time it seems to me as arbitrary, and even whimsical, to regard a ministration at the broad side as more expressive of an "altar," as it is to regard the ministering at the narrow end as more expressive of a "table." Surely we derogate from the essential sanctity of the Divine rite itself when we theorize on uncertain grounds about trifling circumstances, and then make such theories the ground of uncharitable denunciation.





THE DREAD RECKONING;

A Story of 'Seventy-one.

By EVELYN JERROLD.

CHAPTER I.

THE "CHIFFONNIERS' ROOST."

"**R**OOST," the confraternity of rag-pickers called it; but, in truth, the place was an hotel, a public-house, a smoking-room, a *salon*—open at all hours, and for nearly all purposes, to the nocturnal prowlers of the great French capital. It was situated in the busy quarter of the central markets, where the rag-picker collects his most valuable wares; where the lowest class of Bohemians congregate. It received among its nightly visitors the scum of Paris, the dregs of society; but also outcasts whom poverty alone had degraded, and misanthropes who chose to degrade themselves in contempt of humanity.

The "Chiffonniers' Roost" did not as a rule appear to seek much publicity; it remained silent and dark at the far end of an obscure courtyard. But on the night of the 18th of March, 1871, its usual aspect was considerably modified. Dim lights glimmering through dirty windows testified to a certain indifference to public criticism. The bent forms that passed in and out of the "Roost" had a certain audacity of gait which denoted supreme rectitude of conscience, or a novel sense of power. Inside, the café was crowded and animated. Supper was progressing. An enormous cauldron, placed in the middle of the chamber, contained the evening meal. On entering, the customer deposited one *sou* on a zinc counter, and in return was provided with a long iron fork, with which he proceeded to ascertain the contents of the common copper, plunging the instrument in the greasy soup, and withdrawing now a calf's foot, now a sheep's head, now a goose's gizzard—refuse and remnants fallen from the tables of the Boulevard restaurants. In one corner of the Roost, a group of rag-pickers was engaged in sorting and dividing the result of last night's pilgrimage—old boots, linen, paper, old iron, and a few more valuable objects.

An old man who had placed his basket upside-down, and was sitting on it, cast contemptuous glances from time to time at the busy group in the corner. His face presented some indication of a mind above his calling. The eyes were sunken and bloodshot, but their glance was keen and intelligent. The hands were hardened and begrimed, but they retained a certain elegance of form and gesture, even when flourishing the short black pipe with which the old man alternately calmed his excitement and punctuated his discourse. His dress was like that of his companions, a short blouse, patched and stained, canvas trousers, a slouched cap, a handkerchief worn in a wisp to conceal the absence of shirt-collar. But beneath the ignoble costume the limbs moved easily, even gracefully; the slouch of the chiffonnier was mitigated by an approach to dignity not frequent among the rag-pickers. They probably recognized the distinction, for the old man spoke with some authority, and was listened to with a rough kind of deference.

"Hallo! you there, Blind Jacques," he cried to one of the busy group in the corner; "have you done quarrelling? That one eye of yours never saw further than the rim of your basket. Come now, Cyclope, Coccles, there will be better booty in Paris than old iron in a day or two."

The man got up and came towards the patriarch. Blind Jacques' heart was in his calling, chiefly because it procured him the means of stupifying himself three days out of the seven with the acrid and fiery potato brandy sold at the Roost. He was sober for the moment, and answered the old man with a gentle politeness which was all that remained to him of more refined society.

"Always classical in your allusions, M. Claude. You know I take more interest in a pound of dirty paper than in all the constitutions ever devised—from Lycurgus to the Constituent Assembly. So, if you're talking politics, I shall go back to my basket."

"How easy it is to see Blind Jacques has been a schoolmaster," cried one of the politicians.

"A schoolmaster!" echoed another from the corner, where he was inspecting a heterogeneous collection of rubbish. "I wish he'd tell me whose crest this is."

And he produced a silver spoon—a prize the chiffonnier is continually lighting upon in the course of his midnight perambulations.

"Crest! what does it matter?" observed the luckier possessor of an inlaid cigar-case.

The first speaker winked.

"What does it matter? Why, if Blind Jacques can tell me to what family the crest belongs, I shall present myself at the house—the picture

of virtuous poverty—and return the spoon with a little speech about duty, honesty, etc. ; and straightway M. the Count, or Madame the Marquise, presents virtuous poverty with a Napoleon—for a spoon not worth three francs ! ”

Claude shrugged his shoulders scornfully, and turned toward Blind Jacques.

“Bah ! the fellow’s born to be a beggar, not a chiffonnier. But I was telling you, my one-eyed philosopher, our time is coming. Yet a few hours, and you can change that hook of yours for a colonel’s sword. Paris is left to itself—and we are Paris ; we, the poor, the outcasts, the lepers, the *canaille* ! The Government has given us up—do you hear, comrades ? I saw the last Excellence with his portfolio, the last usher with his gold chain, leave by to-night’s train.”

Blind Jacques’ cynicism was not shared by all the chiffonniers. A decided murmur of approval greeted this announcement, and with a smile of satisfaction Claude saw twenty worn and wrinkled faces light up fiercely around him.

“Aye, boys,” he continued, “there’s more profitable work to be done than tramping through miles of gutters under the eye of the police. There are ministries to be taken, soldiers to enroll ; there’s the emancipation of the world to inaugurate ; and,” he muttered, “there are villains to be punished.”

No one knew what fate had cast Claude among them ; never had he been heard to speak of his past life ; even his name was a mystery ; he called himself simply Claude, and that sufficed for his companions. But his hardihood, his honesty, his very bitterness, had won him a place in the esteem of all the hopeless, reckless frequenters of the Roost ; and he could lead and excite them with a facility which the followers were the last to suspect. Therefore the responsive cry to his short harangue was almost universal. Only Blind Jacques murmured sardonically :

“Stick to your hooks and baskets, and leave the Government alone.”

But his prudent advice was not heard ; for at this moment the wizened old negress who occupied the position of hostess and barmaid emitted a low warning :

“Hist ! Strangers ! ”

The spoons, forks, inlaid cigar-cases, etc., disappeared into blouses and baskets. The door was pushed open, and a tall veiled woman’s figure entered. Following close on the stranger’s steps, as though to protect her, appeared a young man, dressed with careful elegance, and remarkable for an air of easy self-possession somewhat difficult to preserve under the circumstances.

The lady bowed politely to the chiffonniers.

"Diane," said the young man touching her sleeve, "pray let us bring this adventure to an end. It is likely to become tragic, and I am engaged for genteel comedy. Look at that collection of faces. Come away, Diane."

"Bah!" said the lady thus addressed. "Be at rest, Raymond,—nobody here will touch us. See——" And after having with some difficulty scanned the faces before her in the dim light, she went towards Claude and touched his shoulder. He started.

"I fancied it must be you," he whispered. "But what madness! Why here?"

"Why not? I am safe with you."

"Aye, they won't hurt you. But the stranger?—Who is with you?"

"Oh! Raymond—Raymond Parville; he plays in the same piece with me. My sworn ally, poor fellow."

And as she glanced at the actor there was a kindly, even a tender light in the haughty, stedfast eyes. But it went as quickly as it had come; and she turned again to Claude with the old, intent, relentless look.

"You must find means to execute our plan before twenty-four hours. I have delayed their departure for so long; but I could do no more. The cousin, Adrien, was my tool. The boy fancies he is in love with me, and I have made him detain them. An appointment to-morrow, when I shall keep him waiting for an hour or two—an anonymous letter to them, and the trick is done."

Claude paused a moment, and then said reflectively:

"Yes, it can be done in time. The people is ready and will take fire at the first spark. I must see that a few are sown: and then we hold them."

The old man's face contracted horribly. His small keen eyes shone redly, and there was a movement of the jaw as though he were chewing some very sweet and evil cud of fancy.

"Then you promise?" she said.

"Promise! is a promise needed?"

"Not between us," she said; "you are right." And with a wave of the hand to Claude, she turned to the young man who accompanied her. He had been watching the interview anxiously. No doubt of her entered his mind; but it irked him to see his love so surrounded, in such ignoble company.

"Come," she said; and they passed out into the courtyard together.

"What does it all mean?" asked Parville, as he handed her into a carriage waiting at the corner of the street.

"It means—it means the sweetest thing in life—Revenge."

A long and secret counsel was held that night at the "Chiffonniers' Roost." Claude had much to tell, many directions to give; and in the grey morning the rag-pickers stole out one by one, taking different paths, but having, it seemed, one aim, one watchword. The baskets were abandoned, the picks had disappeared. As Claude had said—there was more profitable work to be done.

CHAPTER II.

CONFIDANTS.

PARVILLE watched Diane's carriage until it had disappeared into the night. The comedian's light heart was pained and troubled. He was used to stage sorrows, to stage mysteries and complications; but this was the first time he had been brought face to face with a drama in real life, and nearly all his theatrical self-possession and acuteness forsook him. "Revenge!" The word was effective enough in the tragic denunciations of painted villains in doeskin boots; but on the lips of the woman he hoped to make his wife it had a new and unpleasant sound. What could it mean? He turned sorrowfully away from the receding carriage, and walked aimlessly down the street.

"She was gayer, more brilliant than usual at the theatre to-night. Was it because of this dark scheme of hers? Is she nearing her goal, whatever that may be? I know that her early life was bitter and humble; but what could have brought her to use such vile instruments as those I have just seen her with, for some secret purpose she dare not disclose—even to me whom she trusts? Is it so black that I who love her, who have loved her without encouragement, almost without hope, for more than a year, should shrink from her with loathing if I knew it? Who will enlighten me, advise me?"

And he looked wistfully around him as though seeking a counsellor. Intent on his thoughts, he had strayed some distance from the "Chiffonniers' Roost." As he examined the spot where he now found himself, an idea appeared to strike him, and he exclaimed joyfully, half aloud:

"That's it! I will go to Maxime's. This is his neighbourhood."

The genial, open-hearted comedian had many friends; but the dearest, the oldest, his chosen companion and confidant, was Maxime Quercy, an artist, several years younger than himself, and, unlike the actor who drew crowds to the Paris theatres, only just standing on the threshold of fame. But neither felt this inequality of age and fortune. Maxime was the first to applaud each new success of his friend; and Parville

had for the painter's judgment and perseverance the respect of a younger man. There was indeed much to respect in Maxime Quercy's brief career. The son of a poor farmer, he had come to Paris without friends and without resources. He had lived by copying manuscripts, by colouring lithographs, composing pictorial advertisements,—by all the obscure arts and industries that yield the daily bread of Bohemia. Studying in the museums and schools by day, he had at last succeeded in exhibiting a picture, in selling it, and in obtaining further orders. Then, when the succour was least needed, his father arrived in Paris, having sold his few fields to a railway company at a price out of all proportion to their value. Henceforth Maxime's course was easy, and his progress rapid and sure. He had known Parville in his days of doubt and poverty, and owed something of his increasing success to the artist's influence in the artistic world.

It was a quiet street near the outer Boulevards where Parville stopped. He mounted the staircase of a modest middle-class house, and knocked at a door on the topmost storey.

"Come in!" cried a clear, ringing voice, interrupting a loud popular carol, in about eighty verses, of the Latin quarter.

In a corner of his large studio, enclosed by a folding screen, the artist was sitting before a flaming wood fire, sketching and copying on a little table, littered with books, albums, pipes, pencils, and papers. All around him was a chaos of costumes, paintings, frames, old weapons, old furniture, and easels. Maxime's dress was as eccentric as the contents of his apartment. His short, crisp auburn curls were hidden by a Turkish fez; in lieu of coat, he wore a brocaded dressing-gown of the last century, from the bottom of which protruded the long points of Algerian slippers of yellow leather.

"Raymond, dear boy!" cried the artist cordially, "I was thinking you had forgotten the way to the studio. And you're late too. Did you play in the last piece?"

"I took a part in a private performance, impromptu," said the actor, half laughing, half serious.

Maxime looked at him curiously.

"There's something in the wind," he said; "not with Diane Lenoir, I hope."

"I am no hand at comedy off the stage," said Parville. "Yes, there is something between Diane and me; and the worst is that I don't know what the something is."

"Not a quarrel,—no jealousy, or the like?"

"No, no. You know I have told you, Maxime, that I suspected some bitter grief at the bottom of Diane's past life. She is nearly

thirty-four,—don't start—she doesn't hide the fact—her face hides it for her; and she has been on the stage for eight or nine years. You know what an actress's life is; every event of it is known to the profession, if not to the public. Hers has been perfectly quiet, regular, commonplace,—I am sure of that. Whatever evil has befallen her, it happened before she became an actress. What was it? Some say that her husband, or intended husband, was killed during the street-fighting in 1851. I have seen in her dressing-room at the theatre the portrait of a young man dressed according to the fashions of eighteen years ago;—but is that a clue?"

"Of course not," said Maxime, puffing thoughtfully at his cigarette. "Has she no family, no friends older than you?"

"None that I have ever met or heard of," returned the actor dejectedly. "She has acquaintances—theatrical people—a few fashionable exquisites who frequent the green-room—and, as I have learned to-night, connections of a less reputable character."

"How so?" inquired Maxime.

Parville described the events of the last few hours, told how after the conclusion of the last piece Diane had asked him to accompany her on a secret expedition of some danger; how she had been received at the 'Chiffonniers' Roost, and with what mysterious answers she had met his interrogations.

The painter looked serious. He wished to allay his friend's anxiety; but the words of comfort would not come easily to his tongue, for his thoughts belied them. This dark expedition, this strange familiarity with the very refuse of society, seemed to warrant the gravest suspicions of Diane's conduct and motive. He was about to express this conviction, when he caught sight of the actor's face turned anxiously towards his own. There was such a pleading expression in Parville's usually laughing eyes, such careworn creases on his forehead, that Maxime had not the heart to speak frankly.

"Well, nothing is strange in these troubled times, my dear boy. All Paris has been mad since the siege. Why should not Diane Lenoir have shared the phrenzy? I have seen her play again and again, and I should swear she is a woman of high enthusiasm, of reckless courage and determination. Do you know whether she is interested in politics?—that would explain everything."

Parville's face brightened. "That's it, of course," said he confidently. "Aye; she has strong, fierce political leanings. I have heard her speak most bitterly of the governing classes. I am afraid she hates a rich man instinctively,—most of all, by-the-bye, your friends the De Solanges."

Maxime coloured slightly, and said with some curiosity, "Strange ! How do you guess that ?"

"Adrien de Solanges, the Vicomte's nephew, is passionately in love with her. He is continually behind the scenes, pestering her with his attentions. She seems to take a malicious pleasure in playing with him as a cat does with a mouse,—irritating him to the verge of madness at one moment, and at the other almost encouraging his suit. I became jealous in the end, as you can imagine ; and one evening, when I had been reproaching her—rather frantically, I am afraid—for what I called her culpable levity, she turned suddenly round on me with a terrible glitter in her eyes, and cried vehemently, 'A Solanges ! You are mad ! I hate him, and all his race. Do you hear ? Never accuse me of love for one of them,—it would be shame indeed ;' and she seized a portrait that Adrien had just presented, and tore it into shreds."

"So, Raymond, we are in opposite camps," said Maxime, half smiling.

"I hope you are more prosperous in yours than I in mine," said Parville.

"Prosperous ! What hope can I have ?" returned Maxime with some bitterness. "Look at the difference that separates us. I, a poor painter engaged to paint panels in the Vicomte's chateau in Burgundy ; I who met Elaine in her father's house as a stranger and inferior, almost a dependant——"

"Nay," interrupted Parville, "you are unjust. The Vicomte de Solanges has treated you with perfect courtesy. He invites you to his dinners, to his balls : one doesn't do that for an inferior."

"Oh, yes ; he doesn't exactly ask me to ring the bell or hand round the ices. But let simple Maxime Quercy make a formal proposal for Mdlle. de Solanges' hand,—do you think the old patrician's courtesy would prevent him from calling to his lacqueys to thrust me into the street ? I tell you my chance is about as good as that of one of those same lacqueys. He doesn't even do me the honour to consider me dangerous. I can talk with Elaine as long as I like. He leaves us alone together. What could she possibly see in the peasant's son with a knack at daubing canvas ?"

"But she did see something," returned Parville ; "a good deal, I should say, judging from what I have heard you relate of your interviews."

"Yes ; a natural curiosity,—a plebeian, a democrat, who can speak decent French. But I must not be bitter against her. She has been good and gracious to me ; and, I believe in my heart, likes me as well as any one about her. But she will never resist her father ; and he

has given me to understand that a marriage is arranged between her and Adrien the cousin—Diane Lenoir's bugbear."

Parville rose and shook his friend's hand warmly.

"Well, well, dear boy,—everything seems topsy-turvy in these days; perhaps we may come to the surface, after all. At any rate, whatever comes—courage."

"Patience, rather," said Maxime, following his friend to the door.

"It's easier to win than to wait."

CHAPTER III.

DANGER SIGNALS.

THAT night Maxime's sleep was troubled. His dreams pictured the past he had been describing to his friend. Pictured and distorted it, as dreams will, into something even more saddening than the reality. The vision was full of direful hints and vague dangers, which he could neither understand nor avert. Then he heard his father stirring in the adjoining room,—writing, unlocking drawers, trailing what seemed to Maxime a very arsenal along the floor. At last he fell into deeper slumber; but not for long. He woke with a start. His father was standing at his bedside. The grey light of dawn was struggling through the curtains.

The old man was dressed to go out. He wore a red scarf across his chest, and from the pocket of his dark green surtout—the uniform of the Garde Mobile—peeped the butt of a revolver.

Maxime stared at his father in amazement. Quercy reassured him with a smile. He regarded the young painter as a spoilt child—brilliant, whimsical, and witty, but lacking the serious interests that occupied himself. He could not understand the young man's political indifference, being himself a violent, earnest democrat, of simple but steadfast faith and heroic courage. He was proud of his son's genius, and petted what he called his fancies; but it was a subject of regret with him that the genius had never made a speech and never been arrested.

"Don't look scared, lad," he said, laughing; "I must be abroad betimes. It is the first day of a new era—the dawn of universal equality."

"Is it?" said Maxime, smiling; "then universal equality is dawning in a fog," and he pointed to the struggling light. "But where are you going?" he added, with a glance at the old man's uniform.

"The people is roused. The Committee of the National Guard is in

possession of Paris. I am going to seize the Ministry of the Interior in the name of the Commune that is to be elected in a few days."

Maxime sprang to the ground.

"The deuce you are! and revolvers too. And, father, you were going without me," he added reproachfully.

"Pooh, pooh! You prefer your canvases to our dry talking."

"Aye; but I'm not such a worshipper of art as to keep my head in my colour-box while you are in danger."

The old man was secretly satisfied, though he endeavoured to treat his son's reproaches lightly.

"Well, come, Van Dyke," said he cheerily; "it will be a revolutionary study for you when you're tired of painting gods and goddesses."

Maxime dressed hastily, and, arm in arm, father and son went down into the streets. The pavements were wet with the thin grey mist. Faintly, drearily the yellow lights of rare street lamps struggled through the fog. The scene was desolate and uninviting; yet by unmistakable signs the painter perceived that Paris was awake and stirring. The bakers' shops were full of armed men buying provisions of bread as though for a three days' campaign. Others were breakfasting hurriedly at the corners of streets, grouped around little improvised stalls where soup and coffee were sold. The workshops were closed, and many of the shops; and Maxime noticed that several of the jewellers had nailed their shutters fast.

"This looks promising for a battle-piece," he said, as he turned into one of the main arteries of the city. But here the scene was different. Waiting crowds of men in blouses, in coats, in uniform, thronged the broad thoroughfare. In the roadway battalions of National and Mobile Guards were massed. The crowd was strangely silent, and Maxime's heart throbbed quickly as he thought of the irresistible power of those inert masses which were launched—against what? and where?

Quercy stopped before a battalion of National Guards, and whispered a few hurried words to the officer in command. In a moment a cheer ran along the street, the loud cry "March!" rang out, and Maxime found himself beside his father in the centre of a band of citizens, soldiers, blouses, workmen, and nondescript enthusiasts. Quercy appeared to be the guiding spirit of the disorderly legion, and Maxime admired how composedly and lucidly the rough peasant, unused to any species of command, issued orders, corrected mistakes, and kept within bounds the fierce ardour of his followers. These roused the rabble wherever they passed, and in a few minutes the handful had swollen to a multitude—an inflamed, noisy multitude, in whose throats the *Marseillaise* sounded as the roar of a tempestuous ocean.

Quercy was talking with an old man at his side—a bent and shrivelled old man, with small bloodshot eyes, and an unusually elastic tread.

“I come from the local committee,” said the stranger, “to assist at your installation.”

“Good,” said Quercy. “There will be no opposition, I suppose?”

“None,” said the stranger.

He was right; to the manifest disappointment of the crowd, nothing stepped between it and its destination—no barricade, no artillery, no reactionary battalion. The march to the Ministry was unimpeded; and when the insurgents arrived at the long, grey, austere-looking building situated in the heart of the melancholy Faubourg Saint-Germain, the *Marseillaise* had become a little more subdued, the singers being palpably depressed by the silence and solitude around them.

It took but a few moments to put the Sovereign People in possession of the Ministry. The corridors were overrun by rough working folk and laughing gamins. Quercy installed himself in the apartment of the fugitive minister. The red ensign fluttered up the flagstaff in place of the three colours, which the mob tore to shreds in the courtyard.

Half amused, half admiring, Maxime found himself seated before his father at one end of a long baize-covered table in the cabinet of the ex-minister. The keen-eyed, active stranger, deputed by the local committee, took a seat near the old peasant, and produced a bundle of papers.

“Things are tolerably quiet now,” he remarked briefly. “We can proceed to business. It is understood, Citizen Quercy, that until the elections you are delegate at the Interior.”

“And may I ask,” returned Quercy, “what functions you fulfil?”

“Oh, I am an outsider as yet. But I have influence in my quarter, and propose to assist you for the moment in a purely unofficial capacity. I am an old soldier of ’48.”

That was enough for Quercy. He shook hands with the stranger, and merely asked,

“What is your name, citizen?”

“Claude—call me Claude.”

The old chiffonnier, for it was he, proceeded to unfold his papers. He indicated Maxime with a gesture of interrogation.

“My son,” said Quercy.

“Good. Now, Citizen Delegate,” he continued, in a clear, decided voice, “the first measures to be taken are those necessary for the preservation of public order.”

Maxime thought of the mob commanded by the old chiffonnier and smiled.

"True," said Quercy with perfect gravity.

"We must nip the protestations of the reactionary party in the bud," continued Claude. "The chiefs of that party must be arrested forthwith."

Quercy nodded assent.

"Here is a list of suspected persons ;" and the chiffonnier proceeded to read aloud about thirty names of known aristocrats, royalists, or imperial partisans. Finally, in an unmoved, indifferent tone of voice, he read :—

"The Vicomte de Solanges."

Maxime bent forward, as though he had not heard aright.

"The Vicomte de Solanges," repeated the chiffonnier, impassibly.

Maxime turned towards his father ; the peasant's face remained stolid.

"Father, do you hear ?" said the young man.

"I hear."

"But why this last name ?" cried Maxime. "How is the Vicomte de Solanges dangerous ?"

"He is dangerous," answered Claude, coldly, "as a myrmidon of the Second Empire—as a sworn foe to liberty and the Republic—as having fired on the people in December 1851."

"But I know him ; I will answer for him," said the young man.

"I am sorry for you," returned Claude. And he added, glancing at Quercy, "It seems, Citizen, that your son has frequented the *salons* of the masters while you were doing good work among the serfs."

The old peasant looked embarrassed. The remark touched him on a tender point.

"I must beg you not to come between my father and me," said Maxime hotly. Then he turned again to his father, and cried appealingly, "You cannot let this man arrest, sequester, imprison at his own arbitrary pleasure. Erase that name, father. The Vicomte is leaving Paris. He will not hinder you."

"Aye—to raise the provinces against us," said Claude, his eyes gleaming malignantly.

The old peasant addressed his son sternly : "I can't protect your friends. You should have chosen them in your own rank—honest, patriotic, simple-minded. The Vicomte is dangerous. He must be arrested with the rest."

"As you choose," replied Maxime ; and, rising hastily, he strode out of the room, neither heeding Claude's satirical smile, nor answering his father's look of reproach.

"We must hasten," said Claude. "The lad has gone to warn his friends."

CHAPTER IV.

LOST !

THE chiffonnier was right. Maxime's first thought was to save the father of the woman he loved,—save her, indeed, for he had seen the lawless mob that was to execute Claude's decree, and knew that no one connected, remotely or directly, with the men branded dangerous could hope to escape its fury. He remembered no political difference, not one of the many traits that ruffled or offended him in the Vicomte's character. He remembered Elaine—saw her facing the rabble of Paris, whose mandate was an order signed by his father! He pictured her grief, her disappointment in him; and he did not hesitate. With a lover's egotism he put his passion before the People, Liberty, the Republic, and felt that he could ruin France to save Elaine. It was yet early morning, but the sun had risen, and cabs were in the streets. He hailed one, and was driven rapidly to the Vicomte de Solange's hotel, situated near the Boulevards, as all the hotels of the Imperialist nobility should be. The populace was up in arms. Bands of workmen and National Guards were hurrying in all directions. Again and again the crowd environed him, and in an agony of impatience he cried from the windows of the carriage, "Give way—give way, for heaven's sake! It is a case of life and death." And as many times the gamins jeered and laughed a moment, but let him pass on, with more respect and delicacy than their words had led him to expect.

The porter at the Hotel de Solanges eyed him with suspicion. Monsieur le Vicomte was leaving Paris, he said. And effectively, when Maxime had brushed past him, he saw on every side, in the courtyard and in the vestibule, evidences of a departure so hurried and so disorderly that it might perfectly well have been called a flight.

He was almost obliged to force his way through the obstructive ranks of footmen to the Vicomte's private apartment. At last his name was announced, and he entered the library, where two gentlemen were sitting, filing and docketing letters and documents. One, the Vicomte de Solanges, rose to receive him—with unusual frigidity, it appeared to Maxime.

"You are early, Monsieur," he said, politely, but without motioning his visitor to a seat.

Adrien de Solanges, the Vicomte's nephew, rose also, and cast a meaning glance at his uncle.

"I am unceremonious," said Maxime; "but you will excuse me when you know my errand."

"Monsieur Quercy has never any need of an excuse," said Adrien with a sneer.

Maxime surveyed the dandy tranquilly, and continued without noticing the interruption :

"It has just come to my knowledge that your arrest is decreed by the insurgents. Even now, probably, a mob is on its way to seize you. There is not a moment to lose. I have seen the bands into whose hands you will fall, and can answer for their being rapid and unscrupulous."

The Vicomte looked at him curiously, and said with some hesitation,

"I thank you, Monsieur ; I am afraid I have been unjust to you. I imagined that you came on quite an opposite mission—your father's name being that of a determined enemy of order."

"Quite a budding Danton," said Adrien, with a smile.

Maxime persisted in his utter disregard of the cousin, and said with some asperity,

"My father's opinions are mine to some degree. They have nothing to do with the present matter. I heard you were menaced, Monsieur the Vicomte, and came to your rescue, that is all."

The Vicomte was sufficiently politic and courteous to discountenance his nephew's manner towards one who had rendered him a signal service, and he replied cordially,

"We are all much obliged to you, M. Maxime, and will act immediately according to your suggestions."

The carriages were ordered. Trunks and packing-cases were conveyed into the courtyard as rapidly as busy grooms and footmen could carry them. The Vicomte continued meanwhile his private preparations—burning papers and letters, sorting, selecting, and forming packets, which were immediately placed in special trunks and despatch boxes by his valet. It was the removal of a man who has many secrets, many compromising documents to destroy, and many memoranda to retain. Maxime assisted calmly, but with some secret trepidation at these preparations. He had not seen Elaine, and knew not whether she had left Paris, or whether she was about to accompany her father. Moreover, his ears were yet full of the cries, the threats of the crowd he had just left. He was feverishly anxious to know that Elaine was far from the touch of those soiled fingers—free from the ribald pleasantries and angry insults of the insurgents ; and at the same time he could not bear to picture her away, removed from him, left to the society and the perfidious machinations of Adrien.

The bitter conflicting reflections were suddenly disturbed. A footman


presented himself hurriedly at the library door, his face blanched with terror, his limbs trembling.

"The insurgents, Monsieur," he cried breathlessly; and as he spoke the distant rumour of an advancing crowd became audible.

(To be continued.)

SHADOWS.

By S. H. BRADBURY.

OMETIMES I smile, sometimes I sigh,
But mostly sorrow fills my heart;
The present and the future lie,
Like two grim shadows, just apart.
I change as often as the clouds,
That on a gusty morning run
In cold and sad and solemn crowds,
To bar and blind the faithful sun.

Why come these thoughts in baleful forms
To darken life's too fleeting hours?
E'en as the summer's sullen storms,
That sob their gloom away in showers.
I cannot smile as others smile,
Nor yet be merry half as long;
For sorrow fills me even while
I yearn to sing a joyous song.

The knowledge that my youth has gone
Broods ever darkly on the mind;
I look as looks some hapless one
For what he needs, but cannot find.
I long in vain for peace or rest,
And mourn each lost and faded scene;
Like some poor bird that finds its nest
All vacant where its young have been!

Pain waits on pleasure evermore,
To blanch its blush, to dim its light—
To mock it when its dreams are o'er,
When all its charms have taken flight.
And thus it is we cannot sing,
Or long be joyous, when we're old:
When summer hours have taken wing,
The flowers must perish in the cold!



OLLA PODRIDA.



UR old friend Mrs. Frances Freeling Broderip writes to Sylvanus Urban to "set to rights" the question as to her brother's name. She says that till within a few months of his death he believed he had been christened "Tom." The family Bible, she adds, contains an entry by his father in which he is called "Thomas;" but in the belief already mentioned, and to prevent "invidious comparisons," he "always called himself Tom." In questioning this statement, we do not for a moment doubt that Mrs. Broderip has given accurately her own impressions. But we may mention that her brother did not always sign "Tom." The first volume of the *ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE*, published in 1861, contains some charming poems from his pen signed "Thomas Hood"; his first book, "The Daughters of King Daher," in which several of his contributions are reprinted (also published at the end of that year), has "by Thomas Hood" on its title-page;* and the Preface to Vol. I. of "The Complete Works of Thomas Hood, Comic and Serious, in Prose and Verse, Edited by his Son"—published in 1862—is signed "Thomas." Moreover, we possess several notes from him dated prior to 1865 (when he became editor of *Fun*), signed "Thomas" and "Thos." It was in 1866 that he publicly adopted the familiar style of "Tom"—doubtless, as his sister says, "in voluntary distinction from his father." We quite agree with Mrs. Broderip in regarding this as a "minor question." Still, as it has been raised, and is of some literary interest, it should be settled. With her also we deprecate "quarrelling over his early grave," and are at a loss to see why *any* "little unpleasantness" should have arisen out of Mr. Lucy's very just and touching memorial article in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. We refer to the subject principally for two reasons—because one of the last bits of writing done by Tom Hood on his death-bed was a cordial notice in *Fun* of the *ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE* (regarded by us as a parting shake of the hand); and because we, in common with all

* Curiously enough, the Preface to this volume is also signed "Thomas," but the Dedication to Mrs. S. C. Hall is signed "Tom" Hood—the name by which he was "always" known in his own family and amongst his friends.

friends of Tom Hood—a man who had not a personal enemy in the world—are glad to hear that Mrs. Broderip proposes to write a memoir of her brother. May we suggest that she should add to her memoir a collection of his contributions to periodical literature? Many of Tom Hood's poems are fully worthy the great name he bore, and only require identification to give him a high place amongst our poets.

Mr. Mortimer Collins writes: "Mr. Paget's article on 'Inkerman and its Lessons' is of great value. What he says of 'middle-class niggardliness and ignorance' is only too true. We are too much under the thumb of these mere hucksters, who are filling the House of Commons with atrocious dullness and self-interest. Six years since, I wrote in a letter to our present Premier—"

'Brewers and bankers, men of odious omen,
Auriferous fellows of immense abdomen,
Flashy directors with their diamond rings—
Such is the mass of our six hundred kings.'

"Things now are worse. When Mr. Paget says (p. 14), 'the Column was no match for the Line,' he might have indicated that it requires a thoroughly gallant race to fight in line, which is obviously the finest military method. The phalanx of Pyrrhus was better than the column; but if you can get men brave enough to advance in line without funk, and to form square when stout resistance is necessary" [as the Allies *did* on the plateaux of Mont St. Jean], "you multiply your army by ten. One brave man is worth more than any number of cowards who fly like sheep in a panic." Communicating the substance of these remarks to Mr. Paget, he replies: "I doubt if 'squares' are much in vogue as a formation. All guns by sea and land now fire *shells* instead of shot, and I fancy the square will seldom figure in modern battle—though, of course, it might be used against cavalry. But cavalry can only charge breechloaders, I should think, under circumstances giving them some temporary advantage, such as sweeping out from under the shoulder of a hill, or coming close up in a fog, etc. In this case 'rallying square' (groups of three men) would probably be adopted." Who shall decide when critics disagree? Any one who studies modern military history, and especially the battles of Mars le Tour, Gravelotte, and Sedan, must be convinced that with weapons like needle-guns and Chassepôts such another battle as Inkerman is an impossibility. On the morning of the first of September, 1870, at Illy, whole squadrons of French cavalry

were swept away, and regiments of infantry decimated, without even seeing their German foes. We believe, however, that had MacMahon adopted the Line formation at Wörth, he would not have been out-flanked by the Crown Prince, but might have held his ground till the reinforcements arrived by train from Bitsche. His forces would on Mr. Mortimer Collins's theory have been multiplied by ten.

Mr. H. W. Bruton, of Gloucester, corrects an error we made in a note (p. 106) to the paper "Book Collectors and Book Illustrators," given in our last number. He says the late Mr. Turner's Shakspeare was Boydell's edition, published in 1802, in nine atlas folio volumes, and continues: "In addition to the series of plates by Smirke, Stothard, and others, Mr. Turner further illustrated and enriched it by the insertion of '3,000 portraits and plates, 740 drawings, and a large collection of 'cuttings' and playbills from Garrick to Kean, and had it bound 'in forty-four volumes. It was sold in June, 1860, by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, of Leicester Square, London, the well-known auctioneers 'of literary property, and the lot fell to an American for £495." We remember in boyhood seeing a portrait of Mr. Turner in his dining-room, in Brunswick Square, Gloucester, with one of the Shakspeare volumes in his hand, or beside him, bound in green morocco; and we were afterwards favoured by him with a "look at the pictures" in the volumes themselves.

Guy Roslyn, in his "Old Songs and New Singers," following Coleridge, says (p. 76), "Without any suggestion of plagiarism, poets 'are now and then much alike in word, sound, and thought;' and consequently full allowance should be made 'for curious coincidences.'" The *Daily News*, writing on the charges against Poe of plagiarism from Tennyson, says it is "tolerably certain that some peculiar combinations 'of rhyme in 'The Raven' were suggested to him by some lines in a 'poem of Mrs. Browning's;' of whom, we may add, he was an enthusiastic admirer, dedicating his collected poems to "Elizabeth Barrett Barrett, the noblest of her sex." Whether "The Raven" directly owed any portion of its music to Mrs. Browning or not, it seems probable that she adopted part of the refrain of "The Raven" in one of her own most celebrated poems, published some years after Poe's death; and it may be interesting to refer to what Mrs. Browning says

of "unconscious plagiarism" in a letter to Mr. Horne dated February 20th, 1844, and given on p. 148, *ante*. The *Daily News* agrees with Guy Roslyn on the general question, and refers to Byron's annoyance at finding that he had "unconsciously made his own certain lines by "Southey"—it might have pointed to the parallel passages in "Christabel" and "Parisina"—and continues: "During a controversy about "a supposed plagiarism of a remarkably audacious character, Macaulay "mentioned that he had himself, by virtue of his splendid memory, "become master of long passages which years after he mistook for his "own, and was once or twice on the point of printing in his own pages. "Savage Landor has a short poem, the whole idea and purpose of "which are so precisely identical with a poem of Spenser's, that it is "clear the modern poet would never have published his lines if their "original source had not passed from his memory." So, too, numerous passages from Shakspeare were unconsciously adopted by Shelley in "The Cenci." With these celebrated instances in view, we may state as an axiom that every well-read man, whether a writer or not, will be loth to charge an author with plagiarism. Without wishing to forestall what Guy Roslyn may have to say in his second article on parallel passages in "Old Songs and New Singers," we may point out that the well-known lines in "Lady Clara Vere de Vere"—

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood"—

have their parallel in a "translation from the ancient British language," called "Winifreda," first printed in 1726, and included in "Percy's Reliques" (vol. i., p. 342, 4th ed., 1794):—

"What though no grants of royal donors,
With pompous titles, grace our blood;
We'll shine in more substantial honours,
And to be noble we'll be good."

Here, it will be noticed, the thought and the rhymes are "precisely identical." So, again, though "all the world" knows Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," many people will "be surprised to "learn" that its rhythm and structure are borrowed from Michael Drayton's "Battle of Agincourt;" *ex. gr.*,—

"They now to fight are gone:
Armour on armour shone,
Drum now to drum did roan,
To hear was wonder;

That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake,
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder."

Many "coincidences" of a similar kind, to be found in Tennyson and other poets, old and new, occur to us, but no doubt they will be indicated by Guy Roslyn, who writes with all the love of a poet for poets and their art; since, as the *Gloucester Journal* truly says, "by 'his own charming lyrics he is fairly entitled to rank among our 'new 'singers.' " Mr. John Watson Dalby, a veteran poet who blossomed in the thirties and has been putting forth fresh leaves occasionally ever since, sends us some pertinent remarks on plagiarism which we shall serve up in our "Olla" next month.

Our attention has been called to a somewhat savage attack on *Temple Bar*, which appeared in *The World* for April 7th, and we can only say thereanent that, considering who is editor of *The World*, and that *Temple Bar* was a virtual failure when under his management, it would have been better taste on the part of the gentleman in question not to attack that magazine now Mr. George Bentley has made it both a commercial and a literary success.





THE BATTLE OF THE STANDARD.

BY WILLIAM ALFRED GIBBS,

AUTHOR OF "HAROLD ERLE," "THE STORY OF A LIFE," ETC.

Part the First.

The Norman March through England.

BRIGHT and fatigue—feasting and wassail deep—
Caused Stephen and his knights to sleep full late,
So that the morrow's sun shone high and bright
Ere they arose to break that morrow's fast.

Fresh blew the wind, and jocundly the sea
Came rolling in to kiss the golden sands ;
The barques that had outrid the dreadful storm
Leapt gladly o'er the gay white-crested waves,
And all astir were seen the mariners
Repairing here a rope, and there a spar ;
But these the King left anchored off the coast,
And, calling all his trusty knights to horse,
Bade farewell to the "Castle by the Sea."

Hard for Bretagne to part on that bright morn
With the fair maiden he had woo'd and won.
But Love must wait when Loyalty commands,
And Maud—proud Maud—would have despised her knight
Had he been recreant to his brave liege-lord.
Yet not the less the young hearts ached full sore,
Sundered so suddenly,—perchance for aye.
"Aye, there's the rub!" When loving hearts must part,
What surety is there that they meet again ?
That eve the ladye sought her lonely tower,
And long sat silent, tearfull with regrets ;
Then strove to ease her heavy heart of grief
By loving thoughts, light-woven into song.

Like long-pent falcon eager for the fight
He hath gone forth,—my loved one,—to the fight ;
My glove borne proudly on his plumed crest,
My love borne lovingly within his breast.

Sad was our parting ;—sadder now my heart ;—
Ah me ! why loved we, thus so soon to part ?
Yet, love, thou know'st I would not have thee stay
In recreant idlesse from the royal fray.

Gone ! thou art gone ! How dark and drear the skies !
For thee alone my vesper prayers arise.
Fortune fight with thee in fierce war's alarms,
Maria ! Madré ! shield thee from all harms !

Meantime King Stephen and his knights had sped
As fast as miry roads and swamps and fords
Permitted speed in those benighted days.
Not far, indeed ! They sallied forth at noon
With blare of trumpets and the clank of arms,
With courteous leave-takings and friendships pledged,
But scarce by sundown rode a score of miles.

The King had won upon his Saxon friends
So swiftly by his frank and gracious speech,
That they donned harness and went forth with him,
And by good hap now stood him in good stead.
For wist ye well in those wild days of old
Few hostelries were found upon the ways,
Save in the fencèd cities or large towns ;
And fencèd cities thro' that forest land
Lay distant, each from each a long day's ride :
But Edgar—chiefest of the Saxon band—
Remembered kinsmen scattered here and there
Who still might hold some portion of their own,
If not in lands or woods, in house and home ;
And rightly judged, for one such vast old home
He sought and found ere night fell on their track ;
Here, telling briefly how by miracle
He and his comrades had escaped from thrall,
The grandsire of the house—Earl Sigbert once—
From where he sat, gazed long and earnestly
On Edgar's face as he was speaking this,—
Then rising, fell upon his neck and wept.
Ah ! what a rush of bitter memories

Came with the old man's painful scalding tears,—
The mem'ries of oppression and deep wrongs,—
Of spoliations of fair broad domains,—
Of prisons, separations, cruel deaths
Perchance far worse to witness, than endure !
Scarce this the mood in which to entertain
The Norman Stephen and his foreign knights ;
Yet Edgar, after giving grief the rein,
Spake out so warmly in King Stephen's praise
That by degrees the ancient sire was wrought
To give them Saxon-welcome to his house.
No dainty banquet could his house afford
But bread and venison and mighty ale.
Then the blithe-hearted, frank, outspoken King
Won on his host, as erst on all hearts else,
And soothed the lifelong rancours of the past
With kindly words full of the grace of truth.

A maiden, golden-haired and sunny-eyed,—
Eyes of deep blue, so deep, so mischievous,—
Sate nestling by the grandsire at the feast ;
And Hugh Montresse, altho' with hunger wild,
Oft let his carving-dagger idly hang
While he gazed covertly with wonderment
At this young Saxon maiden with blue eyes :
And once, then twice, those blue eyes met his own ;
And then, albeit bold enough in fight,
Montresse looked down and trembled as in fear :
While she, oh ! she—the war of red and white
That came and went upon her soft smooth cheek
Was wondrous beautiful to Hugh Montresse.
“ Why does not Eustace mark her ? ” why, forsooth !
The fairest maiden o' the whole wide world
Had failed to draw a passing glance from him,
While that the sad sweet vision of his love
With smiles and tears soft-blended reigned supreme,
By absence made more sacred in his heart.
No shallow light-o'-love was bold Bretagne :
No empty-hearted twangling troubadour,
With a false song for each fair face in turn,
But brave in battle, gentle in the hall,
Loyal to King, and true as steel to love !

Perchance that night a dull companion he
 For the gay Count d'Auray, by whom he sat,
 And who, like Hugh Montresse, had felt the charm
 Of the young Saxon's beauty fire his heart.
 "Look, Bretagne! look! what witchery of glance
 Flashes from out those eyes of lustrous blue!
 Our Norman beauties ill could bear compare
 With yonder angel!" "Hold, Sir Count! retract!
 Maud is a queen to this slight Saxon girl!
 Compare, forsooth!—as well might'st thou compare
 The stately swan to some wild wood-pigeon!"

"To lovelorn fancies, geese may oft seem swans,"
 Thought Count d'Auray; and might have uttered it,
 But at that moment Stephen and his host
 Broke up the feast; and, seeking welcome rest,
 The King and knights rode thro' the Land of Dreams.
 Next morn at daybreak, roused with sound of horn,
 They once more gathered round the well-filled board;
 And then, with stirrup-cup to speed them on
 Thro' the chill morning, passed upon their way.
 Their way this morning lay through better roads—
 Old Roman roads, narrow and steep, but firm.
 Their great war-horses' hoofs rang sharp and clear,
 As, two and two, the mail-clad knights rode on;
 And sharp and clear, with spirit-stirring clank,
 Sword, spur, and shield rang out the soldier's tune.
 Rough jests and hearty laughter passed along,
 From one to one, oft up and down the line,
 Like to the sea-spray flying sparkingly;
 Then Richard de la Fosse, as on they rode,
 Trolled laughingly a careless soldier-song,
 In which the others joined as best they could:

Ho! ho! Sir Knight,
 What is thy delight?
 Lovest thou fighting or feasting best,
 Or hawk or hound, or the tourney ground,
 With thy Ladye's pledge on thy plumèd crest?

I love my hawk and I love my hound,
 And my gallant horse with his springing bound;
 But the ring of the tourney I love the best!
 With my visor down and my lance in rest,
 With my Ladye's favour on plumèd crest,

With teeth clenched hard and rein gripped tight,
To dash my horse at a boasting knight.

And thou, Sir Knight,
What is thy delight ?
Lovest thou fighting or feasting best,
Or hawk or hound, or the tourney ground,
With thy Ladye's pledge on thy plumèd crest ?

I love a good feast, and I love my hawk,
And in Ladye's bower sweet loving talk ;
And I dearly love the gallant chase,
With the stag in sight, the hounds at a race,
And the horses full strain to keep their place ;
But of all delights, 'tis my chief delight
To join in the clash of a well-fought fight.

“ Well said, good Richard de la Fosse ! well said ! ”
Rang out King Stephen, riding swiftly up.
“ On many a well-fought field, I ween, brave knight,
Hast thou been with me,—ever to the front.”
“ And many more, my Liege, I hope to see,
If not in England, then in Normandie.”
“ What ! hast turned minstrel, Richard ? ” quoth the King :
Thou rhymest like a silken troubadour.”
“ In war there's stirring reason for my rhyme :
The measured tramp of stalwart men-at-arms,
The ringing of the armour—clank, clash, clank ;
The trumpets, and the sharp, short, stern command,
The shout, the cheer, the glorious thundrous ‘ charge,’
When the earth shakes beneath the iron hoofs
Of some twelve hundred horses at full speed
With loosened rein spurred madly on the foe,—
This is the music that best pleaseth me !
Oh could I have a learnèd scribing clerk
To ride to battle with me—by my fay,
He should have fair employment, noting down
The wild old war-songs that come rolling up
From the dim cloudland of my childhood's days.
My great-great-grandsire, so our annals tell,
Fought under Charlemagne, and in those days
Of war and minstrelsy was laurel-crowned
Alike for valour and for poesy ;

So the old songs descended with the blood
From sire to son until they reached my heart,
And in my heart they live, and there will die."
"Why die, Sir Richard?—thou wilt have an heir!"
"Not I, my liege! ne'er saw I yet the maid
Whose beauty stirred my heart like glorious war."
"Thou'lt have enow of it, brave knight, ere-long.
But now look round,—Is not this fairy-land?
Look how yon silvery sun-lighted mist
Lifts and reveals broad fields besprent with pearls,
So fair, so white in holy purity
That e'en the sun seems dazzled with delight,
And sheds on earth a mellowed softened warmth.
See from the sparkling, frosted plain stand out
Grand trunks of giant trees—vast thicket growths,
Rich in their green and gold and ruby tints;
So rich, so glorious, that we well might deem
They were full-laden with the fabled fruit
Of Hesperides, rather than mere leaves!
Say, can the ocean in its grandest form,
Or rugged cliff, or lofty mountain peak,
Compare in beauty with this forest scene?
Now all the mists have vanished, like the doubts
And dark uncertainties that chill the blood
Upon the morn of battle, ere the clash
Of the first onslaught fills the veins with fire,
And, like a veil that hid the white-robed bride,
Reveals a beauty we scarce dreamed could be;
Oh, lovely England, thou shalt be my bride!
I'll woo thee like a soldier, clad in steel,
And win thee at the hazard of my life;
And winning thee,—when once thou art my own,
I'll buckler thee against the world in arms!"

So spake the King, and troth 'twas fair to see
On sunny autumn morning this bright scene,—
The plumed helmets flashing in the sun,
The pennons, the devices on the shields,
The large war-horses stepping proudly on
Y'clad in gay caparisons and mail,
And, ever and anon, with bounding plunge
Curvetting with a merry demivolt.

The horsemen all ~~had halted~~ like one man
At the first lifting of the ~~sunny~~ mist,
But when the King ceased speech, with one great bound
They broke into a gallop o'er the plains,
Nor reined their ~~chargers~~ till the forest closed
Again upon the ~~narrow~~ Roman road.
This now descending steeply, and more steep
At every stride, ~~soon led them to a ford,~~
Which crossing, they ~~descended~~ far off the camp
Of the King's army led by Peverill.
A shout went up as Stephen and his knights
Rode proudly in, and up and down the lines.
Then in the chief's pavilion entertained,
They gladly met a ~~goodly~~ brotherhood
Of old companions both of ~~feast and fray.~~
Two hours of rest ~~refreshed~~ both men and steeds ;
And then the King ~~prieked~~ forward with his knights,
Hoping to reach the nearest friendly town
Ere darkness ;—but at ~~eve~~ the morning mist
Came back with reinforcements from low marsh,
Broad stagnant pools, and ~~plashy~~ forest rides ;
And creeping ~~stealthily~~ around the King
Concealed him from his knights, and knight from knight,
With such a dense and cloudy canopy
That none could tell another save by shout.

Then spake the Saxon Edgar to the King :
“ I will dismount, and seek a sere pine branch ;
This lighted will enable each good knight
To find another like it ; then I lead,—
All follow single file ; and as my torch
Burns low and dimly, let the nearest knight
Ride up, and, lighting his, take lead in turn.”
After oft failing, flint and glaive of steel
Produced the infant fire, which deftly nursed,
Kindled the pine torch ;—thus they passed along
Slowly and warily upon their way ;
Each in his turn rode forward to the front,
Lighting his torch, and holding it low down
To show the road-track to his straining eyes.
Anon a friendly beacon-fire blazed out,
Hung from the battlements of Tonbridge Tower,

And at that moment the dense mist rolled off,
And fair and brightly shone the welcome moon.
A parley with the warder on the walls,
And then the ponderous drawbridge was let down,
The portcullis upraised, and gates flung wide
T' admit King Stephen and his weary knights.

Par Dieu ! they slept, sans rocking, in their beds
Of straw and heather,—after goodly cheer,
And deep and frequent stoups of gen'rous wine.
The morrow was devoted to idlesse,
To rest the horses and the younger men ;
So these claimed license to go lounge and jest
With the fair Saxon girls of Tonbridge town,
Whiles King and chiefs held council in the hall.
'Twas there determined to despatch a knight,
Light armed, and mounted on the fleetest horse,
To London, there to see, and thence bring word
How stood the citizens for Stephen's cause ;—
Meantime the men-at-arms and yeomanry
Should steadily draw hither, and then on,
Till one day's march advanced before the King.

The chosen knight—'twas easy to foresee—
Was Richard de la Fosse ; not his the mood
For saucy dalliance with fair demoiselle,
Or horse-play jestings, gamblings or intrigue ;
“ Adventure ” was the passion of the man—
The bolder still the better. On his steed
He vaulted with a blithe and jocund heart,
Discumbered of all armour—light as air—
With sword and dagger only for his guards.
Commission with the King's seal carried he
To potent crafty Bishop Winchester,
And let no grass grow 'neath his swift steed's hoofs.

The day was far advanced tow'rds sunset hour
'Ere Richard passed from out the castle gate,
But little recked he of fast-coming night.
Edgar with dagger's point had sketched his track,
And De la Fosse, with soldier's instinct, saw
How best to use the knowledge thus obtained ;

Forewarnèd also of the darkling mists,
Bretagne had sought and found in Tonbridge town
A cunning alchemist, and by his aid
Prepared a torch which, kindled by Greek fire,
Sprang to a blaze with bright far-casting flame ;
This, in his huntsman's straight horn scabbarded,
Sir Richard carried at his saddle-bow,
Like sword of fire to guide the sword of steel.

• Meantime, to wile away the short delay
'Ere De la Fosse could bring sure tidings back,
The King gave order for a royal chase—
A wolf-hunt ; for the wild and ravening packs,
Increasing thro' neglect and troublous times,
Had carried havock 'mongst the sheep and beeves,
And driven far and wide the herds of deer ;
A wolf-hunt——

Certes ! somewhat nobler chase
Than one poor timid, screaming, panting hare,
Chased for ten minutes by some score of hounds ;
Headed back here and there by clodpole clowns,
And scared to blindest terror by the sound
Of ten or twenty huntsmen on her track ;—
Poor wretch ! ten minutes of such agony
To end in being ravened limb from limb,
Half eaten—yet alive—by savage fangs !
Were it a cat, 'twere not so cowardly,
For that might scratch a hound or two ; perchance
Some valiant huntsman also, if too bold !
But this soft, utterly defenceless thing,
How can men kill it *thus* without a blush ?
Nay, more, kill three or four of such, just thus,
And then ride proudly home, and call it "sport" !
The hunting instinct hath outlived its use
When such poor wretched quarry is its "sport."

The wolf hunt——

Not a solitary beast,
But the whole pack, were circled slowly round,
And driven out to fight or stand at bay.

The serfs and villeins went at early dawn
To pile and light huge fires at all the glades

On three sides of the forest,—then with shouts
And blare of horns they drove the savage thieves,
To seek escape through that one open side ;
There, guarding every pass, stood archers bold,
And sturdy yeomen armed with hunting knives,
Holding fleet wolf-hounds ready on the slip.
The King and mounted knights rode to and fro
To chase and spear such as might else escape.

'Twas fray as well as hunt, this gallant sport :
With wolf and wolf-dog 'twas an even fight ;
And parlous for the archer if his shaft
Missed hitting the fierce beast with gleaming teeth
That came full rush upon him.

Then the time
For yeoman with his knife to strike his best ;
That failing, the staunch hounds were swift unslipped,
And, cheered and aided by the mounted knights,
Headed the quarry back. Then lance or sword
Had chance to show its wielder's skill in turn ;
An ugly chance—if steed or slipped or fell,
For hand 'gainst jowl, and hunting knife 'gainst fangs,
Waged in the field, apt mimicry of war.
War to the knife indeed ! no quarter there
Or asked or granted upon either side !

Such was the chase that stirred King Stephen's blood,
That showed the mettle of his younger knights,
That roused the older warriors like a horn,
That trained the courage of the men-at-arms,
Gave steadiness to stalwart archer's aim,
And freed the land from foul marauding beasts.
Twice in that day the King, dismounted, fought
And slew each time his foe.

But from the third
And last encounter he with hazard 'scaped ;
For two huge wolves together rushed at him,
Mad with that desperate rage begot by fear ;
Their thin red lips drawn back from glistening teeth,
Their arched crests curved up like serpents' necks,
Bristling with hunted anger, and their eyes—

Wild flashing eyes of fury and despair—
Oft haunted Stephen in his after-dreams.
Upreared, they dashed at him with such fierce force
That he reeled backwards ; but by happy chance
Gervase de Bohun, Stephen's youngest knight,
Spurred up his charger, and with well-aimed thrust
Spared one of the two monsters thro' the neck,
Whilst his trained war-horse rearing, struck straight out,
And rolled the other savage in the mire.
From equal peril Eustace de Bretagne
Saved Hugh Montresse on that eventful day ;
Hugh's charger swerving at a rush of wolves,
Lost foothold on the plashy, miry plain,
And falling with him, pinned him to the ground.
The wolves attacked at once both man and horse,
But Eustace to the rescue came at speed,
Swept a clean circle round them with his sword,
And kept the brutes at bay till Count d'Auray
And Edgar riding up, with dogs and men,
Chased them away, and speared them as they fled.
A mighty raid it was ; and villeins' wives,
And oft-scared children blessed the gallant King
For ridding thus their land of this dread scourge.

But young Gervase de Bohun by the King
Was hailed the hero of that day of chase,
And many a health was drunk to him that eve
When all returned to feasting in the hall.





NAVAL POWERS AND THEIR POLICY.

(Second Article.)

By JOHN C. PAGET,

AUTHOR OF "KHIVA AND THE EASTERN QUESTION," "INKERMAN AND ITS LESSONS," ETC., ETC.

THE two facts to which in our last article we drew attention are these: that the offensive power of a fleet is now greater than ever, and that foreign navies are increasing at a rate which is sufficient to cause us considerable inquietude. This alone would necessitate the utmost vigilance in regard to the numbers and efficiency of our fleet. But the truth is that at all times the demands upon the British fleet are bounded only by the world. We have alluded to Spain and the United States. Can there be a doubt that in the event of the Cuban question coming to the front, our West Indian squadron would have to be increased?

The Cuban question may sleep whilst the Navy of the United States is in its present condition; but a large sum has been voted by Congress to reconstruct it. The state to which it has been allowed to fall is almost indescribable. Of course there is a "grand total" of forty-eight ironclads, but amongst them there is scarcely one genuine modern fighting ship. In the event of the American government seriously persisting in the work of creating a navy, the independence of Cuba may become of pressing importance; and it must be remembered that to "take a side" in any conflict is not the only circumstance that may necessitate our ironclads being cleared for action. The affair of Cartagena showed how suddenly we may be involved in other people's differences even when "the assurances from foreign powers continue to be satisfactory."

But it is not upon her Navy that the United States relies. She possesses a weapon of tremendous power as against ourselves, of which we have with extraordinary blindness deprived—let us hope but temporarily—ourselves.

The youngest naval power of the world is Germany. Eleven ironclads are at present in the service of that empire, of which five—the

Kaiser, Deutschland, Grosser Kurfürst, Friedrich der Grosse, and Preussen are of the first class. The *König Wilhelm* is already considered obsolete even as a broadside ship, so far and fast has the race between guns and armour carried us in the seven years since she was launched. It is true she was never the powerful vessel she was represented, but she would have been a formidable antagonist to any of the "converted" wooden ships which, until quite recently, formed our Mediterranean squadron. Neither the *Kronprinz* nor the *Prinz Friedrich Karl* can be considered fit to take part in a modern battle with much effect. There has been so much exaggeration current in reference to the German fleet (due partly to the scare caused by a state building ironclads which is in no great need of such vessels for defence, and partly to flourishes of trumpets from time to time in the German press) that it may be well to bear in mind that it has not as yet reached any great proportions. The serious part of the question is that the German ironclads are from their build and rig evidently intended for distant cruising. At present probably the German government are desirous of gaining time, in order to increase their naval strength. There is no doubt that the creation of a German navy will be no easy task, and service in it can scarcely be popular in Germany. It is true that service can be enforced if necessary, but it is not so easy to man a fleet as it is an army efficiently under such a system. Modern changes may have lessened the force of the maxim, current in England during the Revolutionary war, that "one volunteer is "worth three pressed men;" nevertheless there must still be some truth in it. But in estimating the forces of the new naval powers at sea, it will be well to face the possibility of some great European convulsion. Should such occur, the neutrality of the kingdoms of Holland and Belgium may be infringed, possibly not from deliberate design, but from military necessity. Once infringed, there will not be wanting advocates of annexation. The possession of Antwerp by France was said by the first Napoleon to be a pistol pointed at the heart of England: the possession by Prussia, not only of a seaboard, but of the services of the countrymen of Van Tromp and De Ruyter, might be a greater peril. It would carry with it also the possession of Java.

Passing in review the position of the principal naval powers, we have briefly indicated some of the duties which our Navy may be called upon to perform in different parts of the world, without mentioning its minor though most important tasks of suppressing the slave traffic, and acting as the police of the seas in distant waters,—tasks which keep a very large portion of the service in constant employment. Is the Navy equal in point of numbers and armaments to these world-wide calls? Is it equal to possible emergencies? Is there a reserve of ships and

men available to meet a great combination such as that which was nipped in the bud by Nelson at Copenhagen? Is the Board of Admiralty ready with its plans for an offensive movement anywhere and everywhere? We say an offensive movement, because the truth of the axiom, that the best defensive is a good offensive, becomes daily more and more apparent. These questions we are glad to see the country beginning to take up. Their importance has been greatly increased by recent events.

The policy of other naval powers at present is cautious and tentative, but it is none the less one whose main features may be discerned clearly enough. The great military monarchies whose ambition (in some cases the more menacing from being the exponent of national aspirations) has now reached the sea, have lately developed an extraordinary solicitude for the welfare of the smaller states. They propose in the interests of humanity to revise and codify the usages of war so strictly that it will scarcely be possible for any invaded country not possessed of the splendid military machinery of the great powers to make a national resistance, or prolong the contest, when once the regular army is defeated. It is obviously impossible that, with our present chaos in military matters, we could interfere to save any smaller state; yet the overthrow of some of these may bring us face to face with naval questions of the last importance. Moreover, there is great danger of our repeating the mistake which brought on the Crimean war; economy, retrenchment, peace-at-any-price, and then a sudden revulsion of opinion. There is, we repeat, great danger of some power or powers falling into the same error as that of the Emperor Nicholas.

In quiet times our country is mainly led by some half-dozen, or at the most dozen, newspapers, not one of which is much read by the working classes; and the comfortable platitudes about peace and progress find very little echo amongst the masses, whose instinct is sometimes sounder than the laboured conclusions of politicians and theorists. There is moreover a serious danger to our country and to Europe in the great reputation enjoyed by the *Times* on the Continent. It is generally quoted as the exponent of English public opinion. It has never any right to be thus quoted. Its utterances of friendship for Russia, and of absolutely boundless devotion to Prussia, are doing a world of harm. The first time any continental government goes one step too far, the tens of thousands of people who never read the *Times*, and utterly disagree with its views—tens of thousands of voters now, be it remembered,—will find means to let their opinions be known. Then the *Times*, to the astonishment of its foreign readers, will suddenly veer round, and we may find ourselves where we did in 1854. But at any

rate, if we ever are suddenly plunged into a conflict, we ought to be armed. And we have surrendered a weapon which enabled us to strike at the very heel of Achilles.

Lord Chatham once said that he would not argue with the man who failed to see the importance to England of maintaining the integrity of Turkey. We shall certainly waste no words in arguing that the command of the sea is our only safeguard, both for the colonies and the mother-country; and that the one weak point of our possible adversaries is their commerce. The knowledge that we can if necessary strike with tremendous effect against them there, must always induce them to think "once—twice—thrice" before proceeding to extremities, and is therefore a guarantee of peace. But although our fast unarmoured cruisers of the *Inconstant* class might do great service, they are scarcely numerous enough, and under certain circumstances would be found too large. The right of privateering, then, must be resumed without delay. The United States—the one power able to make much use of this right, and only likely to exercise it against ourselves—has refused to part with it. In self-defence, therefore, we should have to resume it on the first outbreak of hostilities. Why not honestly announce our intention of doing so beforehand?

An ironclad can be built in England in about a fourth of the time necessary in some foreign yards. We have even heard of one foreign ironclad being five or six years on the stocks. It must be perfectly obvious, therefore, that had the building of ironclads in England for foreign powers been prohibited, as it ought to have been, at the time the *Warrior* was built, we should now have to cope practically with only two ironclad navies—French and Russian, only one of these possessing regular seagoing ships. We have therefore, by our own folly, almost created four naval powers. Of the German fleet, the *Kaiser*, *Deutschland*, *König Wilhelm*, and *Kronprinz* were built on the Thames. The Turkish fleet was almost entirely constructed on the Thames and the Clyde. Of the seven ironclads constituting the naval force of Spain, six were built in England. We live in days when a single powerful ship can decide a battle; and such a ship we have built, in the shape of the *Independencia*, for Brazil. Not content with arming other nations in the Baltic and the Mediterranean, we must needs add to our work in the Pacific by building another *Independencia*—not so powerful as her namesake, it is true, but still formidable—for Peru.

We do not hesitate to declare that this system must come to an end. It is a pressing question—too pressing to be referred, like almost every subject of interest for some time past, to a Select Committee. It may be said that to adopt measures of this kind is to alienate powers who might

be our friends. It would perhaps involve us also in a considerable expenditure by way of compensation to shipbuilding firms. To these objections we can only say that these navies have been built for powers who, in the event of a naval war, would as a rule be only too delighted to cripple us. Expenditure in these matters there must be, whatever policy we adopt; and had we prohibited the building of foreign navies in England, we should have been saved some millions of our own subsequent expenditure. With regard to causing ill-will among foreign nations, we can scarcely be worse off than we are. Our isolation is complete; and the history of modern Conferences, actual or projected, seems to show a pretty determined attempt to undermine the freedom of smaller states and the rights of those older maritime powers whose existence is the sole remaining guarantee of national freedom anywhere. Russia and the United States are not given to sympathise much with powers they do not respect, nor to respect powers they see no reason to fear. As for the Germans, their views on this subject are as peculiar as the arguments of their sympathisers in the English press. They meet you on the highroad, as it were, and demand your sympathy or your life. Even in the late Count Bernstorff's despatches this curious state of mind, this inability to understand how anybody could conscientiously hold a different opinion from that current in Germany, was very apparent. At the most, the measures we advocate would lead only to a wordy war of despatches, and might save much future trouble. They ought, we think, to be initiated at once. Better rivers of ink now than torrents of blood hereafter.

But whatever our policy, there must be no mistake as to the condition of the fleet. On this point the unanimity of public sentiment would be curious but for its being, in an insular people, so natural. Tories who, like Mr. Baillie Cochrane, propose the withdrawal of this country from the ill-advised Declaration of Paris, concur with Liberals such as Sir William Harcourt, and Radicals such as Sir Wilfrid Lawson, in advocating the maintenance of a fleet, able not only to rival those of other powers, but also to hold its own against all comers.

The country, we know, prefers to wait until actual danger is staring it in the face before grappling with the subject, and many people seem to forget that we require a *preponderating* Navy, not only to defend the islands, the colonies, and our commerce, but to enable us to fulfil our treaty engagements. Fortunately, the least accident to any ship provokes discussion all over the country. If the Secretary of State for War were to say that the army was numerically unequal to providing the necessary reliefs for India and elsewhere, the fact would be accepted as part of an unpleasant but unavoidable state of things which it was almost

impossible to alter. When, however, as has happened twice in quite recent times, a First Lord of the Admiralty has, on assuming office, found the number of ships at his disposal inadequate to the demands of the public service, the press and the people condemned his predecessors. Lord Hampton (then Sir John Pakington) in 1866, and now again Mr. Ward Hunt, each had to tell the same tale to the House of Commons. Mr. Ward Hunt, indeed, at the present moment is not in an enviable position. He can scarcely fail to see that a great effort is needed to restore the service to its proper condition. But a Minister, however zealous, must remember his colleagues. And there is the statesman who told Lord Melbourne forty years ago that he was entering Parliament "to become Prime Minister of England;" and who, having attained his ambition, hardly sees why the position achieved with so much labour should be lost by his administration acquiring a reputation for "extravagance;" and who devotes himself therefore to reproducing the elaborate comedy of the Palmerston Government. But Tadpole and Taper are wrong after all. Mr. Disraeli and his colleagues would incur more unpopularity in one day if a disaster traceable to parsimony should occur to the fleet than by years of heavy expenditure.

To put the question in a clear light, we must now consider what the strength of the British Navy really is, and how it is distributed. We have indicated a few of the tasks which may at any moment devolve upon the service. Whilst our first article was in the press, a new danger arose in connection with Belgium; and the existing confusion in our military system only increases the necessity we are under of raising the fleet once for all to such a point of numbers, material, and efficiency as to leave behind all competitors, and that the absolute command of the sea may be confidently reckoned upon in the event of European disturbances.

The grand total of vessels in the naval service is more than eight hundred, and certainly it is one which looks as if there were no intention on the part of this country to surrender her naval supremacy. But no faith can be placed in totals. To get at the actual fighting strength of the service, we must employ a process not unlike that of unpacking some curious Chinese ball. First the outer shell is opened, and inside appears another which is merely a case for a third, and so on through a long series, dwindling down at last to one not a twentieth the size of the first. In like manner, when analysing England's naval strength, we must commence by striking out of the list a hundred and ten vessels for harbour service—hospital ships, water police, training ships, quarantine ships, cooking depôts, and "sheer hulks." Fifty-nine sailing ships must also come out. Thirty-one steam-tugs can hardly be included among the defences of the

country. Troop-ships (including those fine floating palaces employed in conveying regiments to and from India, the *Euphrates*, *Fumna*, *Serapis*, *Malabar*, and *Crocodile*) must also come out. Numbers of wooden line-of-battle ships and frigates, provided with auxiliary steam power, but whose days were passed mainly under canvas; vessels in whose outlines the beauty of naval architecture may be said to have culminated, and which will always remain associated with the names of Sir Baldwin Walker and Mr. Oliver Laing, must all go too. Whole squadrons of the most beautiful vessels that ever floated may still be seen at Portsmouth, or under the wooded slopes of the Hamoaze and the Tamar, bearing famous names, "pierced for" 101 or 51 guns, but all as useless for modern purposes as the *Victory* herself.

Yachts, royal or otherwise, tenders, old paddle frigates and sloops, are all included in the total, but of course go for nothing. Thus at last we come to the genuine fighting strength of the service, which we must divide into three heads. (I.) Ironclads. (II.) Fast unarmoured cruisers for special purposes. (III.) Corvettes, sloops, and gunboats. On the ironclads hinges the whole controversy as to whether our fleet is or is not efficient. The details we are about to give will show clearly that it is by no means "a phantom fleet." But we are afraid they will also show that its numbers are only just equal to its multitudinous tasks. Under these circumstances there may be no cause for panic, but there is abundant ground for investigation.

The magnitude of the work entrusted to the Navy is not lessened by the fact that although one ship may now almost be said to be a fleet in herself, she is more subject to accidents, less able to keep the sea for any length of time (as in a blockade), and consequently likely to require being relieved sooner by a ship of equal power than were men-of-war of the Nelson times.

We begin by giving the nominal strength of Great Britain in ironclads, new, old, and obsolete, good, bad, and indifferent, at fifty-six ships. This strength includes the turret-ships *Abyssinia* and *Magdala*, built for the defence of Bombay, the *Cerberus*, for the defence of Melbourne, and the gunboats *Viper* and *Vixen*, stationed at Bermuda. We must strike out of the list at once the *Enterprise* and *Research*, two vessels of 900 and 1,200 tons respectively, and of 200 horse-power; and the two confiscated "Birkenhead Rams," the *Scorpion* and *Wivern*, will share their fate. The *Waterwitch* is a gunboat propelled by hydraulic power, on Admiral George Elliot's plan. She is simply an experiment to test that principle, and cannot be classed amongst fighting ships. As to ironclads proper, a question arises to which we cannot give a decided answer, "Of what use are the older ironclads?" Probably every naval

officer would reply "None," and the answer would expunge from the effective strength of the service no less than seventeen ships, several of which were considered only a few years since to be the most formidable vessels afloat. Amongst them, and this is a serious consideration, are the only ironclad ships which have attained a high rate of speed. The beautiful *Warrior*, the first ironclad built in England, and her sister ship the *Black Prince*, the *Achilles*, *Minotaur*, *Agincourt*, and *Northumberland*, might almost be reckoned amongst the fast cruisers rather than the ironclads, and for the special purposes to which those vessels may be devoted they might be found very useful, but for their unfortunate armour. However, they were constructed as ironclads; they can do very little under canvas—an important consideration in a cruiser,—and they have not, of course, the advantage of being coppered. As ironclads they are, in spite of their appearance, of very problematical value. We now come to eight wooden line-of-battle ships, cut down and converted into ironclad frigates, and we are glad to see that Mr. Ward Hunt is about to depart from official routine, and recognise facts, in removing most of these vessels from the list of fighting ships. The ships to be struck out are the *Lord Clyde*, *Caledonia*, *Ocean*, *Prince Consort*, *Royal Oak*, and *Zealous*. The *Royal Alfred* and *Lord Warden*, of the same build, should be struck out also.

Nearly as useless are the *Hector*, *Valiant*, *Defence*, and *Resistance*, constructed between 1861 and 1863. None of these four ships would be seen above water half an hour after the commencement of a battle. We have mentioned the names of six of the older ironclads which might be of some use. They are certainly fast, very large, and, though the days for studying appearances at sea are gone by, very handsome. It may seem paradoxical to the general reader to say that the armour of a certain ship is her greatest danger. Nevertheless, if the armour be insufficient this is the case; not merely from the enormous and useless weight added to the ship, but from another circumstance, which requires to be constantly borne in mind in all discussions about ironclads. The large conical shells used on board ship are intended to pierce the armour plates of an adversary, and in so doing become, from the tremendous friction, red-hot, and thus explode the bursting charge. Unless, therefore, a ship is provided with sufficiently thick plates to keep the shell out, she is better without armour at all, for the shell will pass clean through both sides of an unarmoured *Inconstant* without bursting. It is obvious, therefore, that the plating of all but the most recent ships is simply an invitation to the shell to burst between decks—with what effect we need not say.

The question of whether turret-ships of the *Devastation* class can be

safely sent to sea, is too large to be discussed here ; but whatever the *Devastation* may do, it is quite certain that the smaller turret-ships are good for coast defence only, where, if supported by innumerable gunboats of the *Staunch* class, of which we unfortunately possess very few, each carrying an 18-ton gun, they would do good service, by leaving the fleet free to act elsewhere on the offensive. The *Glatton*, *Cyclops*, *Gorgon*, *Hecate*, and *Hydra*, are well adapted to the work, but such vessels should be far more numerous. It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the defenceless condition of our great ports. Liverpool and Edinburgh would be in great danger in a naval war from isolated attacks. In a couple of hours incalculable destruction of life and property could be effected by a single ship. The *Royal Sovereign* and *Prince Albert*, though included in the Navy List, are not modern fighting ships.

The actual fighting Navy of Great Britain, then, consists of eighteen ironclad ships. Whatever their disadvantages, and the innumerable difficulties and dangers attendant upon bringing them into action beyond the narrow seas, there is no question that, once within range of the enemy, the *Devastation*, *Thunderer*, and the new *Dreadnought* would make mincemeat of any number of opponents. Their armour averages twelve inches in thickness (in some places fourteen inches), and their armament is, for the *Devastation* four 35-ton guns, and for the *Thunderer* four 38-ton guns. The *Dreadnought*, we presume, will carry the same armament. The two rams, *Rupert* and *Hotspur*, are unquestionably very formidable vessels, as the part played by the ram in a modern battle is certain to be considerable ; and these ships, with armour of twelve and fourteen inches, and 18-ton guns, but built specially for ramming, are the most powerful of their class yet constructed. In the British fleet the word "cruiser" has come to be associated with unarmoured vessels. But the whole question of what is to constitute our fighting fleet in distant waters is still in debate. It seems a pity that we should lose the services of our most powerful vessels in the very place where they may be most wanted, and be obliged, owing to the peculiarity of their construction, to keep them for the defence of our coasts, which might well be entrusted to less powerful ships and to gunboats. If heavier guns can be carried amidships than on a broadside, and at the same time turret-ships with low freeboards are dangerous at sea, a compromise seems the natural result. The design of the *Monarch*, a vessel combining a high freeboard with turrets, has always appeared to us to have had but scant justice done to it. But if the guns are placed in the most natural position, and on the steadiest platform, in a rolling sea,—that is to say, amidships,—why is it absolutely necessary that they should be in a turret ?

And why, if protection be required for the vital parts of a ship, should it be considered right to load the ship from end to end with armour whose defensive power, unless of great thickness, is very doubtful? It may be contended that for the guns' crews to fight on an open turntable, with no armour in front of them, would be to expose them to certain destruction, and perhaps with them the gun, the disablement of which would be equal to the loss of fifty guns to a three-decker. But in stating this objection, one of the most important of modern naval inventions has been overlooked. If a gun can be loaded below, and raised by hydraulic power to be fired (and of this there seems no doubt), the problem is solved, and it will be possible to combine in one ship a tremendous armament, a fair amount of protection to the vital parts, and great speed. In fact, it may not be impossible to unite some of the best qualities of the cruiser and the ironclad. But there seems a conventionality about our recent shipbuilding which condemns us to see power always separated from mobility.

In cruising ironclads we are rich, though hardly so rich as we should be considering the number of our colonies, and the great efforts being made by the German Empire in that class of construction. The *Monarch*, *Hercules*, *Sultan*, and *Alexandra* stand at the head of the list, but close upon their heels come the *Bellerophon*, *Audacious*, *Invincible*, *Iron Duke*, *Swiftsure*, *Vanguard*, and *Triumph*. The *Penelope* should be included in this category. It will thus be seen that our ironclad fleet is unquestionably the most powerful in the world. But its preponderance over other fleets is diminishing every day. Shipbuilding does not proceed so rapidly nor is it on so large a scale as is required to keep us well ahead of other nations. The tonnage ordered for 1874-1875 was 12,593, of which 8,253 was for ironclads. But it has been estimated that 20,000 tons per annum are necessary to keep the fleet up to the standard imposed upon us by the rapid increase of foreign navies.

Powerful, therefore, as the fleet is, we believe that in naval matters the nation is living at "agony point." If the Government rely upon the older ironclads as reserves in case of war, they are doing a rash thing. There are, in fact, no reserves of ironclads; and the rapid growth of guns and armour has rendered most of the older vessels nearly useless.

The Channel fleet is composed of six ironclad ships: the *Agincourt* (flag ship), *Northumberland* (flag of second in command), *Monarch*, *Sultan*, *Triumph*, and *Resistance*; of various power and quality, as a glance at the preceding list will show. In the Mediterranean, the Admiral's flag will by the time these remarks are in print be flying in

the *Hercules*, and the *Devastation* we trust will be at Malta. Mr. Ward Hunt has been well advised in sending this powerful vessel—let her faults be what they may—to a station where the presence of a great English force is so absolutely necessary. The *Invincible* is the only other ironclad in those waters which can be considered at all up to modern requirement in guns and armour, though the *Pallas* and *Research* in the same fleet are both ironclads. There are besides under this command a few small craft. In the West Indies the squadron consists of but one ironclad, the *Bellerophon* (flag-ship), and eight corvettes and sloops. On the coast of South America there are stationed four small craft. On the East Indies station the flag-ship is the wooden frigate *Undaunted*, and the squadron consists besides of ten small craft, a large proportion of which are employed in the suppression of the East African slave trade. In China the ironclad *Audacious* is flag-ship, and there are besides twenty small vessels of various sizes. In the Pacific a wooden line-of-battle ship “converted” into an ironclad frigate, the *Repulse*, bears the flag, and there are eight small craft. In Australian waters the squadron consists of ten small craft.

It will be seen, therefore, that our ironclad fleet is concentrated for the most part near home. The most important fact in connection with them is this—we have absolutely no reserves of seagoing armoured ships. We have not gone at length into any description of the corvettes, sloops, gunvessels, and gunboats which figure in such large numbers, but we may now inquire whether they come up to the two requirements which are indispensable to all unarmoured vessels, and might, and should be, the characteristic of every one of them—great speed, and as powerful an armament as they will carry. The answer is simple—they do not. Closely connected with this question is the still more important one of the number and qualities of unarmoured heavily armed ships of the *Inconstant* class.

In a future article we propose to discuss some questions connected with the *personnel* of the Navy, and shall also endeavour to lay that financial spectre which haunts the mind of every First Lord of the Admiralty—Mr. Ward Hunt having been troubled with the apparition like his predecessors. But the question of the speed and armament of unarmoured ships is, next to the condition of the ironclads, of such vital importance that we must refer to it. The ironclad fleet may be considered, as to numbers and capacity for modern war, to be fairly satisfactory, though without any reserve of ironclads adapted for long voyages. But the state of the Navy as to unarmoured ships is a cause for apprehension, and the sooner the public mind is alive to the fact the better. In the conflict between guns and armour, guns have

invariably gained the day, When the 81-ton gun for the *Inflexible* was ordered, it was said by the *Standard* (a journal which has done excellent service in keeping this and similar questions constantly before the public) that the new weapon would ring the knell of every ironclad afloat. This is possible; but until 81-ton guns are mounted on every important battery, and carried as a general rule by foreign ships, our present system of armour must be continued. It should be remembered that the chances are against the projectile hitting the plate a genuine "facer;" the blow would in perhaps a majority of cases be delivered at an angle sufficient to deflect it. For bombardment, armour must be retained, though we may live to see deck-armour adopted in preference to broadside armour, especially if the system of hydraulic loading—the gun being entirely concealed until the moment of its discharge—be generally adopted. But whatever may be the ultimate fate of ironclads, whether destined to fight our battles for generations, or sent in whole squadrons to rust in idleness beside the wooden line-of-battle ships and frigates at Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Chatham, one thing is certain—a great future is in store for unarmoured cruisers. But they will only enjoy it on the two conditions of great speed and of carrying armour-piercing guns. And here we enter our emphatic protest against the recent decree which has substituted a number of light 64-pounder shell guns in most of these ships in place of a few armour-piercing guns of 12 tons. "A perfect blight," as Mr. E. J. Reed, the late Chief Constructor of the Navy, expresses it, "has fallen upon "frigate, corvette, and sloop alike." The reasons alleged for this extraordinary measure are that it would be hopeless for an unarmoured ship to engage an ironclad; and that against a troop-ship, a merchant vessel, or any unarmoured ship the peculiar qualities of the 64-pounder shell would be of great service. This reasoning is untenable. If the unarmoured vessel possesses heavier guns than the ironclad, which she very easily could do, the *Inconstant* at the present moment throwing a heavier broadside (eight 300-pounders) than many ironclads, she can fight at a tolerably long range, and might disable her adversary. Of course an unarmoured vessel overtaken by an ironclad would be sent to the bottom immediately; but these vessels, though they need not court an engagement with an ironclad, should not be deprived of proper means of defence. But the whole subject of the armament of our ships is an illustration of the conventionality to which we have referred. A very slight increase of beam would enable fast ships like the *Inconstant* to carry 18-ton or 25-ton guns, to be fought, as all heavy guns should be, on a turntable. It ought not to be beyond the power of a naval architect to build such ships to carry 35-ton guns. The recent

change is simply a wet blanket thrown upon the skill and enterprise of our officers and men. Then, again, if bombardments are to be undertaken, why is deck-armour never mentioned? Why, too, have we waited to be taught by a Brazilian ship that it is advisable to place an outer skin of wood upon an ironclad, and thus give her the immense advantage of being coppered? But whatever the qualities of our large unarmoured cruisers may be, it is clear that there are not enough of them. A large Supplementary Estimate is needed to raise the Navy to its proper strength, and a portion of the money should be devoted to the construction of these vessels, with a much heavier armament. At present we only possess five of these ships—the *Inconstant*, *Shah*, *Raleigh*, *Active*, and *Volage*. There are four more on the stocks. It is a pity, looking to what unarmoured ships may have to do, that there are not fourteen.

Two remarks apply to nearly all our corvettes, sloops, and gunvessels : (1) They are not fast enough. (2) They are insufficiently armed. If they were very fast, and if the authorities at Whitehall would only recognise and act upon a principle the absolute truth of which is not denied, that one gun of great power is of far greater value than a number of lighter ones, even though their aggregate might be the same, the usefulness of all these vessels would be enormously increased.

In concluding our comparative survey of the offensive power of the Navy, we would call upon every reader to use the utmost influence in his power to bring pressure to bear—not necessarily in an unfriendly way—upon the member for his county or borough, in order that the subject may be constantly kept before Parliament and the country. The Government will not act without some manifestation of opinion out of doors. But recent movements on the Continent seem to show that the question ought to be dealt with at once, and it is the duty of every man who cares for his country, whether Liberal or Conservative—nicknames which in presence of foreign complications might well be dropped—to speak out in such a manner that the responsibility for the necessary expenditure may be shared by the whole nation. There seems to be little doubt that our naval supremacy is viewed with increasing jealousy on the Continent; and this fact, combined with the sinister rumours lately afloat, should lead, and we trust will lead, to the proposal of a Supplementary Estimate for the Navy before the close of the present session of Parliament.





'SOME CORRUPTIONS OF THE PRESS.

By A PROVINCIAL JOURNALIST.

THE Newspaper Press is undeniably a powerful and noble institution. My object, however, is not to laud its merits or virtues, on which everybody who stays at a public dinner until the toast list is exhausted hears a dissertation.

These postprandial laudations are generally of a far more complimentary than discriminating character, and many journalists regard them as a sort of patronising patting on the back which the Press could very well afford to forego. In the interests of the Press itself, it is greatly to be desired that its faults and weaknesses were as fully recognised by the public as its merits; but unfortunately the former are understood only by people behind the scenes, who generally think little about them, and would be disposed to say even less.

In this article I propose to direct attention to some forms of corruption which cannot fail to exercise a most injurious influence on both the Press and the public. It is not my desire to lower the Press in public estimation, but to do what I can towards the removal of those corruptions which detract from its wholesome influence. It may be replied that a journalist ought not to expose any of the secrets of his profession; but I maintain that the Press should have no secrets that will not bear publicity. I have no more favour for presscraft than I have for priestcraft. Surely the Press might be well content to derive its power from its merits—its enterprise, its energy, its intellectual ability, and its moral courage.

Whether "unawed by influence" or not, the Newspaper Press is to a lamentable extent in the habit of accepting bribes to deceive the public. Each description of newspaper has its peculiar temptations, to which it too often yields. It would be difficult to decide whether the powerful dailies or the more obscure weeklies are the greater sinners. In the case of the former, much mischief is done to a large portion of the community by the "Money Article" corruption. Whenever any new company or scheme is to be "floated," it is of course essential that the investing public should be favourably impressed with it. A prospectus

is skilfully drawn up for circulation, and is published, either *ex extenso* or in an abridged form, in the advertising columns of such newspapers as are considered most suitable. When the advertisement copy of the prospectus is forwarded to the publisher, another copy is generally sent to the editor, with a request that he will give the scheme "a favourable notice," "a long and favourable notice," or "a long and favourable notice, say "seventy or eighty lines," in his Money Article. Experience tells us that it is generally promoters of the least promising schemes who are the most solicitous about the favourableness or length of the notice. Most newspapers do notice in their Money Articles such new schemes as are advertised in their columns, and very properly, if the subject is of sufficient importance. There could be no objection whatever even to a "favourable" notice, provided such notice contained merely the honest opinions of a competent person, and were published solely in the interest of the public. A reliable opinion in these matters is of the utmost value to investors, many of whom are totally unable to judge for themselves; but unfortunately discriminating notices appear in very few journals, perhaps because only a very few men connected with the Press have been able to devote sufficient study to monetary matters. The *Times* has of late been adopting an excellent policy in this respect, and it is a pity that its example cannot be generally followed. The policy usually pursued by editors who desire and can afford to be independent, is to avoid expressing, or in any way indicating, an opinion either for or against the schemes laid before the public in their advertising columns. Such editors confine themselves to a bare statement of the nature and objects of the scheme. But others go a step in the favourable direction, by mentioning some of the circumstances upon which the promoters base their hopes, or pretended hopes, of success, or by referring the reader to the inducements held forth in the prospectus itself. Others go farther and farther, until they arrive at the "sub-leader," in which the writer endeavours to appear a perfect master of finance, just calling attention to a concern which, "we are confident "cannot fail to realise the most sanguine expectations of its spirited and "enterprising promoters." I know a prosperous daily paper, published in a large commercial and manufacturing town, which almost invariably puffs in "sub-leaders" the new schemes announced in its advertising columns. This paper does not, however, owe its own success as a commercial speculation to the policy it pursues in dealing editorially with monetary affairs.

I do not believe that many of these favourable notices are specially paid for as such. They are sometimes published out of gratitude to the advertiser for that particular prospectus, which is generally worth

several pounds to the newspaper proprietor for only one insertion. More frequently, perhaps, they are inserted as an inducement to further favours, either from the same advertisers or from others. Cases, however, occur in which the first insertion or a repetition of an advertisement is made conditional on the publication of a "good" or "satisfactory" notice. One of the worst instances I have known was where the proprietor of an old-established and influential daily accepted a large number of insertions of an extensive and remunerative advertisement on condition that he should, at the outset, give a satisfactory article on the subject.

Apart from the "prospectus puff" system, there is another species of corruption practised in connection with these "Money Articles," namely, getting introduced into them statements calculated to raise or depress the price of particular stocks, in order to serve the ends of speculators. I have no reason to believe that many newspaper proprietors voluntarily publish such falsifications, but I have grounds for fearing that attempts to mislead them are too often successful. This is unfortunately the case in regard to markets for other kinds of property than stocks.

It appears to be becoming rather a common practice for the directors of joint stock companies to endeavour to convey to the public a favourable idea of the position and prospects of their concerns by having reports of their meetings inserted in the newspapers, and paid for as advertisements, without anything to indicate that the reports are not published simply as matters of public interest. Only a few months ago I was shown, in a first-class English provincial daily, a report of a meeting of a company held several days before the publication, and I was informed, on excellent authority, that the proprietors had had considerable hesitation as to whether they should accept the sum of £60 to publish the report among the ordinary news. In other instances that I have known, the reports were paid for at so much per line, as in the case of the ordinary advertisements of public bodies. The system of publishing, for money, the reports of meetings of companies, may not be so mischievous as some of the other practices to which I have referred, provided the reports be honest and fair. But I certainly regard it as being open to grave objection; for even although the reports were faithful, were written by members of the staff of the paper, and were not revised or "cooked" by officials of the company, the fact of their publication really in the sole interests of the companies, but apparently and presumably in the interests of the public, implies a deceit which it is difficult to reconcile with thorough integrity. The same remark applies to a practice which recently a Scotch daily paper endeavoured to justify, namely, charging for as advertisements, without marking or placing as

such, reports of meetings and letters to the editor, published in the interest of a candidate for parliamentary honours who held political views opposed to those professedly advocated by the paper itself.

By far the most common kind of advertisement administered to the public in the disguise of a piece of *bonâ fide* intelligence is the "puff paragraph" paid for and published in praise of somebody's sewing-machines, tea, soap, starch, or sermons. It is bad enough when advertisers get their announcements mixed up among the news, so that the "constant reader" has gone half through each of them before he discovers what he is perusing; but it is intolerable when these deceitful items have nothing whatever, in substance, typography, position, or anything else, to indicate their real character. There are indeed many of these puff paragraphs which could scarcely deceive anybody. The desire among adventurers to have their announcements published in the guise of news is one which ought to be discouraged and opposed by the conductors of the Press, as well as by readers. Between *bonâ fide* news and business notices there ought to be a distinction as well defined and observed as the line dividing *meum et tuum*. It is a matter of great importance for both the public and the Press that this wholesome distinction should not be forgotten.

I have dealt mainly with the ways in which news is adulterated, or rather poisoned, by the intermixture of matter not perhaps bad in itself if it were in its proper place, but most exceptionable as appearing to be something very different from what it really is. But in addition to the advertisements which derive their mischievous power chiefly from their disguise, there are, I am sorry to say, in all classes of newspapers numbers of announcements of an essentially objectionable and even disgraceful character. Take up a local paper in almost any part of the United Kingdom, and you meet with the abominable announcements of the quack and the mendacious statements of the professional swindler. Many of these advertisements find their way into the papers under an organised system of which the general public have very little idea. Proprietors of numerous struggling papers—and especially of new ventures—are generally glad to arrange with the lower class of advertising agents as to the farming of a certain amount of space in each publication. The advertisements inserted under such contracts require to be seldom altered, and are perhaps supplied from the first in stereotype. This saves much expense of type-setting, and would, from a pecuniary point of view, be advantageous, although the farming agent paid no rent at all for the space. Indeed, he seldom pays much, and in some cases he does not give money, but only some "literary" work in the shape of leaders and "London letters," which he lithographs and sends to all

quarters of the kingdom. Little do many of the readers of country papers suspect that the leading article they are perusing was written in London, and is paid for by a column of wretched advertisements on the next page. Experts in journalism can recognise at a glance the leader or London letter, and the corresponding column of advertisements. The leaders generally express no opinions that anybody would dissent from, and contain internal evidence of having been written about a week before publication. Almost equally extensive is the organised system of obtaining from London, or one of a few other places, partly-printed sheets, the remaining portion being printed by the local publisher. This way of producing newspapers has the advantage of enabling readers to obtain a considerable quantity of good general news in a local paper ; but unfortunately the London side often contains objectionable matter, over which the local editor or publisher has no direct control. I fear, however, that in regard to both the farmed advertisement columns and the partly-printed sheets the local publishers are often very indifferent about the character of the matter they are induced to place before the public. I know the proprietor, publisher, and editor of a paper who knows and cares no more about what is on the London-printed side of it than he does about the contents of any other paper that might be sold in his shop.

But bad as may be the advertisements published under contracts for next to nothing, there are still worse announcements, for the insertion of which large sums of money are often paid. The more objectionable an advertisement is, the more money will sometimes be offered for its publication, especially in a paper circulating extensively among the class of people the advertiser desires to reach ; and the more successful a scoundrel is, the more money he can afford to pay to the newspaper proprietor, without whose co-operation he is unable to swindle. As an instance of profitable rascality by means of advertisements, I may mention the system against which the Betting Act of last Session was directed. The *modus operandi* was very simple. All that was necessary was to hire, say in Glasgow, a door with a capacious letter-box upon it, and to prepare and get published a long and ingenious advertisement, setting forth the advantages of the "discretionary investment" system, and containing acknowledgments from imaginary lords and captains for enormous fortunes gained for them by the "firm" on the investments of comparatively trifling sums. Foolish people would of course believe these statements, and send cheques, etc., of which they would never hear any more. For the insertion of such advertisements large sums of money were paid, and generally in advance, the newspaper proprietors being tolerably well aware of the character of

their patrons. The system, as openly practised before the Act came into operation, is of course done away with ; but some most ingenious attempts are being made to evade the law. Often swindling advertisements, almost as bad as those against which the Act is directed, continue to appear, and are no doubt a source of great profit to newspaper proprietors with pachydermatous consciences. Unfortunately, it is not every newspaper conductor who would follow the example of the gentleman who burnt a cheque for £20 which was sent him as an inducement to insert a set of objectionable announcements,* or of Dickens, who, on discovering that he had been taken in in this way, apologised in the next number for the insertion. There can be no doubt that the proprietors of both large and small newspapers are nowadays subjected to very great temptations to deviate from strict honour and integrity. Partly through keen competition, and partly from causes beyond their own control, the pecuniary outlay in the production of their journals has lately increased enormously, while the revenue from the sale of papers and from advertisements has rather diminished. In this intense competition for earliness and abundance of news, and cheapness of advertising, the public are the gainers ; but the gain is a very questionable one if it be attended by any form of deceit. "The Press," says Mr. Grant, "has before it one of the most glorious missions in which human agencies were ever employed. Its mission is to enlighten, civilise, and morally transform the world." As it is quite evident that the Press has yet a great deal to accomplish in placing the morality of the world on a satisfactory footing, it ought to keep its own morality above suspicion.

* For this fact we can vouch.—ED.





ALGERIAN COLONISATION.

(*First Article.*)

By EDWARD T. BRIDGES,

AUTHOR OF "EMIGRATION TO NEW ZEALAND," ETC., ETC.

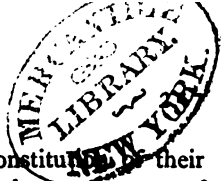
WHEN the subject of colonisation is brought on the *tapis*, it is often remarked that the French people do not, and cannot, succeed as colonists,—that in this respect they are manifestly inferior to the British nation. Our admitted success in Canada and the Australasian colonies is held up on one hand, and the French failure in Algeria on the other; a failure, too, after nearly thirty years of successful occupation—for the conquest of Algeria can hardly be said to have been complete until the final submission of Abd-el-Kader in 1847. Possibly Englishmen possess qualities enabling them to colonise successfully which are wanting in Frenchmen; but the wide difference between the conditions under which the English and French systems of colonisation were attempted is not sufficiently considered, nor how much less difficult was the task of exterminating savage tribes and appropriating their land, than the problem which the French set themselves to solve, namely, that of subjugating a nation already partially civilised, and afterwards enjoying the land in common with the conquered race. New Zealand alone, among British colonies properly so called, is in one respect analogous to Algeria—the policy of extermination not having been carried out, the conquerors after fully compensating the natives for the land which was taken from them, striving to live peaceably among the conquered. But the Maoris, like every other savage race, have melted away before the approach of the white man too rapidly for the process of civilisation to be possible. The native races of Algeria also seem to be dying out; it being estimated that since 1856 nearly one-sixth of them has disappeared. But war, pestilence, famine, locusts, have been the exceptional causes of this diminution; and it is not chimerical to hope, with the more enlightened French statesmen who have turned their attention to Algerian affairs, that a large remnant of the aboriginal race may be spared to transmit to posterity the blessings of a higher civilisation.

The British conquest in India, which is of much older date than the capture of Algiers, presents a closer analogy to the French conquest in Algeria than any of our colonies; and so late as 1857, the former could hardly be pronounced an unqualified success.

One of our greatest authorities on the subject of colonisation, the late Edward Gibbon Wakefield, principally known to the present generation as the chief among the founders of the Canterbury settlement in New Zealand, but who had studied the question deeply in Canada and elsewhere, held a different opinion respecting the capacity of the French as colonists. He says that the French make none the worse colonists because they are less inclined than the Anglo-Saxon to dash into adventurous speculations;—that they are frugal, steady people, who introduce into a colony just that “stay-at-home” element which is so valuable. This *dictum* agrees with all we know of the intense love of the family and of home life, which distinguishes the French from other nations, and the systematic disregard of which by the French colonial government goes far to explain their failure in Algeria. When, during the progress of the Algerian war, the French troops had become disheartened by frequent repulses, or at least were without the encouragement of success, home sickness, “*le mal du pays*,” had all the effect of a disease amongst them.

Whatever difficulties may have been in the way, there can be little doubt that the colonisation of Algeria has proved a comparative failure. To ascertain, if possible, some of the causes which have contributed to this want of success, we shall review briefly the history of the country before and since French occupation.

From the beginning of the sixteenth century till nearly the end of the eighteenth, Algiers was the scourge and the terror of the civilised world. On the expulsion of the Moors from Spain, in the reign of Ferdinand, Algerine piracy was organised on an extensive scale. From 1518 to the end of the sixteenth century, when the Odjeac, under Barbarossa II., took its first step towards independence, Algiers was the vassal of Turkey, who nominated its governor under the title of Pacha. Under Barbarossa I., the *Reïs*, or captains, (often the owners as well) of the pirate ships had alone possessed the right of piracy, the Janissaries being wholly employed in garrisoning the city, and in the service of the interior. In time these last grew weary of their forced inaction, and claimed a share in the risks and profits of piracy. This was granted them, with advantage to both parties: the pirate captains obtained an immense addition to their fighting strength, whilst the soldiers came in for a considerable share of the booty. Piracy in fact became the peculiar *métier* of the inhabitants of Algiers. All the Algerines who could



afford it fitted out privateers; they had a special constitution of their own, and a special code of laws. In the seventeenth century, one of the Deys is said to have replied to the Danish consul, who had solicited him to enter into a treaty of peace between the Regency and the court of Copenhagen: "I could not entertain your proposals, had you millions to offer me. What should I do with my corsairs if I were at peace with the rest of the world? They would end by taking my head, finding nothing else to take; for they must live, and the revenue of the country is not sufficient for them."

Under Turkish suzerainty, when a prize was brought into port the booty was divided in hundredths, of which twelve parts went to the Pacha, one was reserved for the repair of the harbour, and one for the service of the mosques. After making which deductions, the remainder was divided in halves: one half went to the *rais* and shipowners, the other was divided amongst the military taking part in the capture.

In the beginning of the seventeenth century the Odjeac (*i.e.* military government), feeling its strength, solicited and obtained from the Sublime Porte the right of electing from among its own body a Dey, or chief, who should control the action of the Pacha appointed by the Sultan. From this time the power of Turkey in the affairs of the Regency began steadily to decline. Between these two high officials—one the representative of the Sultan, the other the chosen of the army and the people—a bitter rivalry quickly sprang up, leading not infrequently to fatal results. It was impossible that this divided rule could continue for long. In 1710, Baba-Ali, then Dey of Algiers, nipped in the bud a conspiracy that was being formed against him by the Pacha and his party in the Divan, arrested the Pacha, sent him back to Turkey, forbidding him under pain of death again to appear in the Regency; and followed up this action by sending an ambassador to Constantinople to explain matters, and make the further request that the office of Pacha should be suppressed, as needless, and leading to inevitable abuses, and that thenceforward the Dey should assume the title and functions of Pacha in addition to his own. This request was granted by Turkey; thenceforth the administrative and executive functions were united in the person of the Dey; the Odjeac became practically independent, and transformed itself into a military republic, the rights and duties of whose elective chief were defined by a new code of laws; the political constitution was remodelled; to the military alone was conceded the right to vote; and under a system based on equality, every member of the army had, in theory, an equal chance of attaining the highest offices of the State.

Under the stimulus given by this new organisation, the audacity of the

Algerine pirates reached an incredible pitch. Not only was the entire north coast of the Mediterranean ravaged by them, but they even ventured into mid-ocean, ruined the trade of the Canary Islands, and paraded their flag on the coasts of Normandy and in the Baltic Sea. At one time during the seventeenth century, it was estimated that the corsair fleet consisted of three thousand vessels, and that as many as twenty thousand Christians were held in bondage in Algeria. During this period too, and throughout the eighteenth century, nearly every European government, at one time or another, was compelled to secure the safety of its traders by the payment of an annual tribute to the Dey;—even America, after freeing herself from British rule, submitted to this disgrace;—and in addition to this, immense sums were exacted from each state on every fresh appointment of its consul. The post of these last-named officials was by no means so easy and pleasant as it is in the present day. Among civilised nations, the persons of ambassadors and other representatives of foreign governments have always been held sacred. It was far otherwise in Algiers—where a consul was considered in the light of a mere hostage for the good behaviour of his government. If the demands of the Dey, however unreasonable, were refused, the consul was straightway put in irons, or sent to the galleys; if a hostile squadron was sent to demand redress for the insult, the unhappy consul, with such of his countrymen as it pleased the Dey to make an example of, was tied to the cannon's mouth, and blown in the face of the approaching fleet.

It seems almost incredible to us that this little nest of ruffians should, up to a time within the memory of men now living, have set at defiance the navies of the world. Spain and France, as well as the other lesser maritime powers of Europe, had sent many expeditions against these pirates during the past three centuries, some meeting defeat at the hands of the corsair fleet, some destroyed by stress of weather, a few obtaining a partial and temporary success. An excuse must be found for these failures in the fact that naval science among most of the European states was in a very backward state, and that the Algerines, born sailors, and emboldened by centuries of success, could well hold their own at sea. It was reserved for our own nation to achieve the task of their subjugation. In 1816, Lord Exmouth, in command of the British fleet, having previously obtained from the Barbary states, and the Beys of Tunis and Tripoli, the release of their slaves, as well as the abolition of Christian slavery for the future, made the same request of the Dey of Algiers. It was refused, and the British admiral returned to England to obtain authority to enforce his demands. Before he reached home, the news arrived of the massacre, by a body of Turks, at Bone, of the crews of the

boats engaged in the coral fishery then conceded to England, when going ashore on Ascension Day to attend mass. It was impossible to overlook this outrage ; and in the autumn of 1816 the British fleet, commanded by Lord Exmouth, in concert with a small Dutch squadron, anchored before Algiers. A message was sent to the Dey conveying the demands of the British government, and requiring, in addition, the instant release of the British consul, who, in accordance with the traditions of the Algerine government, had been put in irons. This demand being treated with contempt, the bombardment commenced. Before night, the entire Algerine fleet was destroyed, and the sea defences of Algiers, together with great part of the town, were in ruins. On the following day the Dey granted the demands of the British admiral, namely, the abolition of Christian slavery, the release of all slaves then in his dominion, the repayment of all sums received by him as ransom for slaves since the beginning of the year, and reparation and a public apology to the British consul.

In 1818, Hussein Khodja (the last Dey of Algiers), immediately on his accession, set about reconstructing the navy, and in the space of two years was able to muster forty-four vessels, manned by over 1,500 sailors, which continued to infest the seas up to the last year of his reign. The final overthrow of piracy arose out of a disputed claim by two Jews, named Busnach and Bacri, for stores supplied to the French government during the wars of the First Empire. The claim remaining unsettled for a considerable period, Hussein became impatient, and at one of the conferences on the subject he struck the French consul across the face with his fan. This insult was followed by the blockade of Algiers by a French fleet for more than two years ; a blockade ridiculously ineffective, inasmuch as the town drew its supplies from the interior.

In the autumn of 1829, it was rumoured that the Dey desired peace, and delegates were sent from Paris to treat with him. But it soon appeared that the Dey expected to receive, not to pay, an indemnity, and would not hear of peace on any other terms. The conference broke up, and the delegates returned to their ship. As the vessel left the harbour, an unexpected and treacherous fire was opened upon it from the harbour batteries, fortunately without doing much injury. The patience of France was exhausted by this fresh outrage, and war was decided on. On the 14th of June, 1830, a French army of 34,000 men landed at Sidi Ferruch, a point a little to the north-west of Algiers. After two successful encounters with the Turkish forces, they arrived early on the morning of 4th July in front of Fort l'Empereur, which commands the town, and commenced the assault. By ten a.m. the fort

was blown up, and abandoned by its garrison, and the Dey surrendered. Next day a capitulation was signed, the French troops entered the town, and took possession of the forts, the tricolor waving from the summit of the Kasba.

With true oriental fatalism, Hussein acknowledged the French as his conquerors, and proceeded to advise them as to the best mode of conciliating the natives, and establishing French authority. The events of the past forty-four years have proved how wise that advice was, and what expenditure of lives and of money might have been saved had it been acted on ;—Abd-el-Kader might not have held the French forces in check for fourteen years, and the insurrection of 1871 might have been avoided. "Rid yourselves," said Hussein, "as soon as possible of the Turkish Janissaries: they have been accustomed to command; they will never willingly learn to obey. The Moors are timid; you will be able to govern them without difficulty; but do not entirely trust to what they say. As to the nomad Arabs, they are not to be feared; by kindness you will attach them to you, and render them tractable and devoted; but harsh treatment will at once alienate them; they will remove with their flocks, and will carry their industry to the mountains, or else pass over to the States of Tunis. The Kabyles have never loved foreigners; they are at strife amongst themselves. Avoid a general war with this people; you will draw no advantage from it. But with regard to them, act on the plan always pursued by the Deys of Algiers, namely, to divide them, and profit by their quarrels."

Hussein embarked next week, with his harem and suite, for Naples, and the Janissaries were shortly afterwards shipped off to Smyrna, excepting only the married, who were allowed to remain, on the supposition that their own interests would prevent them from troubling the government.

The metropolis being now captured, the conquerors set about the task of subduing the country, and administering its affairs—a task which, for years, was performed by a succession of military governors, each of whom governed according to his own theory, irrespective of the practice of his predecessors. The country was in consequence the theatre of a seemingly interminable war, carried on at enormous expense, waged, now with timid indecision, now with savage cruelty, according to the varying orders of the Minister for the day, and their execution by the local governor for the time being, with little appreciable result, except that of quick promotion in the army, for whose especial benefit it seemed organised. The governorship of the Duc de Rovigo, from 1831 to 1833, was especially infamous, and the prospects of a peaceful settlement seemed further off than ever. The utmost dissatisfaction was caused at

home by this condition of affairs; it formed the subject of debates in the Chamber; and a commission of inquiry was actually sent to Algeria to decide whether or not France should abandon her African possessions.

Under succeeding Algerian administrations, an important step to conciliation was taken by the creation of the *Bureau Arabe*, the duty of whose chief was to acquaint himself with the affairs of the natives, report on them to the governor, and transmit his orders by the aid of interpreters. Partly, no doubt, owing to the rare ability and tact of its first chief, M. de Lamoricière, the *Bureau* proved a great success; the chiefs were conciliated, and the natives, whom the brutal treachery of the Duc de Rovigo had driven away, again came to supply the markets of the government. In 1839 this institution was suppressed by the government of the day, but it was re-established in 1841, under Marshal Bugeaud, and is now in full operation on a more extended scale.

In 1833, the French, who previously had contended with a mere disorganised mass of natives led by independent chiefs, united temporarily for defensive purposes but at other times at strife amongst themselves, found a brilliant foe in the remarkable man who has but recently passed away. No less great as a statesman than as a soldier, Abd-el-Kader achieved, if for a short time, the well-nigh impossible task of reconstituting the Arab nationality, crushed for so many centuries under the iron heel of the Turk, and uniting its scattered fragments under one flag. For several years, with a force numerically formidable, but ill-disciplined, and without artillery or stores, he held in check an army of fifty thousand men, provided with all the *matériel* of war, and led by the ablest generals of France. It is probable that one great secret of his success was his intense faith in himself, and in the reality of his Divine mission, with which faith, like his great ancestor, Mahomet, he was able to inspire the crowd of superstitious Arabs who followed his banner. He finally yielded in 1847, but not until ten years after his submission can the French be said to have thoroughly mastered Algeria; while the Kabyle insurrection of 1871, made on the withdrawal of the French troops for the German war, has shown how little the spirit of the natives of the interior is yet subdued, and how gladly they would throw off the French yoke.

It is not likely that another leader like Abd-el-Kader will arise, to frustrate the French schemes of colonisation. His ultimate downfall did much to weaken the popular belief in his Divine mission, though his own remained unshaken to the last. On his release from captivity by Louis Napoleon in 1852, he said, "When God willed that I should make war upon the French, I did so; I burnt as much powder as I could (*j'ai fait parler le poudre autant que je l'ai pu*); and when He signified

"His wish that I should cease fighting, I did so." But in Algeria, as elsewhere, the close contact of a highly civilised with a savage, or at best imperfectly civilised, nation has demoralised the latter. The old religious beliefs are dying out; and in addition to this, the old fatalist instinct of the Arabs, which will probably survive their religious belief, has compelled them to accept the French as the decreed masters of Algeria.

During the seventeen years which elapsed between the capture of Algiers and the submission of Abd-el-Kader, the great question of colonisation, which in truth furnished the only excuse for the annexation of Algeria was necessarily held in abeyance. Until the latter event, it was useless to project any schemes which assumed as a *sine quâ non* the peaceful occupation of the country. Nevertheless, more than one futile attempt was made in that direction. In 1832 a number of German and Swiss emigrants came over, in the hope of obtaining grants of land, or employment. Although the time was not ripe for such undertakings, they were well received; villages were built for, and land, on the condition of their cultivating it, was allotted to, them; but whether from inability or indolence, their engagements were never fulfilled. This considerably annoyed the minister who had encouraged them, and it was thereupon announced that for the future no one would be received as a colonist who did not bring with him enough for a year's subsistence.

After this failure, the question remained virtually quiescent for the next eight years. In 1841 the French government offered to intending emigrants free passages from their homes to the colony, together with free grants of land and building materials to the value of 600 francs. The then Governor-General, Marshal Bugeaud, published a *brochure* * explaining his own views on the subject, and in particular defining the part to be played by the army in the task of colonising the country. The views of this military *doctrinaire* contain, though in an exaggerated form, the essence of most of the ideas that have been expressed and acted on with regard to the supremacy of the army in Algeria,—ideas which, perhaps, more than anything else, have helped to retard colonisation in that country.

M. Bugeaud assumes the necessity of a standing army not less than 80,000 strong, to subdue the natives and prevent risings. He proceeds thus :—

"The army is everything in Africa; it only has destroyed, it only can reconstruct; it only has conquered the country, it only can render it fruitful by cultivation, and prepare it for the reception of a numerous civil population. Two things are therefore necessary: first, to maintain the

* L'Algérie. Du moyen de conserver et d'utiliser cette conquête. 1842.

army at its present strength ; and secondly, which is even more important, to preserve the military government now in force. Since the army is everything in Africa, there is no power possible but a military power. Thus," he adds, "to diminish the army in Africa, and to change the *régime militaire* there established, would be not only to annul the good effects of the war, but to nip colonisation in the bud."

Thus far as to the *role* of the army. How Algeria should be peopled does not escape the Marshal. He suggests that the colonists should be men chosen from the ranks of the army, having at least three years of service before them, so that they should be under military control during that time ; that building materials, stock, and implements be provided by the State, who also should bear the first expenses of construction and installation ; that each colonist be bound to marry within six months of installation ; that during the three years mentioned he should receive the same amount of provisions in kind as was supplied to him while serving in the ranks ; and that after his marriage and settlement he be put in indisputable possession of ten hectares (about twenty-five acres) of land.

A storm of objections was raised in France by these extraordinary propositions from every party except those who, with the Marshal, believed in the divinity of the army. Perhaps that which excited the loudest ridicule was the proposal referring to the marriage of the intended colonists. Where, it was asked, could 10,000 brides be procured at a short notice for the like number of soldier-colonists ? and how would these forced marriages be likely to turn out ? But comment on such a scheme is needless. Marshal Bugeaud's military colonies were planted, land was allotted, the necessary public buildings were erected, and they were supplied with the mules of the military train ; but a year after, the buildings were the only evidence left of a colony having been attempted ! What had become of men and mules none could say.

Direct military colonisation having thus failed, another plan was tried. Labourers were invited to emigrate, and the soldiers were to prepare the ground for their reception : to clear the land, make the roads, and build the villages. But the soldiers soon complained of this new work, which, they said, formed no part of their military duty, and in 1844 a commission of the Chamber formally condemned the new scheme.

The revolution of 1848, which threw so many Parisian workmen out of employment, again turned public attention towards Algeria as a field for emigration ; and a sum of 50,000,000 francs, to be charged on the budgets of 1848 and following years, was voted for the purpose by the government. But the scheme was hastily conceived and badly organised, and possessed within itself all the elements likely to ensure failure.

Apart from the admitted fact that town artisans are of all operatives the least likely to succeed in a colony as agricultural labourers,—to be brought from his home and his friends, and planted with a number of other families, previously unknown to him, in a rigidly defined district, in the midst of a strange country, peopled by a half-savage race, and to be placed under military rule, instead of the civil government to which he had been accustomed,—must have seemed to the Parisian *ouvrier* little short of transportation. And when to this was added the fact that scarcely one of the promises made to intending emigrants was fulfilled by the government; when, instead of the house with from sixteen to twenty hectares of land per family, of which two hectares were to be cleared of *broussailles*, they found on arriving that not even wooden huts had been erected for their reception, and that not a yard of land had been cleared, no wonder many among them began to despair of colonial life, and to ask to be sent back. By 1851, when the supply of provisions guaranteed for three years from their arrival ceased, the greater part of the emigrants had left the colony; in 1864 not more than seven original families remained. The writer to whom I am indebted for these figures, M. Paul Blanc, has given a graphic picture of the disappointments and difficulties with which these emigrants had to contend.*

But of late years the question has become much more complicated. The difficulty of adjudicating between the traditional customs of the natives and the rights of the settlers, in respect of the forests, the preservation of which is so necessary to the latter, the want hitherto of a good settled law of property, and above all the conflict, which has lasted until quite recently, between the civil and military interest in Algeria, have raised obstacles which even English colonists would find it difficult to surmount.

But I must reserve the consideration of these difficulties, together with the prospects of colonisation as they are at the present time, for a future article.

* La Vie de Colon en Algérie. Alger. 1874.





PHILIP'S CHOICE.

In Five Chapters.

BY MRS. S. R. TOWNSHEND MAYER,

AUTHOR OF "THE FATAL INHERITANCE," "HERMIA," "THREE TIMES," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

EVENING AT BROOMHILL.

"**I** AM certain we have lost our way!"

"My dear child, it is impossible. You know I looked at the map just before sunset, and we were all right then,—nothing could be plainer. The man at the inn told us we should have to pass through a little wood."

"By it; not through it."

"By it or through it, it is much the same thing. Besides," triumphantly, "didn't he say there would be a trout stream on our right? And there it is! Look down through the trees. I can see it glimmer."

"That water—whatever it may be—is on our left," said I moodily.

"Oh, right or left, what does it matter? Those country people never know the difference. Of course we are all right."

And Philip, striding on in front, began whistling "Dio dell' or."

"Oh, Philip, *pray* don't whistle!" cried I imploringly, scrambling after him, my skirts caught by every bush and bramble that I hurried past. "I am *sure* we are all wrong. This is a private road, and if there had only been light enough, we should have seen 'Man-traps and spring-guns,' or 'Trespassers will be prosecuted,' nailed up against these—*splendid* trees!"

My tone involuntarily changed in the last words. Not even my terror was proof against the beauty of that wood in the dim sunset glow. Trees of every shape and size and shade of green arched over the narrow path we pursued, through whose fluttering leaves the last sun rays filtered, flecking the "green light of the woods" with gold. Only from above came that faint lustre; beyond and behind us the soft summer gloom had settled.

"Now," observed Philip, "you are taking a more rational view of things. It was the luckiest chance that brought us into this delicious bit of shade!"

"Humph!" said I. "*It was* chance, then; and I wonder what chance will get us out again?"

Philip did not appear to hear me; when I make cutting remarks he is generally happily unconscious. So on we went again, and as the shade deepened my fears returned with twofold vigour.

"I wish you *would* turn back," I said impatiently. "We shall come upon poachers, or get into some trouble."

"You have a pleasing variety of anticipations, Nettie. Just now we were in danger of being taken up ourselves."

"Well, something unpleasant will be sure to happen if we stay here. Do let us get back into the highroad. You have no idea where this path will lead to."

"That is exactly what I mean to find out," he said coolly; and even while he spoke a sharp turn brought us close to a low stile, beyond which lay a broad park-like lawn, dotted with clusters of trees and evergreens—a white house, with pillared portico, gleaming ghost-like in the distance.

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Philip; "within the pale of civilisation again. Now I shall go up to those baronial halls, and get some authentic information as to our whereabouts."

"You *never* will!" I cried, clutching his arm in desperation. "We have no business here at all, you know, and we shall certainly be insulted by the servants. I won't stir a step nearer."

"You are a little fool, Nettie," was the complimentary reply. "You may stay here alone if you like. I am going to the house."

The idea was terrible. But the solitude of the wood was more terrible still; so I followed humbly, taking courage from furtive glances at Philip's handsome face and light erect figure, with its air of careless strength. Certainly he did not look a man to be insulted by inferiors.

As we got nearer, I noticed that several windows were open, and from one of these a flight of steps communicated with a sort of plateau of brilliant flowers. On the lowest step sat a gentleman smoking.

No contrast could be greater than that between his correct evening costume and our dust-covered, travel-worn walking-dresses. For the rest, I rapidly decided that the comparison was in Philip's favour; the unknown, though with good features, had ill-tempered eyes, and one of those hard straight mouths which can say such ungenerous things. He looked in undisguised astonishment at us.

"My sister and I," said Philip, advancing, "are making a walking

tour. I fear we have no sort of business to be here; but as we must have come immensely out of our way, you will see the intrusion is not intentional."

"Pray don't apologise," said the stranger, half smiling, and rising as he glanced at me. "Where are you bound for?"

"Whitestone. We have walked from Heele."

"Then you have come five miles out of your way."

I couldn't help saying, "I knew it, Philip!" But no one took any notice.

"You cannot get to Whitestone to-night on foot. You would have altogether quite eight miles to walk."

Philip looked at me. "No, that is clearly impossible for my sister. Can you tell me the nearest place in which we could stay for the night?"

"I fear you would find wretched accommodation in the village. Besides, that is two miles off, and I think we shall have a storm."

It had indeed grown dark; and the first heavy drops splashed suddenly on the stone steps.

"Excuse me a moment," said our new acquaintance; and sprang up the steps and through the open window. He did not return; but a servant, soon approaching from another entrance, brought Colonel Masters' compliments, and would we go in?

I made a mental review of my toilet with a pang of dismay. The dust-coloured suit and neat little knapsack donned with such satisfaction when we left home, and worn with such philosophy at our various rural lodgings, felt horribly incongruous for a drawing-room; my broad-brimmed hat I knew was considerably askew, and I was conscious of holes in my gloves, and painfully burning cheeks.

"We *can't* go in, Philip!" I protested, in an energetic whisper, vainly clutching his arm. He was just in the mood for mischief, and on he went.

We were ushered into a pretty room, dimly lighted (to my comfort), and with summer scents and the first coolness of the falling rain blowing in through open windows. A fine-looking old man, with keen dark eyes and a profusion of white hair, came forward to receive us.

"My nephew has been telling me of your dilemma," he said kindly. "We shall have a wild night I can see, and I am glad to offer you shelter."

In vain I murmured that we could not accept so much kindness. "We cannot let you go through such a storm," said our new friend,—and indeed lightning had begun to flash already, and thunder to growl,—"can we, Charlotte? My sister," he added, turning to a gentle old

lady in Quakerish grey silk and a white shawl, who reclined in an arm-chair, "and my daughters,"—including by a slight wave of his hand two girls who sat together by the open window.

The younger was just the pretty, elegant, pleasant-mannered girl one sees by dozens at the Opera, in the Row, in every place where well-bred, well-to-do folk congregate. The other——

If Philip were looking over my shoulder, he would bid me beware of heroics, and the fatal feminine habit of exaggeration. But I can't write tamely about Ellen.

She was not over-tall, but her step and air were those of a queen ; she was not regularly handsome, but no mere beauty of feature ever charmed as did her sweet expressive face ; she had the loveliest eyes in the world—deep vivid blue in the light, almost black in the shade of their dark lashes ; she had a colour like a rose-leaf, a voice like music, and the fairest hand that ever was made to be kissed.

Of course I did not see all this at one glance. I only saw two charming girls, and wondered which Philip would fall in love with. One it was sure to be.

"Philip Talbot !" said Colonel Masters musingly, looking at the card he still held in his hand. "I wonder whether by any chance your father was at Corpus in 18—?"

"Uncle Chetwynd Talbot was," said Philip ; and together they pieced the thread of recollection, till it appeared beyond dispute that he and our host had been college friends, which was a great step towards intimacy.

To me the evening passed like a dream. The lights, the flowers, the music, the hundred-and-one refinements about us, came in bewildering contrast to the voluntary roughing-it of our holiday. I enjoyed it, but expected every now and then to wake and find myself in the sanded parlour of some rustic inn, with eggs and bacon on the table, and the faint but distinct perfume of beer and tobacco.

As to Philip, he was completely at his ease—gay, sensible, companionable, as he managed to be with every one he met, peer or pedlar. I was not a bit surprised when our host said, shaking hands with old-fashioned friendliness as he bade us good-night, "Mr. Talbot, I am much indebted to the storm which has given me the pleasure of your society."

CHAPTER II.

"SUMMER IS SWEET."

It often happens that a sudden intimacy formed over-night seems to have recoiled with equal suddenness next morning ; an intangible barrier has erected itself between our sympathies—a coolness,—and all has to be begun over again.

But it was not so at Broomhill. Our friends were just as friendly at the breakfast-table as over last evening's coffee ; and greeted us as though we had been on intimate terms all our lives.

"Are you fond of boating, Miss Talbot ?" asked Colonel Masters. "If so, Cliffe shall take you out on the stream you passed last night. I know you are fond of flowers ; I can tell by the way you are examining that bouquet by your plate. Ethel, pray show Miss Talbot your conservatories."

"Will you come ?" she asked, with an enchanting smile.

But I was captivated by the elder girl.

"Are *you* coming ?" I inquired.

"No, I am always busy in the morning—in many ways."

"I think I will not go out at present, thank you."

"I should very much like to see your flowers, Miss Ethel, if you will take me," said Philip, looking particularly charming.

So Miss Ethel, nothing loth, tripped off with my brother, and I remained in the morning room, taking up a book.

But if I thought to enjoy the society of my new idol by staying indoors, I was mistaken. She stood by my side talking pleasantly for a few minutes, brought me a heap of magazines and some new novels, and then, saying cheerfully, "I am ready, Papa," gave him her arm to his study. As they went away together, I noticed for the first time that he was slightly lame. It was pretty to see the slender girlish figure so carefully and tenderly assisting his halting steps.

I confess to sitting alone till I got rather tired of my own companionship, and was half wishing I had gone out with the others when I heard their cheerful voices returning.

They tapped at the window by which I sat, and I was forced to admit that Ethel Masters looked almost as fresh and sweet as the flowers she carried. Master Philip had a most suspicious-looking rose in his button-hole, and altogether my equanimity was ruffled.

"We have come to fetch you for some boating," said Ethel. "Cliffe will be ready in five minutes. Do come, Miss Talbot ; you can't think how lovely it is after the storm."

"Is your sister coming?"

"Ellen? No, certainly not. She writes Papa's letters, and makes out his accounts, and does all sorts of dreadful things in the morning. You will be left to yourself if you stay indoors, I warn you."

"Come, Nettie, don't be absurd," said Philip; and, half reluctantly, I went.

In spite of myself, I enjoyed that row. Though I had a strong conviction that I had been fetched in order to prevent Mr. Cliffe Masters from disturbing the *titte-à-titte* of the other two, I could not help being happy. The calm broad stream carried us lazily between shelving tree-fringed banks, with a cloudless sky above, and water-flowers around; the soft breeze gently stirred the tall reeds, and rippled the river's surface into a thousand fairy wavelets; the blended notes of many birds floated on the breeze from distant woods. At a sudden curve the stream narrowed, the banks grew steeper, wild roses and honeysuckle bent their tangled wreaths into the water, the trees almost met above our heads.

"Stay here," said Ethel. "This is the prettiest bit of all. Now repeat the 'Lotos Eaters,' Cliffe."

He obeyed. He recited well—in a full sonorous voice, without effort or affectation. The beauty of the scene seemed to set itself to the music of the poem. It was an hour of enchantment.

Then Ethel said softly, "We must go home." The spell was broken, and we woke to every-day life. And I had a sudden vision of Ellen growing pale over "accounts, and all sorts of dreadful things."

We met her just leaving her father's study when we entered the hall; she looked harassed; and Cliffe, approaching her, said with real concern, "You have been worried, Ellen. What is it—the old trouble?"

"Yes," she answered sadly, "the old trouble;" and I fancied a tear glimmered on the dark downcast lashes.

I suppose Miss Masters divined my great wish to see more of her, for when we were sitting at lunch, she said,

"I am going to drive to the village this afternoon, and make sundry calls on behalf of Aunt Charlotte. Will you come with me, Miss Talbot?"

"I should like it immensely," I cried eagerly, "if—only—but we ought to be starting again, Philip."

"My dear young lady," said Colonel Masters, "I have almost persuaded your brother to spend the rest of his vacation here. If you join your voice to mine, I shall succeed. I am sure you have had enough of roaming about the country this time, and you can send to London for your 'things,'—young ladies are never happy without their 'things,' I know,—and make yourself comfortable with us. We shall enjoy your company."

A glance at Philip, who was flirting with Ethel over some apricots, showed that *his* mind was made up. "He is certainly falling in love with the wrong girl," I thought,—“and there will be no getting him away.” I was a little unwilling to give up our project, which had seemed so romantic and charming. But Broomhill was pleasant certainly. And Ellen Masters had won my heart.

So I drove off with her contentedly enough, and praised the pretty ponies she handled so cleverly.

The storm of the previous night had cooled the air, and freshened the green of the grass and hedges, and deepened the red glow of the moist earth. The lanes down which we drove were deep and shady, screened from the sun by overarching trees, under which, on the meadow side, cattle grouped lazily, in unconscious natural pictures. To the gates horses came, stretching their heads over in friendly greeting as our ponies went by.

My London-wearied eyes found everything new and charming.

The village was a cluster of irregular cottages, including a baker's shop, a "general" shop, and a rustic inn, with flowers in the window, and benches beside the door, in front of which a few ducks floated idly on a shallow pond.

At nearly all the houses Miss Masters had a kindly errand,—some dainties to be left for an invalid at one house,—some lace ordered of a pale young woman, who sat plying her bobbins under the honeysuckle-shaded porch of another. Then I had to hold the reins while she went into the village school. And I could see through the open lattices little faces brighten as she passed down the long rows of forms with words and smiles of encouragement.

"What a pleasant life this is," I said, as Ellen resumed her seat by my side, and turned her ponies' heads homeward. "So many pleasures coming naturally into it, and such a lovely home,—and so many opportunities of doing good," I added, moralizing sublimely.

"Yes, it is pleasant—I am very fond of it all—I could wish it never to end. I like the quiet life, and the feeling that all the people are one's own people. I only wish Ethel was as satisfied with it as I am—she would have so much in her power."

I wondered why the elder girl should think the tastes of the younger of so much more importance than her own, but did not like to question her directly.

"Does not your sister like the country?" I asked, skirting round the subject.

"She likes it in itself, for a change; but she does not take any interest in the people, and she would prefer to live in London."

"Oh, London is horrid, unless you have plenty of money ;—at least I find it horrid ; but of course it would be different for you. You know, Philip is reading for the Bar, and I am so dull all day without him ! I can't go out alone much, and I don't really care about church more than *twice* a week besides Sundays ; and I can't take up district visiting—I am so afraid of the London poor, and I don't know what to say to them. It must be so different here."

I stole a look at my companion to see if I had shocked her dreadfully, but she smiled.

"Yes, it is different ; it seems natural to know the people here, and one is always welcome."

"I hope when Philip is called he will go a little out of town. It would be so much nicer to have a cottage, and a garden, even to work in them oneself, than to be waited on in our dull rooms all day."

"You must be glad to see your brother come home."

"Oh, I am ! You can't think what a dear old boy he is. We walk till moonlight on fine evenings, and when it is wet he reads to me ; and sometimes, for a *very* great treat, he takes me to the Opera."

Miss Masters sat looking absorbed by my chatter, as if the picture of our quiet life had a secret charm for her. Then Broomhill came in sight, and she roused herself from her reverie.

CHAPTER III.

"OH, PHILIP, SPEAK OUT !"

ETHEL and Philip were seated on the terrace steps making bouquets for the dinner-table. The girl sprang up as we appeared, crying,

"Oh, I'm glad you have come back !—take my place, please Ellen ; I am so tired of sitting still all this time."

Philip submitted to the change with a better grace than I expected. A great many more flowers were arranged by Ellen's graceful fingers than by Ethel's capricious ones, yet conversation did not flag.

"Your sister tells me she is fond of London, Miss Masters. Do you like it ?"

"I have never been there."

"Never been to London ! Is it possible ?"

"It is the actual fact, startling though it seems to you," said Ellen smiling. "My father dislikes the town, so does Aunt Charlotte ; and they could not very well spare me. Ethel has a friend there whom she visits, so fortunately there is no need to victimise the family."

"And do you never *wish* to go ?"

"I should like to hear some of the music, and see the picture exhibitions. But I am quite satisfied here."

"When you come to London, promise to let me know. I should like to take you to see some of our lions, and share your first impressions. They are such novelties now."

"Very well, I promise. But you will have to wait a long time for its fulfilment."

"Tout vient pour qui sçait attendre."

"A great many things come which we neither expect nor wish for," said Ellen with a sigh. "Come, Mr. Talbot, we have plenty of flowers now."

In the evening we had some music. Ethel played brilliantly, and trilled like a bird, with wonderful grace and fluency, but with no human pathos.

Then Colonel Masters said to Ellen,

"Sing an old-fashioned song for me, my dear ;" and she sang, in a sweet rich voice, of no great compass, but full of expression, old ballads such as go straight to the heart by the unfailing power of love and sorrow.

So our summer holiday slipped away, and when the time came for leaving Broomhill it was like tearing oneself from a beloved home. We had generally divided our party in pretty much the same way as on the first day of our visit. Philip would ride and row and walk with Cliffe and Ethel, who were certainly two gay useless human butterflies if ever there were such things ; and I stayed behind, allowed, as I gradually became admitted to Ellen's confidence, to share her duties of reading to and writing for Colonel Masters and his sister, and sometimes taking her place in the village: "Qualifying for a district visitor," she laughingly remarked.

Cliffe Masters tried in a lazy way to get up a semi-flirtation with me, but was not sufficiently interested in it to persevere against my discouragement. There was a hardness under his *insouciance* which irritated and repelled me, and I could not even play at love with him. Philip wore Ethel's chains openly, to my intense annoyance, especially as I sometimes thought under all Ellen's gentle unruffled composure there lurked a special interest in my handsome brother.

"Well, Nettie," said he at last, when we were alone in the drawing-room one evening, "you must pack up to-morrow. It is quite time I got into harness again."

"I'm sorry," I said with a long sigh. "Who could have thought what our pedestrian tour would end in ?"

"It has ended in something serious for me, I'm afraid," said Philip, with a rather uneasy laugh. "But she's certainly the sweetest and best girl in the world."

"Oh, how *can* you say so!" I cried, my long-pent-up wrath finding vent at the smallest encouragement. "She's not worth her sister's little finger. But it's so like you men! Blind, stupid, infatuated creatures that you are—taken in directly by a showy face and a gay manner!"

"Why, Nettie, what a rage you are working yourself into! Whom do you suppose I have fallen in love with?"

"It is easy to see—I knew it all along,—Ethel, of course. She is just the girl to suit you."

"*Merci du compliment.* She is a very pretty, accomplished, interesting girl. But is it possible that with all your preternatural wisdom you have not found out that Ethel is engaged to her cousin Cliffe? I knew it the first evening."

"You don't mean to say," I asked, with kindling excitement, "that you are fond of Ellen after all?"

"I love her," said Philip, in rather a shamefaced way. "And if we 'live, and do well,' as Browning says, some day I shall make her my wife."

"Oh, I am so glad—I am so glad!" said I, getting up and executing a *pas seul* to dispose of my surplus enthusiasm. "I really didn't give you credit for so much good sense. When shall you speak to Colonel Masters—to-night?"

"Not at all," said he sharply, "nor to Ellen either. You don't suppose I could ask her father to sanction an engagement, with my *no* prospects? I shall work enormously hard, and when I have provided something like a home I shall ask her to share it."

My countenance fell. "That's not right—it's not fair to Ellen," I said impatiently. "If she likes you, she ought to know that you love her; it's cruel to go away and leave her in doubt."

"You talk like a school-girl; it would be far more cruel to bind her to my uncertain future. We understand each other, Nettie."

"Philip," I said steadily, "you are deceiving yourself. It is yourself that you do not like to bind—your own constancy that you cannot trust."

He coloured angrily. "Nothing of the kind. I will work for her, and she will wait for me."

"It is not fair to expect her to wait," I persisted, "unless she knows she has something to wait for. Suppose, while she is quite in doubt as to whether your liking was but a mere passing fancy, some one comes and avows himself seriously in love? Who could blame her if she accepted him?"

"If she likes him, let her have him," said Philip. "If she loves me, she will not marry the first man who asks her. How could I take her

from such a home as this to our dingy rooms at Kensington? Do you think her father would allow it?"

"I don't expect you would marry at once, of course," said I; "though if Ellen is the girl I take her to be, she would rather toil and struggle with you than live in luxury without you."

"I don't intend my wife to toil and struggle," said he coldly.

"Philip, this is nothing in the world but pride, whatever fine names you may give it. Besides, Colonel Masters seems to like you very much. I am sure he would be pleased, and I should think he would help you."

"He could not, if he were ever so much inclined. The estates are strictly entailed, and every rood will go to Cliffe. Ethel has a small fortune from her mother, but Ellen will not have a penny. They are living quite up to their income, if not beyond it."

"All the more reason," said I, obstinately, "why they should know there will be a home for Ellen when she wants one."

"Yes, when I have one to offer her. It's no use to argue the point; Nettie; my mind is made up. You don't suppose it costs me nothing to leave her without a word? But I know I am right."

The entrance of Cliffe and Ethel put an end to our discussion.

It was astonishing (now that I knew all about it) how evident the real position of the four young people was. Between Cliffe and Ethel there was the easy security—verging on indifference—of a long engagement; while over Philip and Ellen's fragmentary words and averted looks hung the tender consciousness of unavowed affection.

Philip's explanation cleared up many little points which had puzzled me. Ellen's serious conferences with her father, the touch of anxious gravity in her manner, her careful supervision of the household, all arose from those unsuspected pecuniary difficulties. I now knew what she meant by saying Ethel "would have so much in her power," for of course she would be mistress of Broomhill, should her father's health, which was feeble, finally break down.

All these thoughts crowded on my mind as I watched her sweet face at dinner, and felt a strong desire to run a tilt against the English disposition of "real estate."

"Let us all go into the garden," said Philip, when we returned to the drawing-room. "Remember, it is our last night of rural bliss. This time to-morrow we shall be within four gloomy London walls, with our pleasure-ground restricted to a clump of dusty evergreens in a patch of parched grass."

For a time we all strolled together over the sloping lawns, and through rows of tall blossom-laden rose trees, sending up all their fragrance at

the touch of the evening dew. The moon had risen, an amber crescent in an azure sky.

Then Ethel suddenly exclaimed that her shoes were wet through, she must go in, and Cliffe and I obediently followed. Ellen turned also, but Philip laid a detaining hand on hers. "Stay a little longer," he whispered, "this last time."

How I hoped his resolution would break down before the sweetness of the hour, and of her face!

Cliffe and Ethel went to the piano, and I sat by the open window, before which Ellen and Philip paced up and down together.

"This has been a delightful visit," he said; "and now, like all delightful things, it is over. We shall be far away to-morrow, and you will walk and ride and rest, and your flowers will bloom and fade, and your birds will sing, and you will forget those other birds of passage who listened to them for a little while with you."

They were tremendous platitudes that he was uttering so solemnly—my clever brother! But I suppose his listener was interested. After a pause, she said,

"I am inclined to reverse the story. We, going quietly on here just as usual, will miss our visitors very much—miss them as every daily occurrence reminds us of those who so lately shared them; while you, absorbed in the whirl of London, will quite forget the momentary respite of Broomhill."

"Till I die I shall always remember Broomhill—and *you*!"

They were standing still now, close by the open window, leaning over the stone balustrade, and gazing down together on the darkening landscape. The light of the moon had grown stronger, and fell on her pale agitated face as she said, in sad but unfaltering tones,

"You had far better forget me. Go and prosper, Mr. Talbot. My earnest wishes for your welfare will always be yours. But if you *must* remember me, let it be only as your friend."

I could scarcely keep silence. "Oh, Philip, speak out!" my heart was saying so strongly that I feared the words would pass my lips.

But he paused—he hesitated. He did not speak. He only lifted the pretty hand suddenly to his lips, and then they re-entered the drawing-room.

CHAPTER IV.

PHILIP RESOLVES TO SPEAK OUT.

FIVE years had passed since our first summer visit to Broomhill. My brother was beginning to be known as a barrister of promise, and a

rising man in various ways. We had long exchanged our dingy Kensington rooms for a handsome well-furnished house in quite a presentable square.

We had been to Broomhill several times during this period, and our acquaintance had grown into close friendship; but lately there had been a long interval between our visits; and Ellen's letters, which had grown reserved, told me more about facts than feelings, and got fewer and shorter, till they became little beyond occasional bulletins: Colonel Masters grew perceptibly weaker; Cliffe went and came as the imperative duties of his regiment required; there was no other change. Once Philip ran down to Broomhill unexpectedly, but found only some of the servants. "Old Miss Masters," as they called her, had been seriously ill, and was sent to the Isle of Wight for the winter,—all the family going with her.

After that came a longer interval of absolute silence than usual.

We sat quietly on each side of the fireplace one chilly spring evening when we had dined alone (a rather rare occurrence of late years), and I unconsciously studied the changes time had made in my brother. I was not altogether satisfied with the result of my inspection. His face was more thin, eager, and worn than I liked to see it, and those few years of study and success had aged it.

Presently he got up, took two or three turns across the room, and, returning to the fireplace, said abruptly,

"Nettie, what would you say if I were to marry?"

"That would greatly depend on whom you married."

"You know there is only one woman I ever dreamt of marrying."

"You mean Ellen?" I asked eagerly.

"Yes," he said, thoughtfully, "if she is still the same. I *have* a home and a position to offer her now,—a position that will improve. Sir Philip proposed to me yesterday to stand for his place at the next election. He does not care to enter Parliament himself, but he would like to see me there,—and I should to a certain extent represent him."

"Member for Holly House!" said I, contemptuously. "Philip, I would not enter the Cabinet itself on such terms."

"Pooh! I should not compromise my independence in any way. Further, Sir Philip is anxious that I should marry. He says, truly enough, that it gives a man more social weight, and is altogether desirable when prospects are fair."

"Pray don't quote that worldly-minded old man. Don't attribute what you are going to do to his advice."

"Nettie, you are strangely unreasonable. If I were making 'that worldly-minded old man' my authority for *not* marrying Ellen, you

might fairly complain. But he thinks nothing of her want of fortune. He will be quite satisfied with family connections and surroundings like hers."

"How *could* you talk to him about her, Philip? It was profanation. What does it matter whether he is perfectly satisfied or not? Surely your marriage is your own affair."

"It may to some extent be his affair also. Neither you nor I, Nettie, care about measuring ourselves for dead men's shoes, but it is no use to shut our eyes to facts. If I marry in a way that pleases Sir Philip, I shall stand for Gillstone; if I win, it will be through his influence. If my parliamentary career pleases him, I shall be his heir."

I lost my temper utterly.

"Oh, Philip, Philip! I am disappointed in you! You are going to marry Ellen for the sake of getting into Parliament; and you are going to be Sir Philip's tool in the House for the sake of becoming his heir! When we were poor you were much more manly and independent. I wish you had run away with Ellen, and shared a crust together, till you worked your way to a competence."

"You are unjust," he said coldly. "If I did not choose to marry Ellen till the step was not wholly imprudent, you know how long and faithfully I have loved her. If I adopt Sir Philip's political views, it will only be when I conscientiously agree with them. I am going to my study now, for two or three hours' hard work. Good-night."

Next morning Philip started for Broomhill, and I waited for a line from him or Ellen in a fever of anxiety. I trusted that his marriage with one so gentle and generous would dispel the hardness he had acquired during his struggle for prosperity.

I sometimes could not recognize my kind, light-hearted brother and favourite companion in the reserved, keen-witted, clear-headed man of the world; and much of the change I attributed to Sir Philip Gedge. He had taken small interest in the children of his old friend when a little help from him would have smoothed a hundred difficulties in our path. We might have walked the shoes off our feet for him, at the time when a lift in his carriage would have been a real boon; but now we could provide them for ourselves, his horses, servants, opera-box,—all were at our disposal. The love of power grows with what it feeds on; and Philip was not averse to accepting his godfather's help to mount yet higher up the social ladder, though when he stood at the foot he would not stoop to solicit it.

However, he had been true to Ellen; and all would now come right. Too restless to settle to anything, I wandered over the house planning

improvements that should be made for the bride, wondering how she would like this, and what she would think of that,—picturing the happy days, the walks and talks we three would have together when her influence should have won back the Philip of old, or consoling myself with the thought that there would soon be two to bear the intervals of abstraction and inaccessibility to which all public men must be subject. Never for a moment did the thought of separating my lot from theirs enter my mind. I knew no shade of jealousy could ever come between us, and that neither my brother nor Ellen would dream of shutting me out of their happiness.

I was just about to ring for my bedroom candle when a loud knock at the door made me pause in astonishment. A moment afterwards Philip entered the room, looking harassed, tired, and disturbed,—anything but a triumphant lover.

“Rejected!” I thought, with a pang of disappointment; and I dared not ask a single question.

Philip sat down gloomily; refused refreshment; and seemed altogether unapproachable.

At last he said, “I have not seen her, after all, Nettie.”

“Not even seen her, Philip!”

“No. It was a most unfortunate time to choose; it seems a bad omen. Poor Masters is dying.”

“Oh, I am sorry!”

“I only saw the housekeeper. I wrote a note to Ellen, expressing regret, and saying I had particularly wished to see her if it had been possible. I think she must have understood why. She sent a verbal message that she would write to me soon,—that was all.”

“I do not see that she could have done more at such a time.”

“She might have seen me for five minutes, I think,” he said, with the unreasonableness of a lover. “It seems that Ethel and her cousin were married last summer,—I wonder we did not see it in the papers,—and they are at Malta with his regiment.”

“Poor Ellen! what a terrible trial for her, by herself!”

“Yes, it is very hard for her. Miss Masters, they told me, is so ill that she is hardly expected to get over this shock.”

Two days after Philip's visit we saw Colonel Masters' death announced. But we had to wait some time for Ellen's promised letter.

It was very brief and very guarded; the profoundly sad tone was natural; but there was also a restraint and stiffness not so easily accounted for.

“It reads like ‘good-bye,’” said Philip, tossing the note over to me almost angrily. “I cannot understand it.”

"I should like to thank you," ran the poor little missive, "for the message you left at Broomhill. And if your sister will come too, it will give me great pleasure to see her once more. You will find me at the following address any day after next week."

"'Mrs. Taylor, High Street, Kington.' How is it she is not at Broomhill? What can it mean?" repeated Philip.

"It is quite natural she should go away for a time," said I. "Don't torment yourself, Philip."

Still, I prepared to accompany my brother to "High Street, Kington," with some uneasiness.

It was a commonplace, dreary-looking village, straggling uphill in one long street—where "the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker" resided in friendly proximity to their customers. The architecture was irregular: a tall white house with violently green door and shutters announced itself on a brass plate as the abode of the village surgeon; next to it stood a low thatched cottage, to which we were directed as Mrs. Taylor's.

"There must be some mistake," said Philip irritably. "It is impossible that Ellen can be staying here."

Nevertheless, when we knocked at the door, Ellen herself opened it to admit us.

CHAPTER V.

"THIS IS REALITY!"

ELLEN herself—but how different from the Ellen of Broomhill!

Her pale, sad face was worn with watching and tears. Her dress, of the plainest and poorest black stuff, hung loosely on her wasted figure. Her manner was tremulous and shy, in spite of a touching effort for steadiness and self-control.

"It is kind of you to come," she said gravely, with a swift glance at Philip, and making no movement to take my hand.

But I clasped her in my arms. "Ellen, my darling, my love," I cried, "I am so glad, so happy, to see you again! How you must have suffered! Why did not you let me come to you before?"

My agitation broke down her forced calmness. She drew me into a little homely room close to the door, and clung to me and wept without restraint when we sat down in the low window-seat together.

Philip had followed us, and stood in his old attitude by the mantelpiece. He kept silence till Ellen's tears began to flow more quietly, and then exclaimed,

"Why did you come here to meet us, Ellen? What is the meaning of this masquerade?"

The words were cruel, but I knew he was suffering horribly. Ellen did not seem surprised by them. Moments of strong emotion tear aside the thin conventional veil used for every-day wear.

"This is reality," she said sadly, recalling the composure which my emotion had broken down. "The other was the masquerade. And I sent for you here that you might realise the truth at once and entirely."

She paused; when she began to speak again, a flush of uncontrollable feeling rose to her cheeks, a thrill of passionate longing broke through the forced quiet of her voice.

"I understood your message," she said, just glancing at my brother, and then averting her eyes. "It is best to be straightforward. If what I have to say should give you pain, believe me I am the greatest sufferer. If by any sacrifice I could have been free to tell you the truth before, I would have done so. If you have ever hoped, have ever thought of me as what I cannot be, it has not been my doing. I have tried to put such dreams away. You remember—you do believe me?"

Philip made a gesture of assent. His lips moved as if to speak, but no words came. The hand that rested on the mantelpiece trembled violently.

"I do not want to keep you in suspense," she went on nervously; "but it is a hard thing to have to say: I was not Colonel Masters' daughter—only his adopted child."

"My God—Ellen!"

"Ellen dear," said I, crying bitterly, "what does it matter? You are our own dear Ellen just the same."

She put her hand on mine. It was steady enough now, and its cool touch quieted me.

"Mrs. Masters adopted me," she resumed, "two years before Ethel's birth. While she lived, I was not allowed to know that I was not really her child. Only a few years ago, just before I first saw you, when Colonel Masters was very ill, and was afraid I might be forced to hear the truth from harsher lips, Ethel and I were told—all. It made no difference then."

"It was cruel—it was base," I exclaimed passionately, "*ever* to tell you, after hiding the truth for so many years!"

"Hush!—it could not be helped. I had other duties. Colonel Masters made me promise never to leave him, nor to make any change, while he survived. He knew his life would not be a long one. He was poor, or provision would have been made for me."

"They should never have sent you from Broomhill,—how could they!"

"Broomhill belongs to Cliffe Masters now, you know. Ethel would have kept me with her, but I should not have been welcome to her husband. He continues the allowance Colonel Masters made my mother, which is all I could expect."

"But why are you here?" asked Philip vehemently. "What is the meaning of this?"

"I am here," said Ellen slowly, "because my mother lies bedridden upstairs, and this is my home."

"This is *not* your home," I said; "it shall not be. You are not fit for it. It will kill you!"

She smiled sadly. "The change is hard to bear," she said, "but worse things can be borne without dying. And now I think—it was very good of you to come and see me; but I think we had better say good-bye."

I looked at my brother. He had sunk into a chair, and hidden his face on his folded arms.

"Oh, Philip," I thought, "tell her you will not give her up—that no change can change you—that you have another home for her now, far from this!"

But it was not for me to prompt him. Such words must come from the heart, or not at all.

Slowly he raised his head—slowly moved to Ellen's side. I would have left them, but she convulsively clasped my hand.

"Ellen," he said, "you partly know what I came here to say. I *must* say it," as she made some slight attempt to silence him, "and put my fate in your hands. I have loved you ever since our first meeting—I have never had a thought for any woman but you. Half my pleasure"—Philip was always honest—"half my pleasure in making a place in the world was the thought that you would share it. Come and share it now."

Alas! there was no love in his voice, or it must have broken down her resolve. It was kind, it was urgent; but the chill of surprise and estrangement was already there.

Ellen turned from him, and hid her white face on my shoulder. Then, as soon as the trembling lips could be steadied, she whispered, "No!"

"Ellen!"

"No, Mr. Talbot, it must not be. You are good and generous, but I cannot accept such a sacrifice. Your wife must not drag you down. We should neither of us be happy—and I hope you will be very happy

yet. Oh, leave me, leave me," she cried with sudden vehemence, "before I give way utterly!"

"Think of all you are giving up, Ellen," I pleaded; "think of the hard, dull, solitary life you will lead, and how little prepared you are for it. Think of Philip!"

"I do think of him—God knows I do this for his sake. There is a stronger feeling in his heart than love, dear. Ambition and success will console him for losing me. Could I bear to be a clog upon him—could I bear to feel his disappointment? I should feel it, though he would never let me see it. No, it is all over—you must go and forget me. I warned you to forget me, years ago!"

I stole from the room, along a narrow flagged passage, out into a little court which it would have been mockery to call a garden. Here I walked up and down in anxious suspense for what seemed an hour—I suppose it was only a few minutes. Then I heard Ellen softly call me. "Good-bye, dear," she said with a long kiss. "You must go now. I have my mother; and Philip, for a time, will have you. Then, when some one else comes, you must not be jealous,—neither for yourself, nor for me."

So the romance of my brother's life ended. He was angry and indignant with Ellen at first. He had wrought himself up to make what the world would have called a great sacrifice, and no one likes to have a great sacrifice refused. But Ellen knew him better than he knew himself.

He is master of Broomhill now, and guardian of the little heir. He married Mrs. Cliffe Masters two years after her husband's death, when her only child was three years old. For my part, I cannot endure the place. I am much happier at Kington, where Ellen has been mistress of the village school since her mother died. But Philip, who is a Q.C., and in Parliament, seems perfectly satisfied with life. And Ethel firmly believes that her second marriage was the most romantic affair in all the world, and that Philip has loved her, and her alone, ever since that memorable evening when we lost our way in the woods, and were sheltered from the thunder-storm at Broomhill.





THE PLAYFAIR COMMISSION.

By ARCHIBALD GRANGER BOWIE.

ABOUT a year ago the hearts of all members of our English Civil Service beat high with expectation ; and not without reason, for the then new Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Stafford Northcote, had just appointed a Commission fully to investigate the grievances which had been widely ventilated. And when it was known that the popular Dr. Lyon Playfair would preside over the Commission, the hearts of the civil servants, naturally, beat still higher with hope. Great things and extensive reforms were expected of the Commission ; for instance, a thorough re-organisation wholly to the advantage of the Service ; the abolition of the system of having different grades of offices, whereby one office is of superior social rank to another ; the clerk of the Foreign Office to be no longer able to sneer at his fellow-clerk in the Post Office or Customs ; the clerk at Whitehall and the clerk at St. Martin's-le-Grand to be in future of one social grade ;—in short, all the various departments of the Service to be amalgamated and thenceforth become one body ; and all the classifications of individual offices to be done away with, and the Service graded into two general classes only. These optimists also asserted that the salary scales of the classes would be on most generous terms. The minimum of the lower class would be £100, and the maximum £400, while the yearly increments would also be greatly improved. Many enthusiasts went so far as to believe that the completion of the Commission's labours would be the signal for an immediate increase of 15 per cent. to the salaries of the civil servants all round—not even that unenviable piece of humanity the “Civil Service Writer” being forgotten. No more “tenpenny-an-hour” or piece-work for him ; but all writers were to be put into a supplementary class specially made for them, commencing with a minimum rising annually to such a maximum salary as would enable them to live somewhat more luxuriously than they had been able to do on their tenpence an hour.

Such were some of the speculations rife when the Playfair Commission was first appointed, and believed in to a great extent by numbers of

interested persons. Those who were calmer in their judgment and less sanguine in their expectations went so far, at any rate, as to say that whatever might be the result of the Commission, it could not make the Service worse than it was. Hence all were in its favour, the majority believing that its suggestions would be to the undoubted improvement of the Service, as those of all previous Commissions had been. How cruelly all these hopes have been disappointed may be gathered from a brief examination of the first report issued by Dr. Playfair's Commission, and only made public some five or six weeks since, although it was confidentially circulated among the Cabinet Ministers two or three weeks before the opening of the present session of Parliament. The proposals contained in this report seem to run thus:—That the rank and file of all departments shall be graded into one huge body of clerks, thus doing away with any distinction or superiority the name of an office may give; and this body divided into two classes only. That the second or lower class be composed of those members of the Service to whom is apportioned the more mechanical part of the Government business; its scale of pay commencing with a minimum of £80 a year, and rising by triennial increments to £200; the mode of entrance into this part of the Service being pretty much the same as at present. That the first or higher class be composed of those members who perform more important or responsible duties, and its scale of pay to commence with a minimum of £100 a year, and rise to £400 by triennial increments also. That the mode of entering this class be widely different from the present system—that is, the candidate for an appointment shall first be tested in his intellectual or literary abilities by an examination similar in character to that at present prescribed for the Class I. examinations for the Civil Service; and supposing that he pass this test his name will be entered on a list where it will remain until the head of a department shall select him for appointment to some vacancy in his office: should the appointment offered to the candidate not be to his taste, he will have the privilege of refusing it and awaiting the offer of another; but should he not meet with another suitable offer, or should no appointment at all have been offered to him before he arrive at a certain age, he must then retire from the field altogether, and look elsewhere for employment. There is also to be a new institution applying to both classes mentioned, namely, the payment of money to members who may be doing better sort of work than is consistent with the class in which they are established, or who may distinguish themselves in any special manner in their official career; and these payments will come under the designation of duty-pay. But in no case is this duty-pay to exceed in the lower class £100 or in the

higher £200. The Commission also proposes that transfers from one department of the Service to another shall be made practicable, which of course follows as a sequence if the whole Service be graded into one body. The higher posts in the Service are to be filled by selection from the members of Class I., but it is also proposed that they may at times be filled by outsiders, as the head of the department shall think proper.

The case of the writers is settled by the suggestion that the body should altogether be abolished, and such work as they have done be in future performed by the established clerks on the second class.

The extension of female employment in the Service is favoured by the Commissioners in their report.

Good as some of these suggestions no doubt are, as a whole they augur no material improvement or advancement of the Service generally. The grading into one body, the division of that body into two great classes, and the practicability of transferring a clerk from one part of the Service to another, appear to be very beneficial proposals; but it is the manner in which the scheme is to be worked out which presents so many palpable objections and tendencies towards lowering the social status of its members. First of all let us take the lower class. On this, it is supposed, will be placed such clerks as now work, generally, in the third class of individual offices or departments; and it is said the work they perform is somewhat mechanical. But this is not quite the case, for we learn that third-class clerks of the present time have often pretty responsible duties devolving on them,—duties which, as a rule, entail great care and no small amount of mental exertion. If one were to look into some of the branches, especially the account branches, of, say, the War Office, Inland Revenue, Customs, Admiralty, or Post Office, it would be found that my statement is not far from the truth. On the lower class of the Service these clerks then would no doubt be ranked, where their highest salary would be as a rule £200 a year; but as an exception, where additional abilities were apparent, £300; the latter amount constituting the sum total of their prospects. Such are the terms upon which it is proposed to invite men of good education and mental capacity to join the lower class of the Service: the former they must have had to pass the requisite examination, and the latter they must to some extent possess in order to perform the duties required of them. It is needless to point out how the reputation of our home Civil Service will lose by such a proposition, if carried into practice. All young gentlemen of fair attainments and training will be scared at the idea of entering the Service under such conditions, for the lower class is to be held so distinct from the higher that promotion is to be exceptional. The Playfair Commission deems £300 a

year ample remuneration for a hard-worked man of education and mental capacity ; and further seems to consider it adequate, even in these times, to the wants of a married man and his family, and to the enjoyment of those refinements to which he perhaps has been accustomed from boyhood, and which he still sees his old friends enjoying !

Let us now consider the first or superior class proposed to be created by the Playfair Commission. I have already shown how the mode of entering this is suggested. It will therefore have been apparent to the reader how much power is vested in heads of departments by this scheme. It is quite right, of course, that the candidates should have to pass an examination framed thoroughly to test their literary capacities ; but after passing this ordeal, it seems to me unwise and pernicious that their chance of receiving an appointment should rest entirely with the various heads of departments. For instance, let us suppose Smith, a country youth, who lives in a quiet and respectable sphere, but has no influential friends, goes in for the Civil Service. He passes the examination for the first class, and his name is accordingly put on the list. But he is unknown to any of the heads of departments, and why, therefore, should they select him from a list on which they probably see numbers of names they know, or about whom they have been written to ? Smith, therefore, after waiting till he has arrived at the highest age-limit without any offer, receives notice that, in accordance with the regulations of the Service, he must now retire from the field. This looks like a return to the baneful system of patronage. Each head of a department will be surrounded by a huge circle of friends who have relatives desirous of getting into the Service. The test examination will serve as but a trifling check, as none but an out-and-out dullard can fail to be "coached" for the examination. It is perhaps significant to note here that, with three exceptions, the Playfair Commission is wholly composed of "heads of departments." Perhaps it was not unnatural in them to propose a scheme which should accord themselves so much power and influence.

I have not noticed that the Commission fixes any stated sum as the amount of the proposed triennial increments. The mode at present is, as a rule, to give these annually, and the average amount for the classes equivalent to the two proposed classes of the Commission is £10. The general tone of the Commission's report is not liberal, and in this matter it will probably economise if possible. Supposing the sum of three annual increments should constitute one triennial increment, the reader will no doubt perceive that this will be a loss of £30 every three years to the civil servant. Not only, then, does the Commission propose to limit the prospects of the civil servant, but also

very much to narrow his increments, and this solely for the sake of what, I have no doubt, will hereafter prove false economy.

But the Service is noted for the false economies it practises. For instance, a new building has to be erected for some department: the expenses are cut down to the lowest possible degree, so that the estimates of the department for the year may not show too high a figure. The consequence is that the building has been so cramped that in a year or two it proves inadequate to the wants of a growing department, and another building has to be erected. Therefore I say, let the Government rather economise properly in such things as this, than screw down hard-working human beings to such a sum as barely enables them to keep soul and body together.

The proposal to make transfers from one office to another practicable is a good one, although it will only be the first-class civil servants who will actually derive benefit from it, inasmuch as they may be able to effect a transfer to an office where they will have more chance of promotion to a staff appointment in the Service; but for the second-class men, whose maximum can never under any circumstances be more than £300, it matters not in what office they serve, except that in one office they may find work more congenial to their tastes than another.

It seems hard that so large a body as the writers should all at once be thrown upon their own resources. But the sooner the system can be abolished the better; it is only matter for regret that it should ever have been tried, thus leaving a large body of men either to be provided for, or treated with some injustice.

The advocacy of female employment in the Civil Service is to be commended; and if a few branches can be formed for ladies, it will be a most philanthropic scheme on the part of the Government. It is to be hoped, however, that in introducing female clerks for the sake of economy, the boundary of justice will not be overstepped. A scale from £50 to £100 would not be at all extravagant; for if men had been employed, they must have had at least from £80 to £200. But I hear that Government considers from £40 to £50 ample remuneration for an ordinary female clerk.

I have but little to add. The cold manner in which the Inquiry Commission's first report has been received by the public, tends to confirm my opinion that as far as it has yet gone the Commission has failed in its task. Perhaps one or two suggestions may be of benefit to the Service. Firstly, then, in order to do justice to the wants of the Service, the Inquiry Commission should be composed of its true representatives. The nearest approach to such a representative on the Playfair Com-

mission is Mr. Herbert Joyce, who holds a high post in the Secretary's Department of the General Post Office, and may therefore be ranked amongst the heads of the office, with whom his sympathies no doubt are, rather than with the working body. The grievances of the rank and file of the Civil Service are being investigated, and in fairness the majority of the investigators should be the best members of the rank and file—men who will have no hesitation in exposing jobbery or trickery. If a Commission of this kind is mainly composed of heads of departments, it is not natural that they should expose corrupt practices which would, to a certain extent, criminate themselves; while, again, they may be ignorant of the jobbery sometimes practised by their subordinates. I make no charge of injustice or jobbery against the actual heads of departments. But these things do come out in the Service, I believe; and a member of the rank and file would not hesitate to denounce it, in the interest of his fellow-clerks and himself.

In the second place, it would be a difficult matter to appoint an Inquiry Commission for the Civil Service, composed mainly of its humbler members; and for this reason I would suggest the appointment of a detailed Inquiry, under the governance of a higher tribunal; that is to say, let each office appoint for itself a committee, composed of its best members, to thoroughly investigate its respective office, and embody the result in a report to the higher tribunal, which might be composed of members such as are on the present Inquiry Commission. And let it be the work of the higher tribunal to carefully examine each of these reports, and make such improvements as may occur to its members as being necessary; and finally, making a digest of the ideas these reports may have suggested to them, let them submit the whole of the documents, with their own suggestions and proposals, to the Government.

If some such plan were adopted, I think the Service would stand a fair chance of having its claims considered, and its grievances remedied. The complaints which now so often reach the press would cease, and we should possess a contented Civil Service,—one of the most desirable objects the country can seek to attain.





HYMENEAL HALLUCINATIONS.

By THOMAS CARLISLE.

FROM long usage and tradition, the union of two people in the holy bonds of matrimony has come to be accepted as a ceremony typical of tender thought and soft sentiment. If we take up a work of fiction, weddings are sure to play a prominent part in the pathos, while even the most cynical romancist feels compelled to gush the instant he gets amongst the orange blossoms. What gentle associations are evoked in even adamantine natures by the sweet chimes of marriage bells! How infinitely refreshing to jaded minds is the sight of a youth and maiden renouncing the pomps and vanities of this wicked world in favour of that wedded love which is the only true bliss! When Edwin and Angelina determine to fight the battle of life together, clad in the flawless armour of their perfect love, men and women unite in — *that* seems the doubtful point. What does the world really think and say about weddings, when the bride and bridegroom are not present? As the rosy nimbus with which it is the fashion to surround these affairs may obscure their true features, perhaps it will be profitable to take a glance at them apart from that veil.

For instance, Edwin and Angelina have not agreed to range themselves without a good deal of work taking place, rather the reverse of sentimental. No one would condemn such prudent precautions, but settlements are necessarily dangerous affairs at the best of times, and on more than one occasion the projected union was on the point of falling through, owing to pecuniary hitches. Prosaic enough are these preliminaries; but then, since even the most delightful poetry needs a substratum of circumstance, this passes off, although not without leaving on Edwin's mind a vague impression *that he has been* hardly treated. These matters settled, the lovers have leisure for those tender endearments in which young people find a pleasure quite inexplicable to their seniors. According to popular belief, they pass their time in loving talk and a feverish longing for the wedding-day. Is this quite the case? Does not Edwin sometimes secretly feel that he has been rather too impatient already, and that some benefit might result from an indefinite postpone-

ment of the event? At his club, to select friends, the youth scruples not to style this sweet courtship "a horrid bore," while he opines that the sooner the job (that is, the wedding) is over—if it must come off at all—the better for those concerned. He does not generally dilate on the romantic side of the affair. Instead of dwelling on the intensity of his passion, he tries to make his friends believe Angelina a great prize in the matrimonial market, not exactly for herself, but because her papa has behaved most liberally in the matter of dower. Sometimes, Edwin rather exaggerates when speaking of this parental generosity; not seldom he is smarting under a sense of having been taken in, just at the very time when he endeavours to make people believe he has got the best of the monetary arrangements. It is even necessary to keep up his credit for astuteness by insinuating that he has managed the matter with infinite wisdom, and the ever-gnawing conviction of having been swindled is therefore kept within his own breast, perhaps to bear evil fruit in future years.

But if Edwin proves himself thus mercenary and cold-hearted during the days of courtship, surely it is far different with the gentle Angelina? Of course her heart palpitates with love, fear, hope, bliss, and all the other delicious emotions which may be expected in a bride-elect, while her mind is divided between tender regret for the old life now on the eve of closing, and timorous joy in the happy new existence. To a woman so situated, there must be some quiet sorrow, some vague fear, in remembrances of the past and thoughts of the future, and therefore we may expect to find Angelina abstract herself from mundane affairs, in order the better to contemplate the approaching crisis of her life. She does not quite do that; perhaps Edwin might not like such melancholy work. But she certainly does dedicate her mind to the future by surrendering all her faculties to the acquisition of a magnificent trousseau, while her conversation runs more on dress, jewellery, and the honeymoon trip, than on the responsibilities of married life.

The day draws nigh, bringing with it beautiful gifts for the bride from the willing hands of numerous friends. There is no tax in this, of course; it is merely a spontaneous manifestation of goodwill. Yet, in dark corners of clubs will be found numerous old bachelors growling at impoverishment caused by an incessant demand on their purses for wedding presents, while it is not well understood that the daring innovator who fails to bring a gift can never be again regarded as a true friend by the young couple? No tax, certainly; merely a little moral compulsion.

The wedding-day has arrived, and the bells chime their merriest, the ringers having been previously arranged with by Papa. Angelina, having

remained up late chatting with her lady friends, looks conventionally pale and interesting, and weeps conventional tears into the conventional bit of lace called a handkerchief. Having declared, in a conventionally inaudible whisper, that they accept one another as man and wife, Edwin and Angelina drive off homewards, where the sight of that grievous feast, the wedding breakfast, with its tinselled cake, gives the elder guests a sensation of incipient dyspepsia. Then the bride and bridegroom being toasted in that conventional speech which every mortal knows by heart, Edwin responds with some conventional platitudes, and in a general way we are given to understand that this is the best of all possible marriages in the best of all possible worlds. After which, the interesting couple depart amidst a conventional torrent of old shoes, while the rest of the company, bored to death, mock mirth with ghastly fictions, and the young men court their doom by flirtation. Thus, then, Edwin and Angelina are launched on the waters of life, not exactly in that poetical manner which has come to be accepted. At many weddings, the only happiness untainted by conventionality is to be found in the servitors and dependents, who being well fee'd and feasted, naturally take a most unaffected interest in the welfare of the charming young couple. Papa's joy at being quit of a daughter may also be sincere enough; and even the confectioner who provides the feast can afford to display mirth until he receives an order for the supply of funereal baked meats to a family in affliction. Upon which, as in duty bound, he is at once plunged into unmitigated sadness.





THE SPANISH CHARACTER.

By WALTER THORNBURY,

AUTHOR OF "LIFE IN SPAIN," "CAVALIER AND ROUNDHEAD BALLADS," ETC., ETC.

HHE hero of a great national epic may certainly be considered to embody the ideal of that nation of which the poem is the representative. It is therefore to the old Chronicle of the Cid that we turn to discover the true ideal of the Spaniards of the Middle Ages.

There we find a hero at once brave and cruel, generous yet ferocious, magnanimous yet barbaric. The Cid's whole story abounds with remarkable traits of the ancient Spanish character. When a mere lad he slays Don Gomez, Lord of Gomez, who has struck his aged father; and rides home with the Count's head swinging at his saddle-bow. In after-exploits the Cid is always generous and gallant. He marries Ximena, the daughter of the man he has killed; but declares he will not lead her to the altar till he has won five battles in the field. As the King's champion, the Cid's next exploit is to slay Don Martin Gonzales, the champion of Arragon, and to win for Don Ferdinand the disputed city of Caldhorra.

In one of the Cid's early campaigns, when he wrests several cities from the Moors, we hear of no entreaties from him when the King cuts off the feet and hands of the murderer of his wife's father; nor does the poet seem to express that any opposition arose from the Cid—who is not more particular when Don Sancho of Castile, his master, determines to disregard his father Ferdinand's will, and seizes the whole of Spain, cancelling his brother's kingdom.

Yet the Cid is not a personification of mere slavish loyalty. When Sancho grows more and more rapacious, the Cid refuses to bear arms for him, and eventually joins the King's banished brother, Alfonso, in the Moorish dominions. The Cid is just as inflexible to Alfonso when he suspects him of killing his brother Sancho; and among the great crowd of nobles and prelates is the only one who refuses to do homage till he and twelve of his knights have cleared themselves on the Gospels solemnly and publicly in the Church of St. Gadra at Burgos.

Later in the Cid's career we again find him driven from the Spanish court and fighting for the Moors of Saragossa. Nor is his knightly honour always without shadow. When banished by Alfonso and in want of money, he fills his chests with sand, and obtains 600 marks on them from the Jews of Burgos; yet on other occasions the Cid is always represented as the most generous of conquerors, and the most truthful of men. To cheat a Jew was evidently a very venial sin among Spaniards of the early centuries.

But it is when the Moorish cymbals sound and their wild drums vibrate that the Cid shines brightest. Frank, careless of death, if it save but one splinter of his sword to check the foe, he leaps on his horse and wedges in among the green turbans and the crooked sabres. His good sword scares them like a comet; his green pennon is to them terrible as the plague; his shield blinds them like the sun. The old knightly ideal of Spain was well founded on such a man—so full of noble confidence, so gentle to the good, so terrible to the bad.

Indeed the annals of Spanish chivalry abound with stories of knightly generosity, honour, and high feeling. Take, for instance, the account of the treaty effected between Alfonso of Spain and Alimayor, the Moorish King of Toledo. This treaty had been forced from Alfonso at a time when Alimayor was superior to him in power, and Alfonso wished to show that it would have been equally well kept under other conditions. The next time Alimayor visited the Spanish camp, his tent was suddenly surrounded with Spanish soldiers; Alfonso then made the Moorish prince acquit him of his former promise, and afterwards swore on the Gospels, both in Arabic and Spanish, never to fight against Alimayor, but to aid him against all the world.

To his conquered enemies in Valencia the Cid is always represented as just and merciful, "the best friend," said the Moors, "and the most mortal of foes; to the vanquished full of all mercy and compassion." The gallantry of Spanish knights seems to have been almost Oriental in its extravagance; and though usually allied with true and obstinate courage, to have been displayed with something of that gay rhodomontade which so frequently characterised the warriors of the Peninsula. "Without foe, without God, without myself," was the Spanish knight's somewhat impious motto. An old chronicle records a special instance of the daring extravagance to which Spanish lovers carried their idolatry. In the reign of King John II., a noble knight named Sueno de Quinones presented himself at the court festivities at Medina del Campo, and offered for the love of his lady to hold the lists for thirty days against every knight who passed that way, and to break 300 lances with Milan points in order to release himself from a love vow he had

made, to wear an iron collar round his neck for his lady's sake every Thursday. This gallant madman eventually ran 727 courses against 68 knights, and was then unchained, instead of having fresh fetters put on him in some snug asylum.

Another instance is mentioned where a Spanish knight, overflowing with courage and gallantry, visited the court of Philip Duke of Burgundy, then held in Arras; he wished to render himself worthy of his lady's love (if he did not get knocked on the head) by breaking three lances with any other gallant coxcomb, also fighting on foot, with battle-axes, swords, and daggers. After some tremendous nut-cracking blows, the Duke threw down his staff, and would not let the madmen go on any longer—the more especially as from extreme gallantry and insanity the Spanish knight refused even to close his visor. The combat then ceased—the Spaniard deeply hurt at having, as he said, received so few blows, after travelling so far and spending much gold to prove his love so deep and his wit so shallow.

To illustrate the highest standard of Spanish character, let us select from the most glorious period of her history one or two of her most illustrious children—a queen, a general, and a minister.

Gonsalvo de Cordova, generally known as “the Great Captain,” was a Spanish general in whom many of the highest qualities of his nation seem to have met. In the annals of Spain his deeds appear those of a hero of romance rather than of a modern soldier, and the slight dash of fanfaronade which apparently distinguished him gave a generous recklessness to his character which is rather attractive than otherwise. Gonsalvo's military experience began early, for as a mere child he is said to have taken to abusing the Aguilar faction of Cordova whenever they attacked the rival family of Cabra.

At the court of Alfonso and Isabella this young Cordovan gallant acquired the name of the Prince of Cavaliers, from his rich dress and lavish generosity in the Portuguese war; and at the battle of Albuera he incurred unnecessary danger by the extravagant splendour of his armour. But this profuseness of display was the mere foppery of youth, for in the war of Granada he displayed great courage and address. He was the first to scale the walls of Monte Frio; before Granada he would have perished but for the fidelity of a servant, who sacrificed his life for him; and at the conclusion of the war he was selected by Ferdinand to conduct negotiations with the Moors.

After the Moorish war, Gonsalvo was sent to Naples against the French; and his first battle, the only one he ever lost, was undertaken against his express advice. He had only light-armed troops to encounter the heavy cavalry of France; and his infantry, armed with

short swords and bucklers, had to break the close squares of Swiss pikes. The Calabrian and Neapolitan militia, mistaking one of Gonsalvo's pretended retreats for defeat, fled, and were cruelly hewn down by the French. Gonsalvo, however, availing himself of the sluggish pursuit of the French, retreated over the mountains to Reggio, and at the head of four hundred Spanish lances, soon overran Lower Calabria. Moving fast, and with untiring energy, he surprised the French by unexpected night attacks, and swept the hostile country in a series of forays that were never repulsed. His blows were deadly and unexpected. At Laino he surprised and took prisoners a party of Angevin Barons waiting to join the French forces, and eventually, by the victory of Atella, drove the French out of Naples.

These successes Gonsalvo followed up by the capture of Ostia from a rapacious garrison of Charles VIII. who had all but destroyed the commerce of Rome,—the delighted Pope presenting him with the Golden Rose as a proof of gratitude, and submitting blandly to Gonsalvo's blunt exhortations to him to be more grateful to Spain, and more virtuous in life and conversation.

This war Spanish historians think first aroused the full ambition of Spain. Spain had not hitherto ventured to draw its sword in Europe. Gonsalvo educated a body of light cavalry, trained his foot in the use of the Swiss pike, taught his soldiers habits of firm subordination, and laid the foundation of a great army, ready to go anywhere and do anything—fully trusting in each other, and always confident of victory.

In the insurrection of the Moors of the Alpuxarras, in which the Spaniards, entangled in the ravines of the mountains of Granada, suffered so cruel a defeat, Gonsalvo again bore away the palm by his fiery courage. At the scaling of Huejar he was the first to mount the ladder. A strong Moor endeavouring to thrust him from the ladder, Gonsalvo clung to the battlement with one hand, while with the other he clove down the infidel and threw him below. He then sprang into the place followed by his swordsmen, put the bulk of the Paynims to the sword, sacked the town, and made slaves of the women and children.

In all emergencies "the Grand Captain" stood forward as the sword and buckler of his country. The moment Louis XII. again threatened Naples and commenced the Italian war, Gonsalvo was sent with a Spanish fleet to relieve Venice by striking a blow at the Turks, and swooping down on Cephalonia he stormed the Turkish fortress of St. George. In less than a month, this hero of the true Roman mettle effected the occupation of the two Calabrias, and took Tarento with daring and true military genius, by moving twenty of his smaller vessels on rollers across the land into a lake which commanded part of the

town. During this siege part of Gonsalvo's army mutinied, and the Biscayans in particular clamoured for their pay. On this occasion Gonsalvo showed a great man's forbearance, though one soldier threatened him with his lance.

"Higher, you careless knave!" cried the Great Captain good-humouredly, pushing aside the spear-head with his gauntlet,—“higher, or you'll have it through me in your mad jesting!”

When the Duke de Nemours defied Gonsalvo to come out of Barleta and fight, he replied, with his usual knightly gaiety,

“I am accustomed to choose my own place and day for fighting; and I will thank the Duke to wait till my men have found time to shoe their horses and burnish their arms;” he soon after fell on the French troops and routed their rear-guard; and before the vaunting French had rallied from this shock, Gonsalvo stormed Ruvo, and captured that brave French hero La Palice.

At the great battle of Cerignolia he won the kingdom of Naples at a blow; and as the three divisions of the French moved against the vineyard hill where the Spaniards had encamped, a chance spark suddenly blew up the Spanish magazine. There would have been a panic, but Gonsalvo cried,

“Courage, men! No need of guns at close quarter; this is the beacon-light of victory!”

Behind a deep trench and an earth parapet, the Spanish arquebusiers mowed down the Duke's gendarmerie and the Swiss and Gascon foot. The two French generals, the Duke and Chandieu, were both shot, and some 3000 of the Swiss and French slain.

In the subsequent invasion of Italy by Louis XII., Gonsalvo was again the Achilles to stand forward for Spain.

Repulsed before Gaeta, Gonsalvo made a desperate stand on a bridge of boats the French had thrown over the Garigliano, waited seven weeks in marshy encampment for reinforcements, then dashed over the river and broke to pieces the French army. The French at once gave up Gaeta, and their army surrendered itself.

“Better two steps forward, though to my grave,” had been Gonsalvo's cry all through the weary waiting, “than one step back, though it secured me a hundred years of life.”

Gonsalvo lived long enough to excite the fears and jealousies of the Spanish kings. They recalled him from Italy, and broke their promises to him; but he still remained magnificent in his generosity, and loyally waited for better times. He never indeed recovered royal favour; for he had gained too much glory to be any more safe as the leader of the Spanish army. After the defeat of Ravenna, Ferdinand ordered Gon-

salvo to embark an army for Italy, but, jealous at the rush of cavaliers to the banners of the Great Captain, he finally disbanded the troops and stopped the embarkation. Gonsalvo dismissed the men, distributing to them first 100,000 ducats. "There is no enjoyment in wealth," he said to his steward, "greater than in giving it away."

Luckier even than Napoleon or Wellington, the Great Captain, it is said, in all his campaigns never received a wound. He died in 1515, in his own palace at Granada, in the arms of his wife and daughter.

A story told of this brave officer reminds us of one told of Raleigh. When Queen Isabella was seeing her daughter Joanna embark for Flanders, the sea ran so high that it was impossible to avoid carrying the Queen on shore in the sailors' arms. Gonsalvo, who was dressed in a rich suit of brocade and crimson velvet, seeing this, waded into the water in all his finery, and bore the Queen himself in his strong arms to the shore. In patient persistence and in fiery promptitude to act at the exactly adjusted moment, Gonsalvo de Cordova seems to have excelled any general of his century, and in him we find a brilliant example of Spanish military genius.

Ximenes is another great name of this same glorious epoch of Spanish power, when the Spanish mind seems after its long rest to have flowered like the aloe and then again to have ceased to blossom. Ximenes was a proof how valuable a nursery for genius the Church was found to be in the Middle Ages. Here at least was a vent for the large-brained men who despised war, and required quiet and repose to think out their ideas.

Knights' skulls were generally better in the shell than the kernel—they bore blows, but they did not devise how blows could be averted. Ximenes was the son of a poor gentleman, whether an avocat or a tithe collector has not yet been decided. He studied with honour at Salamanca, and after some years at Rome obtained a papal bull preferring him to the first vacant benefice worth having in the see of Toledo. The Archbishop, who had promised the living, for which Ximenes duly applied, to one of his parasites, imprisoned the young priest for six years in the tower of Santorcaz, and then released him upon the intercession of a niece. In a fit of superstition Ximenes suddenly threw up his appointment of Vicar-General to the great Cardinal Mendoza, Bishop of Siguenza, entered the rigid Observantine order of St. Francis, surrendered his annual income of 2000 ducats, and devoted himself to fasts, sackcloth, stripes, and ceaseless vigils. Eventually he escaped the dangerous flatteries of his votaries, built a hermitage in a chestnut wood, and devoted his days to meditation. Drawn from this maddening solitude by Cardinal Mendoza to become the Queen's confessor, Ximenes,

gaunt and pale, re-emerged into the sunshine,—perhaps, between ourselves, somewhat tired of dull chestnut trees and hermit's chilly cells. He very soon showed that *if* he had mortified the flesh, other vices had grown rank in the woods of our Lady of Castañar. He was, soon elected Provincial of his Order, and commenced establishing severe reforms.

When the archbishopric of Toledo became vacant, Queen Isabella at once obtained a papal bull to confirm her gift of the mitre for Ximenes. On receiving the bull, the Queen handed the letter to Ximenes, and bade him open it. Ximenes without suspicion took the letter, pressed it to his lips, and read the address :

“To our venerable brother Francisco Ximenes de Cisneros, Archbishop elect of Toledo.”

He changed colour and dropped the packet, exclaiming, “There is some mistake ; this is not intended for me,” and left the room abruptly. The messenger sent to bring back Ximenes to the presence, found him three leagues from the city, travelling on foot in the burning sun on his way to the monastery at Ocaña.

For six months he persisted in his refusal to accept office, and it was not till a second bull arrived from the Pope that he accepted the dignity for which he persisted he had neither capacity nor inclination. Ximenes wished, and apparently longed only, for monastic quiet and contemplation.

Yet his ambition soon rose to the new level. He refused to allow any one to dictate to him, and suspended for a time the promotion of even the younger brother of the Grand Cardinal Mendoza, to whom he owed everything. He lived with great thriftiness, lavishing his large revenues in public and in private charity. Till admonished by the Holy See, he wore no silk or fur robes, and retained his coarse brown frock, mended by his own hands. It was said of him that he had six friars in his palace and six asses in the stable, and that the asses grew sleekest and fattest, because the Archbishop would neither ride them himself or allow his brethren to do so. He slept on his monk's pallet, which he kept hidden under his great plumed bed. On one occasion, in travelling, Ximenes rebuking his muleteer for being so long dressing, the man answered angrily,

“*Cuerpo de Dios !* Does your Holiness think I have only got to shake myself like a wet spaniel, and tighten a cord round my middle ? ”

In action Ximenes was, however, unbending ; and when his clergy, irritated at his reforms, sent a messenger to complain of him to Rome, he had him apprehended at Ostia, and imprisoned for two-and-twenty months. One thousand friars of his own order are said to have emi-

grated to Barbary in disgust at the austerity of Ximenes. The General of the Order at last came over to Spain, and tried to persuade the Queen to depose this austere and ambitious man.

The Queen listened with well-suppressed indignation, and when the angry General had finished, said,

"Are you in your senses? and do you know whom you are addressing?"

"Yes," said the furious friar, "I am in my senses, and know very well—the Queen of Castile, a mere handful of dust like myself;" and so saying he rushed out of the royal chamber, slamming the door after him like a madman.

In vain the Pope sent over a commission to superintend the reforms; Ximenes carried out his views with a high and inexorable hand. He wished to force the Moors of Granada to become Christians, and in one day is said to have baptised 4000 converts, and also burned a vast pile of Korans and Moorish MSS.,—according to Condé, 80,000 at one time. When the Moors, provoked by these violent conversions, rebelled, Ximenes calmly prepared himself for martyrdom.

Ximenes, who showed no mercy when religion or the State seemed to him in danger, is said, as chief of the Inquisition, to have sent 2500 heretics to the flames, and some 50,000 to chains, the lash, or the galleys. When Regent of Aragon and Castile, on the death of Ferdinand, he guarded the palace with the greatest precaution. Some of the discontented nobles asked him the reason for these severities. He took them to a balcony where they could see detachments of his guard, and then ordering a discharge of cannon, he replied, "*Hæc est ultima ratio regum.*" He used to say that the smell of gunpowder was sweeter to him than any perfume of the East; and indeed, says a contemporary Spanish writer, "Powder burnt against the infidel is incense to the Lord." When some young nobles maltreated royal officers, and then took refuge in the fortified town of Villafranca, the Cardinal at once marched on it, set it on fire, burned it to the ground, and then generously forgave the young malefactors on their complete and abject submission.

This great statesman was so careful in his conduct as to refuse when travelling lodging in the house of the Duchess of Maqueda, till he was assured the lady was absent. On her smilingly entering his room, he rose in anger, and said, "Lady, you have deceived me; if you have any business with me, you will find me to-morrow in the Confessional;" and he then abruptly quitted the palace and proceeded on his journey. He seldom slept more than five hours at night. If a visitor or suitor stayed too long, or entered into frivolous or insipid conversation, the

Cardinal took up a book which he kept open before him on his table for the purpose. He was kind to early friends, and used frequently when talking of his early poverty and obscurity to shed tears, and thank Heaven for its extraordinary goodness to him. Unlike Richelieu, he readily forgave personal enemies, and unlike Richelieu he never showed fear in carrying out his subtle and daring plans.

Ximenes himself took Oran from the infidels; his Polyglot Bible, and his foundation of the great University at Alcala, have rendered his name honoured by Spaniards to the end of time. He died soon after the arrival of Charles V. in Spain, and the ingratitude of that monarch lent a bitterness to his last moments. A greater man than Richelieu he proved himself, as the best historians have decided,—equally tenacious of purpose, and less selfish in his ambition.

The character of Ximenes is one that we must admire, though not altogether approve. He was an honest bigot; and he slew men at the feet of his dogmas. He cared little for human life when King or Church were endangered.

And where among Spanish women can we turn to a purer and nobler type than Queen Isabella, whom our own history can only parallel in Queen Elizabeth herself. When Prospero Colonna came to see Isabella just before her death, he told Ferdinand that he had come to Castile to behold the woman who from her sick bed ruled the world. "We sit sorrowfully in the palace all day long," writes Peter Martyr at the same sad time, "tremblingly waiting the hour when religion and virtue shall quit the world with her. Let us pray that we may be permitted to follow hereafter where she is soon to go. She so far transcends all human excellence that there is scarcely anything of mortality about her. She can be hardly said to die, but to pass into a nobler existence which should rather excite our envy than our sorrow. She leaves the world filled with her renown, and she goes to enjoy life eternal with God in heaven."

We are bound to place against the many virtues of this great Queen the establishment of the Inquisition, and the expulsion of the Jews; but for these acts we must blame the spirit of the age, to which toleration—that purest essence of Christianity—was altogether unknown. As to the Indians, Las Casas himself tells us that the worst cruelties did not commence till after her death, and that she never ceased urging the Spanish colonists to treat the natives with gentleness, and to neglect nothing which could make them happy. A thorough woman, she seems to have been "a most rare and virtuous lady," capable on emergencies of displaying masculine courage, and a perfectly heroic constancy.

It was she who faced the rioters of Segovia. It was she who in the Moorish war decided never to abandon Alhama; and it was she, clothed

in mail, who encouraged the troops, and as a Venetian ambassador of that time acknowledges, "was the chief cause of the conquest of Granada." It was Isabella who, when Ferdinand treated Columbus with suspicion, offered to pawn her jewels to defray the expenses of the would-be discoverer. She assisted Ximenes in those monastic reforms that sent all the monks howling to the Pope, and she protected the great Captain from his enemies. She patronized the new art of printing, and seems to have had an early presentiment of its infinite importance.

There are few persons at the present day who entertain any belief in the old Roman Catholic slanders against the moral conduct of Elizabeth. Yet she liked handsome young men round her, and her levities were sometimes sufficient to excite scandal. The conduct of Isabella, however, was unassailable even to her enemies. Wholly employed in doing good in works of charity, and in her duties as a queen, even envy seems never to have thrown a dart at her. The best of wives to a not over-good husband, she seems to have been one of the purest and most lovable of women. Unlike Elizabeth, who at her death left three thousand dresses in her wardrobe, Isabella was simple in her attire, and seems to have regarded her jewels as chiefly useful as presents for friends.

Of her active humanity we have many proofs. She is said to have been the first to introduce camp hospitals, for she had seen with her own eyes the horrors of war. She did her best to abolish bull-fights, and finding that impossible, attempted to mitigate their cruelty. She even prevented the usual torture being practised on a wretch who had wounded her husband, and whom the ferocious nobles wished to put to death without confession or absolution, so that "his soul might perish at the same time with his accursed body!"

So indefatigable was Isabella as a queen, that, according to Gomez, she shortened her life by her incessant riding in all weathers; and after a hard day's work she was often known to sit up all night dictating despatches. It is difficult to say whether she wrote more Latin letters or executed more church embroidery. Though intrepid in the camp, and in the hour of danger, though always guarding the rights of Castile, and urging Spain onward in the path to glory, Isabella was a true woman at heart.

She lovingly watched the declining days of her mother; her affection for her husband breathes forth in her will, where she writes, "I beseech the King my lord that he will accept all my jewels, so that seeing them he may be reminded of the singular love I always bore him while living, and that I am now waiting for him in a better world; by which remembrance he may be encouraged, and live the more justly and holily in this." She also recommends to her successors in the kindest terms

her lifelong friend the Marchioness of Moya, and Jarcillons de Vega, her faithful minister at Rome.

The death of this excellent woman and great administrator was hastened by her sorrow for her children. Her only son had died in his prime, and soon after she had followed to the grave her favourite daughter, the Queen of Portugal; while her daughter Joanna, married to Philip, had already betrayed symptoms of settled and hopeless insanity. As magnanimous and generous as Elizabeth, we find in Isabella a truer and more tender-hearted woman. If Spain had never produced a woman more resplendently excellent than Isabella, she might still be proud of such a queen.

But if we had to select any epoch when chivalry and daring enterprise produced illustrious characters in the most luxurious abundance, we should naturally select the age immediately following the stupendous discovery of Columbus, and the brilliant conquest of those fierce robbers Cortez and Pizarro. The adventures of Vasco Munez in search of the Golden Temple, Dotazba and his final discovery of the South Sea, read like a page of romance; nor does the discovery of Florida by Juan Corci de Leon fall short of the wildest story in Herodotus. Cruel and greedy these men were, yet we cannot but admire their tenacity of purpose and their heroic indifference to danger, pushing on through storms of poisoned arrows, and through virgin forests to unknown seas, and in search of lands in which to flaunt the Spanish flag. When a common soldier like Pizarro, an Esdremaduran swineherd, could push his way to the front till he became the conqueror of Peru, society must indeed have been stirred to its centre, and the lowest stratum of Spanish soil have been fertilised by the inspiring genius of that wondrous age.

In literature we select, without hesitation, as most noble and truly national in character, as well as highest and most catholic in genius, Cervantes, that good old soldier of the Cross, who fought so hard against the infidel, and who suffered little short of martyrdom at his hands. Beautiful as are his short stories, and ingenious as are his plays, it is to the surprising and never-to-be-forgotten adventures of the hero of La Mancha that we look for the type of a true gentleman, self-respecting, generous, merciful, humble, which Cervantes held up to his countrymen for ever. Drawn from them it must have been, and on them again it has reacted. There is the ideal of true honest pride; and if Spain ever again becomes great amongst the nations, there she will find a standard for her sons not unworthy of that golden age when Columbus returned from America, to spread the riches of a new world at the feet of Ferdinand and Isabella.



THE DREAD RECKONING;

A Story of 'Sebenty-one.

By EVELYN JERROLD.

CHAPTER V.

SAVED.

THE Vicomte appeared to think little of his personal danger. He turned quickly from the work he was pursuing, and seized a packet of papers lying on the table.

"Ask Mademoiselle de Solanges to come to me."

Maxime felt relieved, and a moment after penitent. Every minute brought the end nearer—and Elaine was still there!

In a few minutes she appeared—fair, gentle, and tranquil, a mass of dry feathery hair gathered in a loose knot under a modified edition of the hat of the period, dressed in black—wearing mourning for the national shame and loss, but tempering the melancholy sable with a rainbow of hope and promise—a tuft of tricolour ribbons. She smiled faintly in answer to Maxime's salutation, and gave her hand indifferently to her cousin Adrien.

A disorderly rabble, the forerunners of the National Guard, were already in the street, shouting and hooting before the gates of the hotel. The Vicomte seemed to disregard these signs of an approaching invasion. With the frigid courtesy which characterised his every movement, he signed to Elaine to come to him at the window.

"Elaine," said he, glancing at Maxime and Adrien, and making sure that his words could not reach their ears,—“Elaine—you are a woman, and therefore in a better position than I to guard certain deposits of value which I am about to entrust to you. You are young, and—I need not be more reticent than your looking-glass—beautiful enough to lead men and protect yourself.”

She gazed at him with surprise. His manner was cool and collected;

but that noise without, the serious faces of Maxime and Adrien within, seemed to indicate the approach of a crisis in her life which she could not understand.

The Vicomte placed a packet of papers in her hand, and said more rapidly, for the drums of the National Guard began to sound at the end of the street,

"Here, Elaine, I confide this to you. These are precious documents. I forbid you to break their seals or to let them leave your possession for one moment—unless—unless," he added hesitating, and his utterance unsteady for the first time—"unless it be certified to you that I have ceased to live."

Startled and dismayed, she pressed close to him, saying in a voice half choked by tears,

"Hush, father! how can you say such things? What ails you? What means this disturbance around us?"

The roll of the drums swept nearer and nearer. The Vicomte answered hastily, striving to render his voice firm and collected:

"Hush, child! this is merely a recommendation in case anything should befall me. It appears I am obnoxious to the new party in possession of Paris. I must leave you for a few days. We shall meet again at Versailles."

He hurried her away quickly but tenderly, and opened the library door. A crowd of footmen were on the landing: they motioned to their master to retreat.

"They are forcing the door," was the terrified whisper.

The Vicomte turned back, and, seeing Adrien, took him by the arm, and spoke to him for a moment in low tones. Maxime caught the words "intermediary—useful intelligence—Paris—Versailles—sure reward—afterwards——" but it was not until later that he attached any importance to them, or understood their import. At the present moment his attention was distracted by far more exciting circumstances. There was a noise of heavy footsteps, rapid and tumultuous, on the staircase; and in a moment the door opened with a crash, and a captain of National Guards presented himself with drawn sword, and backed by some thirty or forty soldiers. Adrien immediately slid into an alcove destined to receive a piano or cabinet.

"The Vicomte de Solanges," said the officer roughly.

"He is before you," said the Vicomte, stepping forward.

"An order signed by the Delegate at the Interior instructs me to arrest you."

"I don't recognise the authority of the Delegate at the Interior; I protest against this illegal arrestation; but of course I shall attempt no

resistance. The mob of dupes you have at your back compels obedience."

"Enough of fine speeches," said the officer laughing. "Conduct the Vicomte downstairs."

Two National Guards proceeded to execute the captain's orders. At this moment Adrien touched Maxime's coat-sleeve.

"Monsieur," said he in a whisper, "do you see any way of escape? If I am discovered here, I shall be arrested with my uncle. The servants would immediately declare my name."

Maxime surveyed him with some disdain, and said coldly,

"Leave that alcove, and come with me boldly—if you can."

They walked together to the door.

"Nobody passes," said a National Guard, barring the way with his chapeau.

"My name is Maxime Quercy. I am the son of the Delegate at the Interior," said Maxime, in a loud voice. "This is my friend."

The captain heard him, and said immediately,

"Let the citizens pass."

The courtyard was full of workmen and soldiers. When they reached the vestibule, the Vicomte was being placed in a cab, accompanied by three National Guards. At the same time Claude, the chiffonnier, entered the hotel. He looked calmly at the prisoner. But the Vicomte, on seeing the composed, wizened face turned towards him, started violently, and exclaimed between his teeth,

"That man again—my shadow—the past re-arisen!"

"You are free," said Maxime to Adrien, bowing coldly. As the dandy disappeared in the crowd, his next thought was, "And Elaine?"

CHAPTER VI.

ELAINE.

SAINT ANTOINE hurls mud at Saint Germain; Saint Giles bespatters Saint James. The pink and gold, the silk-lined, flower-scented resort of the Imperial aristocracy is in rough, uncleanly hands. The broad thumb of the populace leaves its mark on the dainty panels where a Prime Minister's head has leaned; and a costermonger sprawls on silken settees yet odorous with the perfumes of a duchess's draperies. The mirrors that reflected all the beauty, the wit, the wealth of Cæsar's court, picture a panorama of blouses and fustian jackets, ill-shaven faces, unkempt heads—picture all the nondescript idlers and professionless vagabonds that issue from the sinks and gulleys of perturbed cities to form

the rear-guard of revolt. The Hotel de Solanges was overrun. Never in the days of its greatest glory, when brilliant crowds filled it from garret to basement, had its staircases creaked under the tread of so many feet. Never had such a strong chorus of voices echoed through its reception chambers. And to-day the guests were not only numerous and noisy, they betrayed tendencies of a more materially destructive kind. Treading on the heels of the National Guard, *gamin*, footpad, and burglar, representatives of all the predatory classes of the capital, had found their way into the mansion, and were proceeding to exercise their equivocal industries, when the scene suddenly changed at the sound of a clear, commanding voice, speaking in the vestibule :

"Out with the idlers and riffraff!"

It was Claude who spoke. The chiffonniers form notoriously one of the most honest of the Bohemian classes in Paris; and he was regarded as a puritan even among them. Soldiers with fixed bayonets were stationed in every corridor; and gradually advancing on the mob from the streets, they succeeded in freeing the hotel from all but the representatives of the insurgent government.

Claude was feverishly ransacking every drawer and cabinet in the library. He had dismissed the soldiers from the apartment, and pursued his mysterious search alone, muttering the while, in a tone that became more excited and furious after every failure to obtain his object—whatever it was.

"Nothing in the secret drawers," he muttered, turning over the contents of the Vicomte's desk. "There must be a clue, a document. Men of his stamp never destroy even papers that compromise themselves—far too businesslike—even in their crimes. Nothing—nothing. Ah! another drawer—ribbons, faded nosegays. Bah! the sentimentality of a scoundrel—his love relics; and to think that a woman, a good and honest woman perhaps, once gave him those things with vows and kisses! But, *ma foi*! here's a curious contrast!"

And he produced a small thin phial with a little white dust at the bottom. The chiffonnier smelt and examined it curiously, and ended by placing it carefully in his pocket, with the remark,

"This may serve. It isn't much; but who knows—who knows?" And he continued his search.

It was fruitless. In vain, after abandoning the library, he proceeded to the Vicomte's bedchamber, to the dining and reception rooms, to the lumber closets, and even to the kitchens, searching every drawer, sounding every wall. In vain he cross-questioned, one by one, all the servants who had not taken to flight on the first warning of the Communists.

"Nothing, nothing," he muttered, desisting at last, and leaving the hotel with fists clenched and teeth set savagely, like those of some chained impotent animal. In the meantime Maxime had turned back into the house. The soldiers and servants whom he questioned had not seen Mdlle. de Solanges ; and, his heart sinking with a vague nameless anxiety, he mounted the staircase, and passed hurriedly from room to room in search of Elaine. The large saloons, the small studies and boudoirs, were deserted, and already filled with the cold atmosphere of neglect. Traces of the chiffonnier's furious passage were visible at every step. But Maxime scarcely noticed them, save as evidences of a rough invasion by which Elaine might have suffered. He was turning back, when a man's hoarse voice, coming from the second floor, reached his ears. It was saying, roughly,

"Papers—papers ? Bank-notes, you mean. Give them up, *l'aristo*."

The young man bounded up the intervening flight of stairs, and stood perplexed on the second landing. The sound was not repeated. Then, in the obscurity of a long corridor to the right, a soft voice said imploringly,

"Monsieur—Monsieur—I was told not to open it. They are worthless, I assure you."

Maxime stopped to hear no more, but rushing lightly down the corridor, came upon a man in a soiled white blouse essaying with one hand to open a packet of papers, and with the other holding back Elaine de Solanges. The man was one of the column of nondescript roughs and idlers that had forced its way into the hotel at the tail of the National Guard. Before he had time to turn, Maxime sprang upon him from behind, and with a nervous grip on his throat, pinned him to the wall.

"Rascal !" he cried, exasperated at seeing Elaine still panting from the recent struggle. "What have you stolen ? Where is the booty ? Produce it, or I strangle you like a dog."

But in a moment, the fit of passion over, he loosened his grasp, and turned with a half-apologetic smile to Elaine : "Pardon me. But it is blackguards like this that disgrace the most righteous causes in France. Get your breath, and answer," he added, turning to the captive.

The man shook himself and breathed hard. Then estimating at a glance the strength of the slight, wiry frame before him, resigned himself to his fate, and replied sullenly,

"I have stolen nothing. I saw the lady there running away with a packet under her shawl, and stopped her. Perhaps we are to allow the aristocrats to carry off their diamonds and bank-notes, while poor folk are starving. Oh, yes ! very likely !"

Maxime raised his hand again, but Elaine stopped him, and said

beseechingly, "Let him go, Monsieur Quercy; let him go. He has done me no harm. The papers are safe, and so am I, since you are with me."

Maxime nodded to the man, and in a moment the white blouse had disappeared at the end of the corridor. The young man met with a deprecatory gesture Elaine's proffered thanks, and reverted immediately to her last words.

"Safe, Mademoiselle—scarcely. The excitement is intense in Paris. Your name, your—your beauty," he added hesitatingly, "would expose you to hourly insult and danger. I was seeking you in order to propose some plan of escape."

"Is there a plan?" said Elaine anxiously.

"I have but one. It is this: about a mile from Paris, at Neuilly, I have a quiet, picturesque cottage, where I think you would be in safety. I have been accustomed to stay there in the summer during my sketching excursions. The old woman who keeps the place is a great friend of mine. Will you allow me to accompany you to this temporary refuge? You cannot remain in Paris, and unless you prefer to go farther than Neuilly——"

Mademoiselle de Solanges interrupted him: "And my father; you forget, I cannot leave him." Then she added, after a moment of reflection, "Yes, I will go with you. I have faith in you. I shall be safe in your cottage."

Maxime hurried away in search of Annette, Elaine's maid, whom he discovered, shivering with terror, in the corner of a cellar. Nothing but a guard of four men remained in the hotel, and the fugitives were able to reach the street unobserved. Annette was ordered to follow with her mistress's wardrobe.

Flight was not easy among the riotous crowds that filled the streets. Again and again the carriage that contained the lovers was stopped by drunken insurgents, by any one who chose to assume for the moment the functions of detective and gendarme. But they passed through it all, untroubled, unheeding, having about them a pure and odorous atmosphere that formed a barrier between the world's hatred and their love. True, the word had not yet been spoken between them; but it underlined every word, shone in every glance. Maxime felt that he was privileged, that she would not have accepted as preserver a stranger, an inferior; he knew that she had abandoned herself entirely to his guidance and protection, that she trusted him sufficiently to follow him blindfolded,—and what avowal could be more explicit? Softly, insensibly, they fell into lovers' ways. Her eyes met his shyly—but they met; her hand scarcely dared return the pressure of his—but it was not

withdrawn. Ere either could pause to reflect, he had called her *Elaine*, and she had answered simply—*Maxime*. But there was an undercurrent of pain and anxiety to her thoughts which she could not define, until at last her glance fell upon the packet of papers she held in her hand. Then her face reddened, and she broke in upon the young man's whispered vows and projects, with a quick, reproachful—

"Oh, *Maxime*—my father!"

Maxime exerted himself to comfort her. He did not sincerely believe that the popular uprising could last more than a few days; in his new-born happiness he would not admit that any pain, privation, or sorrow could be long-lived.

"But the people look serious and determined enough," she said, putting her face to the carriage window, and shuddering. "Promise me, *Maxime*, that come what may, you will protect him—you will do your utmost to save him."

"I swear," said *Maxime* gravely.

They had reached the *Barriere de Neuilly*. At the custom-house station a strong force of insurgents was assembled. *Maxime* was surveying the men with some trepidation, when suddenly the carriage stopped.

"Why have you stopped?" said the artist to the coachman.

"There is a carriage in front, *Monsieur*."

Maxime saw that in truth a carriage had stopped before the custom-house station. He saw, too, that the tall, upright figure of a woman alighted, and went towards the soldiers. Where had he seen her? What could be her errand? He listened intently, and heard several names read aloud by the woman to the officer in command of the insurgents.

"Not one to pass," she said sternly; "you understand. And I especially warn you against *Mademoiselle de Solanges*, who has just escaped from her father's house."

Maxime drew back quickly. The stranger got into her carriage again, and as she was driven away the artist saw in her belt the dainty, murderous revolver of the Commune—saw in her face and features an expression that proclaimed her name—*Diane Lenoir*. He turned hurriedly to *Elaine* :

"Ask no questions, for your life; take this"—and he wrapped his cloak around her—"and this," and he placed his broad-brimmed, soft hat upon her head.

Then as the carriage moved on, he thrust a cigar into her hand, and whispered, "Light it, and smoke it as we pass the guard."

When the insurgents came to the door, the carriage was filled with smoke, and two gentlemen were busily engaged in discussing the last vaudeville at the *Palais Royal*.

"All right," cried the officers.

And in a moment the carriage was rolling rapidly on the highroad to Neuilly. The ordeal was past, the lovers were free !

CHAPTER VII.

THE CABINET NOIR.

THE aspect of the Prefecture of Police is never particularly inviting. The dark centre whence extend, like so many tentacles and feelers, telegraph wires that communicate with every important city of the universe, system after system of secret police, of political spies, of travelling agents, that hold all France as it were in a net of iron, the centre where every Frenchman known in art, science, or literature, socially, politically, or criminally notorious, has his *dossier*, the record of his public and private acts, a secret biography and a charge-sheet—the centre, in short, whence France is really surveyed and governed, does not by any means welcome the coming guest with Highland hospitality. It rather frowns at him, mystifies him by presenting a hundred doors, twenty *bureaux*, a multitude of conflicting "Notices," "Prohibitions," and indications for his selection ; and when at last it receives him, it is with an ogreish air of having swallowed a victim. But this outward air is genial and seductive compared with that of the heart of the Prefecture. There the repulsion is active and physical—at least, so the few visitors to the centre police-office found it under the Commune, about a fortnight after the events narrated in the preceding chapter. The entrance of the long dark corridor that led to the private apartments of the Prefect—now Delegate of Police—was sternly guarded by the Communist Turcos with fixed and formidable bayonets. It needed a cabalistic password, the exhibition of undeniable credentials, to raise those menacing bayonets. And once admitted, it was not easy for the uninitiated to comprehend what was passing on the other side of the barrier of steel.

It was midday. The cool clear April sunlight illumined a room that needed more than the faint beams of early spring to relieve its official gloom. At a long table covered with papers, pierced by innumerable drawers, surmounted by heavy cases containing innumerable pigeon-holes distinguished by letters or numbers, four young men, grave and tranquil as their surroundings, were sitting busily engaged opening letters. A door admitting to an inner room was open, and through the aperture was discernible the Delegate of Police signing letters and orders. Quiet men in unobtrusive costumes went to and fro, addressed a few words

in a low voice to the Delegate, and departed. He rose in a few moments, and with his back to the fireplace received them standing.

"All is tranquil in the Mouffetard quarter," said one of the reporters.

"Good," answered the Delegate.

"But there is a movement among the chiffonniers, who demand the immediate trial of all persons compromised in the *coup d'état* of 1851."

"What names do they mention?"

"Several, but chiefly the Vicomte de Solanges."

Painful memories seemed to be revived in the Delegate's mind, and he dismissed the "Observer of Public Opinion" rather abruptly.

After hearing a few more reports, couched in the same strain, and dealing with analogous facts, the Delegate passed into the adjoining room. He sat down before his private desk, and his clerks went on with their work. It was a mysterious and not altogether unsuspicious work. The clerks had small spirit-lamps at their side, above which water was boiling in copper saucepans. And tranquilly, but with a rapidity resulting from long habit, the young men took letters from the mail bags delivered hourly by messengers from without, held them over the steam of their saucepans for a few seconds, then opening the missives easily, read them, and handed them to the Delegate or cast them aside to be resealed.

It was the Black Cabinet of the Second Empire in all its perfection, in all its audacity. Every letter posted in Paris passed through it, and if the handwriting happened to be known to any of the district post-office clerks, or if the address contained a famous name, the indication of a suspicious locality—as, for instance, Versailles, Frohsdorf, Chislehurst—was immediately opened and read. This equivocal work went on in silence for a few minutes; then one of the clerks rose, and holding a letter in his hand came to the Delegate's chair, and whispered,

"Citizen Quercy, another letter from your son."

The old peasant had recently been invested with the functions of Delegate of Police. Asked to open letters, to commission spies and receive their reports for a private end, he would have turned savagely on the insulter with all his Norman blood on fire, with his rough labourer's hands clenched ready to wreak vengeance. But the need of the Republic, in his eyes, absolved, sanctified every error, every crime, and he fulfilled his duties honestly, and as tranquilly as though green fields and the scents of flowers had been around him, and his heaviest responsibility were the safety of a waggon-load of hay. But he had felt for the last few days that the stately prefecture harboured infinitely greater cares than his Norman farm-house; and he turned round to the clerk with a sad and weary gesture.

"Another—give it to me, François."

The clerk handed him the letter. He read it, muttering half aloud the passages that seemed to displease him the most.

"'Dearest Elaine,—When I left you this morning,'—He sees her every day, and writes at night,—the boy is bewitched,—'could not express—his love—his sorrow.' Bah! all the absurdities of calf-love. Ah! but this grows serious: 'I am almost mad when I think of the countless obstacles that divide us—your father—mine—my poverty, my simple name—and this red, hideous nightmare in Paris. We seem further from the end than ever. It is said Dombrowski will take the command, and that sorties will be made in the direction of Mont Valérien. But I will tell you the latest authentic news to-morrow. My poor father tells me everything.' " Quercy passed his hand nervously across his forehead.

"Is the lad a dolt or a traitor?" he muttered. "His poor father!—poor indeed, if all these letters, brimful of news—written to one who bears the name of Solanges—mean what everybody around me seems to think they mean."

At this moment a messenger entered who spoke to a clerk, who turned to the Delegate.

"La Citoyenne Lenoir is in your private room, Citizen, and wishes to speak to you."

He went immediately to meet the actress. She had won for herself a certain political notoriety since the proclamation of the Commune. She was in the confidence of nearly all the ministers; she had influence over the journalists; and her beauty, her fiery theatrical eloquence, had more than once subdued a drunken and mischievous mob. Therefore, though feared and even disliked by many of the men in power, she was admired and respected. Her name was a password, and her advice not infrequently two-thirds of a proclamation or edict. She came towards the Delegate with sparkling eyes.

"Citizen," she said, "you know that we are playing a losing game—and you know why. We are beset, undermined with spies. After the Prussian secret agents, the Versaillais! Shall we never learn how to fight them with their own weapons—the satisfied serfs and hectoring tyrants of all the universe?"

"Doubtless, Citoyenne, when the Republic is something more than a name. But——"

"But you would like to know my errand. It is this. You allow that we know nothing of the Versaillais' movements, and that they are perfectly cognisant of ours? Good. Then hear me, Citizen Delegate: I have discovered perhaps the chief source of the information that goes to Versailles."

The old Republican started joyously.

"In truth!" he cried. "That source shall be dry in a few hours."

"Listen. I have been trying all the environs for some time past. At last my spies brought me word that there were suspicious signs in one quarter. They continued their watch—and with this result. Every morning a man leaves Paris, sometimes by one gate, sometimes by another. He meets another emissary at a certain point, and the latter—who has a horse concealed near at hand—leaps into the saddle and hurries away in the direction of Versailles, carrying papers with him. That is significant, eh?"

The Delegate was taking notes. He nodded, then asked briefly,

"And where is this meeting-place?"

"At a little cottage at Neuilly."

The pen fell from his fingers. He sat there stunned and aghast, a broken old man, muttering vacantly to himself. "It is true then—true! Quercy, a spy!"

She did not notice the change in his manner and expression, but continued hotly,

"Yes, put down the name. There is no time to be lost. The vermin must be captured and punished this morning."

With some difficulty, the old peasant drew himself up erect, and then, striving to control his voice, said firmly,

"You are right, they must be punished—this morning."

But as the door closed upon the actress, his frame collapsed, he fell into a chair, and slow tears trickled through the horny fingers.

CHAPTER VIII.

COMING HOME.

THE road from Montrouge to Paris was thronged, as usual, some five or six nights after Elaine's escape, by trucks, country carts, and porters conveying fresh provisions to the capital for the morning's market. Stretched out on trusses of hay, on mountainous piles of vegetables, of baskets of fresh-water fish, and carcasses of bullocks and sheep, the wagoners snored peacefully in the cool night air, as the carts proceeded slowly in single file towards the vaporous light at the horizon that indicated Paris. One at least, however, was awake and watchful. Suddenly a wagon stopped: the driver, a woman, gave a short cry, and drowsy voices from the carts in the rear inquired peevishly,

"What's the matter now, Madame Jeanne?"

"Matter!" cried the woman; "why there's some one there in the road: I was within an ace of running over him."

"Drunk," said a wagoner, sententiously.

"Drunk or not, the poor wretch has a right to live. And I don't know that he is drunk—he lies so quietly."

So saying, Madame Jeanne got down as rapidly as the respectable rotundity of her form permitted, and touched the figure lying in the road—first with her foot, then with her fat and vigorous hand.

"Hallo there! what ails you, good man?"

The man turned round slowly, and Madame Jeanne saw a white emaciated face, seamed and wrinkled, a coat of threadbare black cloth, a creased and faded cravat wound round the thin yellow throat—all the outward evidence of utter misery endured patiently and in secret for many a year. She cried to the nearest wagoner, who was manifesting his impatience by many grunts.

"Get down, *lambin*. The poor fellow is not more drunk than you. More likely, dead," she added, trying to raise the stranger's head.

But when the warm, plump flesh touched his cheek, the sick man shivered, opened his eyes, and sat up, dazed and weary.

"Where am I?" he asked faintly and vacantly.

"Where are you?" echoed the wagoner bluntly, coming up slowly with ungracious reluctance; "why, on the Montrouge highroad, about three miles from Paris."

"Ah!" sighed the stranger, "I remember, I sat down on the bank yonder; it seemed so far. I had been walking all day; and then night came on, and I despaired of reaching Paris down there."

And he pointed dejectedly to the faint foggy blaze in the distance.

"Can you stand?—can you walk?" asked Madame Jeanne kindly.

"I think so," said the stranger, making a few feeble steps.

He tottered, and would have fallen, but the good market-woman took him by the arm, and said compassionately,

"My poor man, you can scarcely keep upright. Here, get up on my wagon—you'll find the vegetables hard, but that bed is better than the roadside, and you couldn't possibly get to Paris on foot to-night."

Passively, and murmuring unintelligible thanks, the man obeyed, and mounted with difficulty on to the pile of carrots and turnips—hard, but, as the market-woman said, grateful as lawn and down to his weary limbs. The cart rolled slowly on in silence after Madame Jeanne had vainly endeavoured once or twice to engage her guest in conversation. He was impenetrable. In his first bewilderment he had appeared more communicative; but a sudden recollection, evoked by the good woman's simple question, "Where do you come from?" seemed to freeze the

words on his lips, and only permit the issue of a few ungracious monosyllables. Yet it was evident he was not ungrateful or churlish. His language denoted a man well born and well educated. His manner was gentle and refined. It was some inward fear and suspicion that, the first waking moments passed, made him watch his companion narrowly, and speak with the cautious ambiguity of a man who feels he is hunted, and sees enemies' faces on all sides. Madame Jeanne desisted at last, not only because her efforts met with sorry success, but also because the cart had now entered Paris, and required careful guidance in the labyrinth of dark narrow streets that environs the central markets.

"How are you?" she said at last, stopping before the place allotted to her stall.

The stranger got down, and assisted her to unload the cart. When her hampers of cabbages and lettuces and carrots were duly arranged around her, she glanced at him with kindly interest, and said hesitatingly,

"You don't seem to recognise the place. Don't you know Paris—have you no friends to go to?"

"Oh, I know Paris; but not this part;—this has changed past all recollection."

"If you will tell me where you are going," the woman continued, still hesitating, as if fearful of giving offence, "I might perhaps be able to show you the way."

"You are very kind," returned the man in a tone of indecision, "but I don't know—I fear——" then at last, as if forming some desperate resolution, he added quickly, "Do you know the Rue du Moulin?"

"*Eh ben oui!*" cried the old woman—"I did know it; but it's been knocked down these last six years!"

His head fell; with a hopeless gesture he seemed to abandon himself to his fate; and for a few moments the hum of the market fell on ears that were deaf to all outward sound. Then the woman's voice roused him. She was addressing some one at his side, whose features he could not discern in the struggling light of dawn.

"Good-morning, Monsieur Parville!—why, you are as early as a market porter!"

The comedian laughed. With the restless instincts of the greatest members of his profession, he was eternally roaming from one picturesque corner of the capital to the other in search of scenes and types and peculiarities of language which, reproduced faithfully on the stage, had earned for him the reputation of the most original low comedian in Paris. He felt a strange sympathy for the busy, grotesque world of the

central markets. He would saunter for hours in the early morning between the huge metal columns, among the *forts de la halle*, the fish-fags and the sellers of garden produce, noting the inflections of their voices, their peculiar slang, their gestures,—forming a mental magazine of curious characteristics that supplied him with some of his most popular dramatic effects. His peregrinations had brought him into contact with Madame Jeanne; a few tickets for the theatre had won her heart, and he was now on familiar terms with the old market-woman. He answered lightly, and casting a curious glance at the melancholy angular figure beside him.

“Aye, Madame Jeanne, we are mounting a popular democratic piece. I am collecting a few hints for the part of a virtuous peasant condemned by fate to become a costermonger. The Commune likes that kind of trade, you know.”

The stranger started, and said hastily,

“The Commune! Pardon me, Monsieur, I am a stranger here: is the Commune really established in Paris?”

Parville looked at him with surprise.

“Established!” he echoed, “I thought all France knew that—aye, sole and unquestioned master of Paris—master of our lives and liberties, and purses—and not a worse one than the Bonapartes, after all.”

With a sigh of relief, the stranger answered,

“Oh, you see, sir, they told me in the provinces, everywhere, that the Commune was only a handful of ragamuffins that had managed to seize one or two public buildings, but which was neither obeyed nor recognised by the majority of the population.”

“Egad! your provincial friends must read the newspapers of two months ago,” said Parville laughing. Then, addressing the stranger with evident interest, he added, “But, Monsieur, you seem to have just concluded a long voyage—can I be of use to you?”

“I thank you, Monsieur. Nobody can be of use to me, I fear. The little world that knew and loved me seems to have disappeared even to the very street in which I was born. Eighteen years makes a wonderful difference in an exile’s life.”

“An exile!” began Parville, tentatively. They had left the market-woman’s stall, and were proceeding side by side towards the Boulevards.

“Aye—exiled by the *coup d’etat*—just returned after eighteen years’ imprisonment at Cayenne.”

The comedian looked at him pityingly, and said in an unmistakable tone of sympathy,

“I understand your sorrow, your disappointment, Monsieur—my friend henceforth, I hope. I have been brought face to face more than

once with the miseries connected with the *coup d'état*. If a simple stage-player's help and influence can be of any service to you, pray command me—pray regard me as your friend."

The stranger accepted the proffered hand, and thanked the actor warmly. His spirits seemed to revive in the old nameless atmosphere of the Boulevards; and when his companion suggested that they should turn into some of the revolutionary clubs of the district, he assented gladly.

The comedian played but an insignificant part in the political movement of the day; but he was well known and popular in every public assembly in Paris. He was therefore surrounded directly he entered the large hall decorated with red flags, where men were drinking, smoking, discussing, and paying more or less attention to the speaker on the platform. The club, composed for the hour of a battalion of National Guard, was occupied in selecting a captain to fill a post just vacant in its ranks. A sudden inspiration appeared to come to Raymond Parville. He bent forward towards the stranger, and whispered,

"Do you wish to serve the Commune—to fight?"

"I have but two wishes—that is perhaps the first."

"Citizens!" cried Parville, immediately proceeding quickly to the platform, "you are about to elect a chief. Do you want one who has suffered for his faith—who will die for his faith—a proscribed of the second of December?"

"Aye, aye!" cried the crowd unanimously.

"Then vote for the citizen here—who sees Paris to-night for the first time after eighteen years of imprisonment."

A species of intoxicating gas was in the air in those days, and it needed but two or three well-known words to inflame a crowd. The soldiers leapt to their feet and cheered vociferously.

The stranger mounted to the platform slowly and painfully, and confronted the multitude.

"Citizens!" he cried, "I am thankful for your sympathy; I shall be more thankful if you accord me the privilege of fighting at your head for the Republic—the Commune; but I am unknown to you, and for the moment I cannot divulge my name, my history. I have work to do in Paris—work that must be done secretly and silently. Until it is achieved, receive me, if you like, as Citizen Pierre; but be sure that, no matter the name, the man is with you—heart and soul and body."

These few simple words acted more potently than the most elaborate oration on the passionate faith of the men assembled. By an enormous majority the Citizen Pierre was elected Captain of the National Guard.

After the result of the election had been proclaimed, Parville took him by the arm, and said cordially,

"You have work to do, you say; let me help you. You are poor—I am rich; you are a stranger—I know all Paris; and—I say it frankly and without any ornamental rhetoric—I like you. You are honest—you have suffered. I should like to help you."

"Help me!" said Pierre. "I am grateful for your offers: but do you know what work I have to do here? I have to find the last things ever discovered in Paris,—my enemy—and my love!"

(*To be continued.*)

A HINT IN SEASON.

By ANNETTE LEIGH HUNT.



RIGHT after night, what a whirl of excitement—
Concert and opera, and ball after ball!
Everything sparkles and glances and dances,
And you most of all!

No time for drawing, and no time for singing;
All thought of anything useful is fled:
Only mad waltzes and galopes are ringing
In that giddy head.

Sometimes you read, or pretend you are reading;
Away your thoughts wander,—you dream, shall I say,
Of your partners, your pretty new fan, or the flowers
Which came yesterday.

Yet do you sigh? And is it my fancy,
Or do you look just a thought wearied to-night?
Perhaps you're reminded of long quiet evenings
And autumn twilight;

Of shining wet sands stretching ever so far,
And a big harvest moon when the sun has gone down:
Ah, yes! you are tired, your cheeks flush with longing
To go "out of town."

Ah! *ma belle blonde*, take a word of advice,
And don't spoil your bright eyes by being too gay:
What would "*he*" say if his beautiful treasure
Lost aught of its lustre with overmuch pleasure?
What would "*he*" say?



ALTAR OR TABLE? AND THE EASTWARD POSITION.

(Concluding Article.)

BY THE REV. HENRY HAYMAN, D.D.,

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FROM the general remarks in my last article, referring to the practical question of an "Eastward Position," I return to the testimony of the primitive and early Church. Ignatius was a junior contemporary of St. John, the last of the apostles. He knew personally his disciple Polycarp, and probably others who had seen and heard that apostle, and may himself have seen and heard him. He was Bishop of Antioch, and suffered martyrdom about 110 A.D. He mentions the "altar" of Christian worship repeatedly, but the word "table" is not found in his writings. He says, for instance, "Study to observe one Eucharist, for there is one flesh of our Lord Jesus Christ, and one cup, for union, of His blood; *"one altar, as one bishop, with the presbytery and the deacons my fellow-servants."* (Ign. *ad Philad.* iv.)

Again, "All then assemble as to one temple of God, as to *one altar*, as to one Jesus Christ who came forth from our Father" (*ad Magnes.* vii.)

Again, after exhorting the Church of Ephesus to unity, he says, "Let no one be misguided: except one be within *the altar*, he is deprived of the bread of God" (*ad Ephes.* v.)

Again, after a charge to adhere inseparably to Jesus Christ, to their bishop, and to the apostolic injunctions, he proceeds, "He who is within *the altar* is pure, but he who is without is not pure" (*ad Trall.* vii.)

Again, "Honour religious widows as *the altar of God*" (*ad Tars.* ix.) *

* I am of course not ignorant of the controversy regarding the genuineness of the Ignatian epistles. I can only say that, after weighing the evidence, I incline to regard as unimpeachable the shorter Greek text of those from which the above quotations are translated.

The testimony of Ignatius carries weight, not only owing to the time when, but to the region where, his lot was cast. Several of his epistles, written at the various stages of his road to martyrdom, are addressed to the same Asiatic Churches which, perhaps in his infancy, St. Paul had founded, and which in his youth and early manhood St. John governed. We know how these Churches shortly after retained their independent reckoning of the Easter festival, expressly alleging St. John's authority, although there is nothing in his extant writings to confirm it. We can hardly doubt then that the broader features of their ritual would have enjoyed the same sanction; and as the word "altar," of the Temple supernal, occurs so often in the Apocalypse, and so often of the earthly altar in Ignatius' letters to several of the Churches of the same region as those addressed by St. John in the Apocalypse, there is a fair presumption that the altar of Christian worship had there that apostle's authority for its name and use.

In the course of the same (second) century we have the testimony of Irenæus, Origen, and Tertullian to the same effect.* The first speaks of bringing gifts frequently "to the altar." The second urges those engaged in the religious exercise known as a *statio*, playing upon the word, to "take their stand at God's altar," with a view to not missing the Holy Communion, for which the context plainly shows that *sacrificia* was a current term. In the same spirit he inquires, "how can one conscious" of what he views as a breach of purity "utter his prayer at the altar?" In the last passage, however, the reading is doubtful. In the works of Cyprian, the martyred Bishop of Carthage, 258 A.D., I have been unable to find "table" save in the actual words quoted of 1 Cor. x. 21, but "altar" occurs repeatedly. Thus, he writes to Cornelius, an impeached brother, that he had refused to entertain publicly certain charges against him, "as in such a great and so solemn a meeting of the brethren, with the priests of God sitting by, and *with the altar placed*,† they were unfit to be read and listened to." The words italicized seem to show that the altar was placed for the occasion, and therefore that it was moveable.

Again, Cyprian denouncing certain indecorous attempts on the part of the "lapsed" to obtain readmission to communion, asks, "are the

* Iren. Lib. iv. c. 34. Origen, Homil. X. in Num., vol. i. p. 207. Tertull. de Orat., cap. 14, ad uxorem i. cap. 7, de hort. cast. cap. 10.

† *Altari posito*, in the Latin. Cypr., *Ep. ad Cornelium*, 47 aliter 2. So again *ad Jubaianum*, lxxiii, Quia Novatianus *altare collocare* et sacrificia offerre contra fas nititur; ab altari et sacrificiis cessare nos oportet? The "placing the altar" would seem a preliminary to the oblation of the "sacrifice," and therefore the "altar" not a fixed one.

"priests to retire, and remove the altar of our Lord, and are images and "idols with their false altars to find place in the holy and venerable spot "where our clergy have their seats?" It will be observed here that the association of the altar, or of its supposed substitute the false altars, with the seats of the clergy in the "holy and venerable" place, confirms the view above taken of the seats of the clergy with the bishop's throne being in the chancel near the altar, in the Church at Tyre.

Again, of a bishop who had "lapsed" and sought reinstatement, he exclaims, "as if it were right after frequenting the false altars of the "devil to approach the altar of God;" and further urges "every effort "ought to be made to prevent the return of such, as they only defile "the altar, and spread contagion amongst their brethren."

Mede, to whom I am indebted for many of these later references, notices how Cyprian (*ad Cæcilium*, Ep. lxiii.), commenting on Prov. ix. 1, 2, "Wisdom hath . . . killed her sacrifice ('beasts' in A.V.), she hath "mingled her wine, she hath also furnished her *table*," after pointing out how the Divine Spirit had indicated beforehand the sacrament of the Incarnation, with a distinct mention of the Passion, and the Cup, adds "and of the *altar* also." Mede argues from this that "altar" must in Cyprian's time and Church have been the more current term. For Cyprian finds "table" in the text on which he comments, and goes out of his way to render it by "altar," thereby showing that the latter was better known than table among those for whom he wrote. This seems conclusive.*

We have thus brought to the middle of the third century a continuous stream of authority in favour of "altar." I cannot find in any equally early authorities any such weight of testimony in favour of "table." I may give, however, the following as an isolated testimony. Dionysius, Bishop of Alexandria, who died in 265 A.D., is largely quoted by Eusebius. In one extract (*Hist. Eccl.* vii. 9, § 300-1) he relates how he expostulated with one who was distressed in mind, as having received only heretical baptism, but did not re-baptize him—could not indeed venture so to treat one "who had listened to the Celebration, made his "responses, taken his stand *at the table*, and received the Communion "for a long while. Yet," he adds, "he ceases not his regrets, and fears "to approach *the table*." On the other hand, Eusebius has preserved an anecdote of Procopius, a martyr in Palestine, who, "when called upon "to sacrifice to those who were called gods, said he only knew One to

* Cyprian also mentions the altar in Ep. iii. *ad Rogatianum*; Ep. lxix. *ad Magnum*; Ep. lxx. *ad Epictet*; Ep. lxx. *ad Januarium et alios*; Ep. lxxviii. *ad Stephanum*; Ep. lxi. *ad Lucium*, in *de Unit. Eccles.*, p. 18, Oxf. edn., 1700, and many other places.

"whom, according to His Own appointment,* it was fit *to sacrifice*" (*de Mart Palest.* I. § 407). The retort could not have been made if sacrifice had not been a current term among Christians in Palestine at that time.

These, then, are those writers of the best and purest ages to whom our great churchmen at the Reformation so constantly appeal against the errors of Romanism. To all who sincerely wish for unimpeachable witnesses of the mind of the early Church, their authority must have great weight. In the cycle of that authority are included the Asiatic, Gallic, and Alexandrian Churches; which fact entirely exempts it from the suspicion of any mere local bias.

In the course of the fourth century Church writers become voluminous. I can only take one at any length, and that one shall be Augustin; with a brief reference to Chrysostom.† The most remarkable characteristic of the Eucharistic theology of Augustin is that it includes *all* the views commonly known as contradistinguished from one another by the modern spirit of faction which tends to sunder and desolate the Church. The internal and subjective, the external and objective, are reconciled in this great Father with a roundness of outline, and a completeness of mutual adjustment, which may well astonish those who are accustomed to hear either the one or the other put nakedly forward as distinctive of this or that party. In Augustin they are found to be consistent and harmonious. The terms *presbyterus* and *sacerdos* are alike freely and interchangeably used of the second order of the ministry. Yet in the higher sense there is but one *Sacerdos*, viz., Jesus Christ. That on which the elements are consecrated is alike the "altar" and the "table," but the altar of God is no less the heart or spirit of man within him. It is sometimes unadvisedly laid to the charge of our own Church that she is a compromise between two opposite and conflicting theories. The first and the second parts of the words of administration of the Lord's Supper, taken from the first and second prayer-books of Edward VI. respectively, and united since in that of Elizabeth, are looked upon as forming a characteristic example of this. I venture to say that there is no compromise and no conflict in the words, nor therefore in the things for which they stand. Opposite they may in one sense be, as concave and convex may be called

* Euseb., *de Mart. Palest.* i.—ἐνα μόνον, ἔφησεν, εἰδέναι, ᾧ καθήκει, ὡς αὐτὸς βούλεται, θύειν.

† It is worth noticing that his contemporary, Synesius, has the phrase ἀνάλμακτος βωμὸς for the Lord's Table, meaning "bloodless altar;" but the word βωμὸς is so regularly used to designate idol altars, that it becomes remarkable. The epithet is adversative therefore in its effect.

opposite, but not conflicting. I might prove them both from Augustin's authority, if that were my object now. The conflict is in the feeble minds of disputants on either side, snatching at so much truth only as they are able to grasp in order to make a weapon of it against others. Christ is "Himself the Victim and Himself the Priest"* in Augustin; but the Church also offers herself,† the Body with the Head, and the individual devout worshipper is styled "the holocaust."‡ In praising God we lay, says Augustin, a sacrifice on His altar. Christ on the Cross was "the true and only Sacrifice."§ Yet "the sacrifice of the altar" is a common Augustinian equivalent for the Eucharist. Thus "the sacrifice of the Mediator"|| is said to be offered in Church, and the Lord's Supper is called "the most true and single, or unique, sacrifice."¶ The same large and generous terminology, meeting the demands of faith rather than those of the intellect, suffices alike for the primary sacrifice of Christ and for the commemorative sacrifice of His Church. Here is Augustin's justification of its use: "Was not Christ once "immolated in His own person (*in se ipso*), and yet in the sacrament; "not only throughout the Paschal celebrations, but every day, He is "immolated in our congregations (*populis*)? Nor in point of fact, "when the question is asked, is there any untruth in answering that He "is immolated, for if sacraments had not some similitude of those "things of which they are sacraments, they would not be sacraments."** And side by side with these sacrifices we find the sacrifice of almsgiving,†† of prayer and praise, of ourselves, which last is said to be "the most noble and worthy sacrifice which can be given to God."‡‡

Thus the phrases which now split men off into opposite camps and become to them watchwords of strife, were with Augustin the household words of those who "walked in the House of God as friends." Our badges of controversy were with him pledges of brotherhood and topics of love. I pass on, however, to specialize this Spirit of Catholicity

* In hac sacerdos, in hac sacrificium est, *de Civ. Dei*, X. 6, cf. 20.

† Quod in ea re quam offert ipsa offeratur, *ibid. ad fin.*

‡ Ipse qui intrat (ad altare scil.) assumitur in holocaustum. *Enar. in Ps. xlii.* (5).

§ Carnis Christi, quod est verum et unicum sacrificium pro peccatis. *Contra ii. Epist. Pelag.* lib. iii. 16.

|| Sacrificium Mediatoris offertur, *de viii. Dulcit. quest.* ii. 4.

¶ In ipso verissimo et singulari sacrificio, Domino nostro agere gratias admonemur, *de Spir. et lit.* 18.

** *Ad Bonifacium*, Ep. xcvi. 9.

†† Sive altaris, sive orationum, sive eleemosynarum, sacrificiis, *de Cura ger. pro mort.* 22.

‡‡ Quid enim acceptus Deo tales offerunt quam seipsos? *de Civ. Dei*, xx. 25; Praeclarissimum atque optimum sacrificium ipsi sumus, *ib.* xix. 23.

which pervades the Augustinian view of the Eucharist in respect to the particular phraseology which includes alike "altar" and "table."

On the question of what is the Wedding Garment in our Lord's parable, he suggests that it is "perhaps the altar, or that which is "taken from the altar; * for the faithful," he says, "are wont to take "the Sacrament of Christ's body from the altar." Again, "the purifying effect of baptism is our proper passport to the altar of Christ."† Again, "there is an altar on high before the face of God,"‡ of which the earthly altar is the counterpart. "In the sacrament of the altar the "Church perpetuates the unity of her members with Christ."§ "We "approach the altar and communicate with the Body and Blood of "Christ."|| We find repeated innumerable such phrases as "the altar "of Christ," the "oblation of the altar." We learn that psalmody at the altar¶ was a custom in the African Church, as doubtless elsewhere. An altar was reared over the remains of Stephen; ** and Monica, Augustin's mother, desired that she might be commemorated at the altar.††

As regards details, we learn that in Augustin's time the altar was commonly made of wood,‡‡ and it appears to have stood detached from the wall. §§ He mentions a disgraceful outrage in which the Donatists broke the altar of a church to pieces, and made cudgels of its fragments, to beat their antagonists. And we trace the custom of erecting an altar on the spot of a martyrdom, or over a martyr's remains. |||

On the other hand, the "table" is hardly less prominent: the very custom just alluded to found its local expression in the neighbourhood of Carthage by what was popularly known as "the table of Cyprian," ¶¶ erected on the spot where Cyprian was martyred; and several of the extant sermons of Augustin are described as preached *ad mensam*

* *Serm.* xc., *ad Matth.* xxii.

† *De Bapt. contra Donat.* vi.

‡ *Enarr. in Ps.* xxv. 6.

§ Hoc est sacrificium Christianonum multi unum corpus in Christo, *de Civ. Dei*, x. 6.

|| *Serm.* xvii., *de Ps.* xlix. 3.

¶ *Lib. Retract.* II. xi.

** *Serm.* cccxviii. *de mart. Steph.* v.

†† *Confess.* ix. 36.

‡‡ *De Bapt. contra Donat.* v. 28.

§§ *Serm.* cccx. (2) ut illa modo cingatur ab obsequentibus; *cf.* cxxxii. (1).

||| *Ep.* i. *ad Boniface.* Athanasius, *Ep. ad solitariam vitam agentes*, has a similar anecdote of the Arians, whence it also appears that the altar in that case was of wood. His word, however, is "table," be it observed, not altar, Ἀρπάζαντες τὰ συμψέλλια καὶ θρόνον καὶ τὴν τράπεζαν, ξυλλίον γὰρ ἦν. In this case all was simply burnt.

¶¶ *Serm.* cccx. (2).

Cypriani.* "The table of Christ," says Augustin, "is set in the midst" of His Church.† It is called the "Lord's Table,"‡ the "Table on which" "is the Lord's Body and Blood."§ "Thou approachest," he says to the communicant, "the table of thy Lord. In thy cell of misery the Lord tasted vinegar and gall. He now bids thee to His own table, "the table of heaven, the table of angels, where He is Himself the "bread."|| The verse 5 of Ps. xxiii., "Thou preparest a table before "me,"¶ and Prov. xxiii. 1, "When thou sittest at meat with a ruler," etc., the latter repeatedly, form fertile subjects of allusion to the Lord's Table with Augustin, in whose old Latin version "*ad mensam potentis*,"** seems to have been part of the rendering of this latter text. The *potens*, or "ruler," is the Lord omnipotent to whose table we are bidden. "St. Lawrence," he says, preaching on the anniversary of his martyrdom, *ad mensam potentis prudenter accesserat*; and proceeds to dilate on the lessons of holiness which he had there learned.†† "The great table," he says elsewhere, "is that where the banquet is the Lord Himself. "No one feeds his guests on himself. But this is what the Lord Christ "does, Himself the inviter, Himself the meat and drink."‡‡ We are accustomed to regard the Cross as a figurative altar. Augustin, commenting on Ps. xxiii. 5, says, "The table of delight is the Passion of "Christ who, on the table of the Cross offered Himself a sacrifice to God "the Father, giving to His Universal Church a living banquet. . . . At "this table fed and vivified she exults against them that trouble her."§§ Again, "At the table of the Lord we taste no cheap or ignoble banquet, "but the flesh and blood of Christ Himself who was slain."|||

Bingham says that Chrysostom's usual term is the "table."¶¶ I will give two passages only, selected because they connect that term with the terms "sacrifice" and "priest." He is speaking of the words of Institution :

"This phrase once uttered accomplishes the *sacrifice* in its perfection "at every *table* throughout the Churches from that day to this, and even "till His (the Lord's) coming."

The next is :

"When the *priest* is standing before the *table*, stretching forth his hands "towards heaven, invoking the Holy Spirit, . . . then let there be

* *Serm.* cxiv., cxxxi., cliv., clxix., *et al.*

† *Serm.* cxxxi. (1).

‡ *Serm.* ccclxxii. (2), clxxiv. (7), xxi. (5) *et al.*

§ *Tract* xlvi. in *Joan* x.

|| *Serm.* ccxxxi. (5.) ¶ *Serm.* ccclxvi. (6).

¶¶ Adding, he says, the epithets *μυστική* and *φρικτή*, "mystical" and "awful." He refers to Hom. xxi., and xxxix. *de Pentecost.*

** *Serm.* xxxi. (2).

†† *Serm.* ccxiv. (1.)

‡‡ *Serm.* cccxxix. (1).

§§ *Serm.* ccclxvi. (6).

||| *Serm.* ccclxxii. (2).

"profound tranquillity, profound silence. . . . How wilt thou be able to "enjoy this *sacrifice*, if thou approach this *table* with so much disturbance?"

I think that, had there not been in Chrysostom's feeling a preference for the term "table," he would have used "altar" here; and therefore that Bingham is correct. These quotations lead us to reflect how ample a thing is true Catholicity, how capable of comprehending and enfolding views which can only be rightly held as complementary of each other, and which become antagonistic, only because they are estranged, and, as they part company, narrow off into inconsistency. The seizing upon and overstudying one side of a truth which has a double aspect—sacrificial as regards God, participative as regards man—is fraught with more than one mischievous consequence. It cheats the spiritual partaker of either half of the whole truth, it arms some hostile controversialist with that truth which we have despised, and it provokes a reaction in favour of a similar one-sided development of that which it has omitted. Yet truth is so large, and human powers so scanty, that it would be hard to mention an important doctrine which has not thus fared at the hands of its recipients in the course of Church history. From being thus content to live on half-truths, or less, the spiritual man becomes stunted and feeble, and loses his power of imbibing and assimilating the nurture which should bring him "to the measure of the "stature of the fullness of Christ."

"Sirs, ye are brethren; why do ye wrong one to another?" Your differences are only in twig and spray, your union is in stock and root. The "altar" and the "table," the memorial of the "sacrifice" towards God and that of the "benefits" towards man, are but the golden and silver sides of the same "shield of faith." If we complain of those who mutilate the elements of the sacrament by withholding the cup from the laity, let us beware of mutilating its essential idea for laity and clergy alike.





TOMMASO SALVINI.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD HABITUÉ."

THE decline of tragedy in France and England, since the days of Rachel and Macready, is a fact unfortunately too evident to admit of discussion ; and its comparative unpopularity is to be ascribed, not to any indifference on the part of the public, but to the general inefficiency of its representatives. Where genuine talent is displayed, it will never lack encouragement ; in proof of which assertion it will suffice to advert to the brilliant success achieved by Mr. Irving in Hamlet, and to the crowded audiences attracted to Drury Lane by the no less legitimate triumphs of Salvini ; while if we cast a glance across the Channel, we shall find similar manifestations of interest excited a few months ago at the Comédie Française by the *débuts* of Laroche and Mdlle. Sara Bernhardt. These latter, however, after creating a temporary sensation, have failed, more from inexperience than from any want of merit, in maintaining a permanent hold on popular favour ; and, as far as Mr. Irving is concerned, he can only be fairly judged by the one strictly tragic character he has as yet attempted. Since time immemorial our English tragedians have adopted a system of artificial declamation, totally at variance with the natural inflexions of the human voice, which they call elocution ; but which, though tolerated in the theatre, would, if introduced into ordinary conversation, be stigmatised as supremely ridiculous. How is it, then, that if the stage be truly said to "hold the mirror up to nature," its professors pertinaciously cling to the unnatural, and treat us year after year to the same spasmodic gaspings and whinings which our fathers underwent before us, and which seem to be the chief characteristics of the British school of acting ? I am old enough to remember Edmund Kean in Richard III., Sir Giles Overreach, and Othello ; and, setting aside that incomparable artist, whose bursts of passion and fiery eloquence had nothing in common with mere mechanical ranting, I do not hesitate to affirm that, from that period to the present day, no English tragedian, male or female, with the single exception of Charles Young, has been wholly free from this disastrous blemish.

It is to Italy that we must look for the best contemporary interpreters of Melpomene; and, humiliating though it be to own that the only adequate living representatives of Lady Macbeth, Othello, and King Lear are to be found among the natives of the "sunny South," we may as well accept the fact with a good grace, and offer without further digression our little tribute of admiration to the latest of the gifted trio, Ristori, Rossi, and Salvini, as with the two first the reader has already had ample opportunity of becoming acquainted.

The enterprising Mr. Mapleson, to whose untiring energy lovers of the lyrical drama are already greatly indebted, has never put forward a stronger claim to our gratitude than by his engagement of Tommaso Salvini. It is strange that while for the last five-and-twenty years the celebrity of this admirable artist has been a household word in Italy, France, and Germany, he has been altogether unknown in England; and that we owe to the merest chance the opportunity of witnessing a performance of Othello such as the present generation at least has certainly never seen before, and is not likely to see again. Things might, however, have been worse; he might have come to us, like many others, the shadow of his former self, and with little more than his bygone reputation to recommend him; whereas we have had the satisfaction of beholding him in the plenitude of his powers, in the full maturity of his talent, a model for our own actors, and a deeply interesting study for every lover of sterling dramatic art.

I first saw Salvini eighteen years ago—on the 25th of August, 1857—at the Salle Ventadour, before even a smaller audience than his predecessor Ristori, as Orosmane in Voltaire's "*Zaïre*." He was in his twenty-eighth year, and had been on the stage since the age of sixteen, previously to which he had received instruction from the celebrated Gustave Modena. Since the days of Edmund Kean, I had never witnessed such acting; Beauvallet and his associates of the Théâtre Français sank into absolute insignificance beside the accomplished Italian, and my recollection of our own tragedians, setting aside the one glorious exception alluded to, recalled nothing worth comparison with him. My impressions of that evening, carelessly jotted down after leaving the theatre, are in such perfect accordance with what I could write to-day, that I quote them literally: "As far as I can judge from a single hearing, Salvini bids fair to attain a very high—if not the highest—position among contemporary actors. He possesses every necessary requisite for tragedy; his figure, rather above the middle height, is admirably adapted to the stage; his bearing is simple and dignified; and his gestures, always appropriate, are graceful and natural. A more strikingly intelligent countenance I have seldom beheld; his eye is singularly penetrating,

“and expressive of every passion, from the tenderness of love to the
 “fury of jealousy and despair ; and even in musical Italy, a voice so
 “exquisitely pure in intonation and so richly melodious is a real rarity.
 “He neither rants, nor gasps, nor indulges in those traditional bursts of
 “simulated rage, the effect of which is so inexpressibly ludicrous ; he
 “is demonstrative when the situation requires it, but the prominent
 “feature of his acting is its complete assimilation to the personage
 “represented, without any undue emphasis or exaggeration.” He subsequently played Othello ; *how* he played it, all London knows, or ought to know ; nor is it necessary for me to repeat an oft-told tale ; the recognition of his genius has been entrusted to abler pens than mine, and most nobly have they fulfilled the welcome office undertaken by them. I cannot, however, pass over unnoticed the almost universally expressed wish of our own performers to do honour to the great artist, a graceful and well-timed compliment, as creditable to its object as to those with whom it originated. I question if Salvini, during his long and triumphant career, has ever felt more gratified than on finding himself surrounded and appreciated by his dramatic brethren ; and gallantry forbids my doubting that one of his pleasantest recollections of our country will be the pretty bouquet presented to him on that memorable occasion by Marie Bancroft.

WORTH A SONG.

By MORTIMER COLLINS.

“Carmen amat quisquis carmine digna gerit.”—CLAUDIAN.



HE men of power whose very triumphs pain us,
 Whose vile endeavours do the nations wrong,
 If we are poets, tremble, yet disdain us,
 May be worth fame and gold, but not a song.

But they who rise to heights of power and splendour,
 Being pure and simple, being calm and strong,
 To them the poets happy homage render,
 And they love song, for they are worth a song.



OLLA PODRIDA.

WHATEVER charges of frivolity and extravagance may be brought against the London season, there is also something to be said on the other side. When the combined attractions of Parliament, the Royal Academy, the May Meetings, and the Opera have drawn the richer half of our country population into town, all good objects and popular societies—religious, social, and charitable—reap their first harvest. Amongst the many appeals to those who find time in their pleasure to remember the pain of others, we would bring forward one against which few hearts will be hardened, if its purport is clearly understood. Victor Hugo, in one of his finest poems, prays that even his enemies may be spared from knowing the bitterness of

“The home without a child.”

And if childless homes are sad, what must those be where children only live to suffer—the helpless, pathetic suffering of the young?

We all know that this is inevitable in thousands of poor dwellings; and therefore any practical, hearty attempt to mitigate the evil deserves a good word and a helping hand. The Free Hospital for Children, at Kingsholm, Gloucester, has no limit to its usefulness, save the inadequacy of the funds at its disposal. Only one condition must be fulfilled by the little patients—that their parents are too poor to provide medical attendance elsewhere. There is no sectarian restriction, though the hon. secretary is a devoted clergyman of the Established Church, the visitor is the Bishop of the diocese, and the nurses are Sisters from the Home of Charity, Kingsholm, and consequently trained, intelligent women, able to carry out the system adopted at the principal London hospitals. Its benefits are not purely local, for patients from any distance are admitted; and we see in the Report for 1872 that one came from “Soho, London.” What a paradise to a suffering child accustomed to the horrors of extreme poverty in London, who probably had never seen a green field or a garden (other than those inaccessible splendours in the squares) in its life, must that clean, airy, cheerful Gloucester Home have

seemed, with its fine view over hills and meadows, its life-giving breezes,—its flowers, and comfortable cots, and kind attendance !

This excellent institution has no funded or other property, but depends solely on voluntary contributions, and could quadruple its usefulness if more adequate funds were at its command. A little pamphlet put into our hands, called "Thoughts about Sick Children," written we believe by a descendant of Leigh Hunt, begs all mothers who have mourned over a little one taken from them, or rejoiced over an ailing child restored to health, to support the "Gloucester Free Hospital for Children ;" and we heartily endorse that appeal.

Those who saw the fleet assembled at Spithead on the occasion of the Shah's visit two years ago, or who were present at the Royal launch of the ironclad *Alexandra* last month, will be surprised to learn the opinions of high Admiralty officials upon iron shipbuilding less than thirty years ago. In the very interesting memoir prefixed to the recently published "Works of Thomas Love Peacock" (Richard Bentley and Son), there is a letter from Lord Auckland, the then First Lord of the Admiralty, calculated to make Mr. E. J. Reed's hair stand on end. Writing to Mr. Peacock on the 16th of October, 1846, he says : "I apprehend that a construction "of this material [iron] is not adapted to the general purposes of war. A "single shot striking at right angles may be stopped, or a shot striking at "a very obtuse angle may glance off, but an iron vessel would ill stand "a heavy broadside, and there will be angles in which a shot would act "longitudinally, or it may strike on a rib where the rivets of four plates "meet, and where the damage would be irreparable." In justice to Lord Auckland it should be remembered that he wrote, not only in the infancy of iron shipbuilding, but before the idea of fixing huge plates of armour to a man-of-war's side had been broached. The first ironclad built in England, the *Warrior*, had 4½-inch plates, and we have now reached a thickness of 14 inches in the same material on the *Devastation* and her sister ships, whilst the *Inflexible* will have armour of 20 inches or more. Although the increasing power of guns threatens almost to abolish armour, we shall never revert to wooden ships, unless it be to what is called "composite" built ships, whose frames—the keel and ribs—are of iron, and the rest of wood. The powerful engines in modern men-of-war have necessitated iron as the material to be used for all vessels, armoured or unarmoured, to give them the requisite rigidity. It is not too much to say that to Mr. Peacock's perseverance the country is indebted for the first adoption of a new class of men-of-war of light draught, but of sufficient strength to carry guns of heavy calibre.—P.

Mr. George Phillips, of Chelsfield, Kent, has received a letter from a former shepherd who left him last spring to go to Canada. The letter is very adverse to that colony, and Mr. Phillips has published part of it in the *Bristol Mercury* and several other provincial newspapers, under the title "Another Warning from Canada." The extract commences as follows: "There is nothing for agricultural labourers to do here, *only* "for about three months in the summer." (The italics are ours.) Now this is so patent a falsehood that even charity cannot call it a mistake. There are fully six months for active, energetic, out-door farm-work in Canada, even in the hardest seasons. These commence in May and end in October. In ordinary seasons, preparatory work begins about the beginning of April; and November is frequently a very busy month. The wilful misrepresentation of Mr. Phillips's old shepherd which we reproduce renders all he says unworthy of credit, so that Mr. Phillips might as well have told us a former shepherd of his had emigrated to the moon, and had written to him to say that it was actually made of green cheese. Amongst the tens of thousands of agricultural labourers who emigrate to Canada, and find there happy and prosperous homes, the few discontented and disappointed who want to come back, like the shepherd in question, are the exceptions which prove the rule that Canada is a good country to emigrate to, and has fairly been called "the Queen of our British Colonies."

The liberality of Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. has supplied us with ink for 300 years—showing pretty clearly *their* estimate of the longevity of the ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE! In other words, they have sent us three samples of their "Inexhaustible Magic Inkstand," and politely asked our opinion on them. The old proverb says, "Good wine needs no bush," and it has been equally an axiom that good ink needs no water—yet with the Magic Inkstand a little water is all that is necessary to furnish the pen of the ready-writer with as much bright limpid ink as he needs. To travellers these inkstands will be invaluable, for everybody knows how difficult it is at country inns, at the seaside, and on the Continent to obtain other than thin vinegar-coloured ink, writing with which to one's friends at home is at the best a very painful pleasure. For ourselves we declare, parodying a well-known advertisement, that henceforth we will have no more inks nor any other inkstands! Nearly a million of these Magic Inkstands have been sold in less than a year, and we do not wonder at it, for they are the most ingenious and useful invention of the decade. Canon Kingsley truly called them "wonderful," and the author of "Hard Cash" has been "game to take a dozen."

"Your contributor Guy Roslyn," writes Mr. John Watson Dalby, "is very charitable when he says, in his article 'Old Songs and New Singers,' that poets may be alike in word, sound, and thought, and yet not guilty of plagiarism. The appellation poet, which means 'maker,' certainly implies that, if a man be entitled to it, his first qualification should be *originality*. Much has been said lately, and some sensible things written, on the subject of plagiarism. Euphemism is a great power nowadays, and soft words are used to describe reprehensible deeds. In consequence of the recent exposure in the *Athenæum* of a gross instance of plagiarism, literary theft is to be known henceforth as 'gemming'—a pretty word, but strongly significant. I confess I think we should call a spade a spade in this as in other matters; and when Coleridge deprecated charges of plagiarism against himself, I do not think he meant to go the same length as Guy Roslyn. The passions are changeless, and any poet may sing of Hope or Love without being an imitator of Collins; but if, in singing of those passions, I echoed Collins's rhymes or similes, I should expect to be charged with the theft, and nothing would be left me but to plead guilty, and—'not do so any more!' Amongst the instances which occur to me of literary appropriation, I may cite that of Lord Byron from Madame de Staël. Everybody knows the noble poet's grand apostrophe to the ocean, but few people, I believe, are aware that the finest passages belong to the eloquent author of 'Corinne.' Here are Madame de Staël's words, as rendered from the French by Isabel Hill, in the twenty-fourth volume of Bentley's Standard Novels (1837): 'That superb spectacle, the sea, on which man never left his trace. He may plough the earth, and cut his way through mountains, or contract rivers into canals for the transport of his merchandise; but if his fleets for a moment furrow the ocean, its waves as instantly efface this slight mark of servitude, and it again appears such as it was on the first day of its creation!' In a footnote, Miss Hill says: 'Lord Byron translated this paragraph in the fourth canto of Childe Harold, but without acknowledging whence the ideas were borrowed:—

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
 Stops with the shore; upon the wat'ry plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage.

* * * *

Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now."

Mr. Kent, in his critique on Mr. W. A. Gibbs's poems ("The Poetry of Home Life," p. 178), has a little banter at Mr. Gibbs about his Hay pamphlet and the Lever Fork, and we think it right, by the mention of two important facts, to remove the impression which some readers have received that Mr. Gibbs is "a mere pamphleteer with a 'hay-eating hobby.'" (1) The Society of Arts awarded him fifty guineas and their Gold Medal for his essay "Harvesting Wheat in Wet Seasons," and (2) the Highland Society unanimously voted him a Gold Medal for the paper he read before them, by request, on "Harvesting Hay in Wet Seasons."

We note that a small agitation is being got up, professedly in the interests of "the poor author," for a reduction of the present rates of postage for the transmission of MSS. and printed matter, and we sincerely hope it will—fail! The present low rates give trouble enough to the "poor editor," who, if they were higher, would probably not be overwhelmed to the extent he is with voluntary contributions of no earthly use to anybody but their owners. Every young lady and every young gentleman nowadays is a would-be novelist or poet—a very praiseworthy ambition, no doubt, within proper limits. But does it never occur to any one of these thousands of young people that authorship is as much a profession as the practice of medicine or of the law? Would he or she attempt to attend and prescribe for a sick friend without a diploma, or to advocate a defendant's cause even in a small debts court without having been "admitted" or "called"? We think not; then why should they waste their own time in writing, and that of the "poor editor" in requiring him to read, inanities that were better unwritten, or, if written for amusement, thrown into the waste basket. It seems to be quite forgotten that a dozen qualifications are required to make a successful author; yet two or three members of every family write—*what* we need not say. If we dared reveal the secrets of the prison-house, it would astonish a good many parents and guardians to learn the numbers of "serial tales, equal to three-volume novels," "five-act tragedies," etc., which are perpetrated at school, at the office, and under their very noses! As there are so many avowed writers, we often wonder who can find time to be the readers of the floods of literature which come from the press. But our readers may remind us, as the Gallic cock when called upon to decide what sauce he would prefer to be dressed with, and answering, "I don't want to be eaten at all," was reminded by the cook, "*Vous vous écarter de la question!*" Very true. We, too, wander from the point. We do not believe in the plea put forth by the lower rates' agitators that the "poor

"author" feels the hardship (!) of the present liberal rates of postage. If by "poor author" is meant the professional writer,—generally a tolerably well-known man, getting fairly paid—he does not feel the penny or three-halfpenny tax on sending by post an article for which he will receive three or four guineas. With respect to newspapers, we should be very glad to see a *farthing* stamp adopted for all journals of and under two ounces in weight.

Since Mr. Bowie's article on the Playfair Commission was in type, the evidence received by the Commissioners has been published as a Blue Book. Mr. Bowie wishes us to state that the evidence thus made public, so far from inducing him to modify any of the opinions he has expressed, tends rather to make him feel that an opportunity has been lost of basing upon it some proposals of material benefit to the Civil Service. He also writes :—

"Female clerical employment has been tried with success in the Post Office, and Mr. Chetwynd, a member of that department, stated before the Commission that a new scale for a branch of female clerks under his office had been submitted to the Treasury. The salaries of these clerks generally were to commence with £40, and rise by annual increments of £7 10s. to £75 a year. Still, I hold that even this scale is inadequate for a lady who may have to depend wholly on her own resources to maintain her proper position in society. In the instrument department of the Post Office, the salaries given to the lady clerks are, I believe, very much lower."

As we go to press we learn, on the authority of the London correspondent of the *Western Morning News*, that the Civil servants seem by no means eager to adopt the recommendations of the Commissioners; that Mr. Hardy has requested a trial at the War Office; but that the Admiralty Department have no intention of making one, inasmuch as their position could not be improved by it. An experiment, however, will be made at the Board of Trade and the Inland Revenue.





THE GRANGE GARDEN :

A Romance.

By HENRY KINGSLEY,

AUTHOR OF "RAVENSHOE," "GEOFFREY HAMLYN," "AUSTIN ELLIOT," "THE
HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS," "SILCOTE OF SILCOTES,"
"LEIGHTON COURT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE most foolish person at Weston would never say to you that the Grange was haunted, but the very wisest person in the village would not care to deny that there were some strange things about the Grange Garden. The simple and good people in the extreme west of Shropshire, within sight of the mountains, made the ghost in Weston Grange Garden a matter of belief : they were apt to be almost quarrelsome over the affair, because the Ludlow people had a most indisputable ghost in the Castle, which they sometimes, rather offensively, set up against the Weston ghost. This of course was not to be tolerated by the extreme party in Weston : Ludlow had certainly thriven more than Weston, but there had been a time (early in the second century) when Weston had been twice the place that Ludlow ever was even in the days of Sir Henry Sidney. The proofs of the past were all around them in the gigantic Roman mounds, and still more in the cairns and Menhirs which topped their downs on the Welsh Marches. Ludlow people were the best of people : they would trade with them and intermarry with them, but they were mere mushrooms of eight or nine centuries, and they were not in a position to put their ghost against the ghost of Weston.

There was not any visible ghost at all, but for the honour of their village two or three of the Westonians took the matter up, and went to the Rector about it. He asked if any one had ever seen it ; the answer was a most reluctant no : he asked if anybody's father had seen it ; and a young man said that his grandfather had, and that his grandmother had told him that they had seen it. The Rector said,

"My dear friends, if the Ludlow people will show me their ghost, I

will ride over and see it. It is evident, however, that we cannot show them ours. I would not trouble about this matter : we shall only annoy the very kind ladies who own the Grange."

Here he was interrupted by a hot man, who spoke rapidly in Welsh.

The Rector answered him in Welsh, and was only partially understood by his audience. He pointed out that the ghost had not been seen authentically for two hundred years, and that there was no proof of its ever having been seen at all. He lost his popularity with the small ghost party from that time, good man as he was. They determined to have a ghost better than the Ludlow ghost, and they staked the reputation of their village upon the fact. The election for the county partly turned on this argument : the Liberal member said that he was one of the last people to deny the appearance of disembodied spirits, and the ghost party at Weston voted for him at once, and brought him in too. As he got in by a majority of three, it is possible that the ghost did it.

Now is this improbable? I should say not. Will you have the goodness to read the history of Notre Dame de la Sallette, and after doing so say that I have exaggerated about a half-Welsh population like that of Weston. Furiously Calvinist, they refused for all that to be deprived of their ghost.

CHAPTER II.

THE fact of the matter was this ; there was not one ghost in the Grange Garden, but a large number : the two ladies who attended to the Grange Garden saw these ghosts continually, and talked about them between themselves ; but seldom among their neighbours, for their neighbours rarely came to visit them : in fact, no one came near them for above a year except Mrs. Morgan.

She took that liberty one day, but she never took it again. She was kept waiting in the drawing-room for some time, after which one of the ladies who lived in the house came down. It was Lady Madeleine Howard : and she sat down perfectly silent.

This was disconcerting ; but Mrs. Morgan had all the wonderful attacking power which we see in the Celt, be he French, Welsh, Highlander, or Irish. Prestonpans, Harlech, nay even the united efforts of the French and Irish at Fontenoy, were unknown to her ; but she stood to her colours, and did not precisely tell the truth. She said,

"I have come to ask after the health of Lady Alice Browne."

A Norman like Lady Madeleine was not to be outspoken by a Welsh woman, and so she said,

"She is extremely ill, Mrs. Morgan. I doubted if I should have got her through the night. Have you any honey? I have none. Can you give us any?"

"Lady Madeleine," said the goodnatured Welsh woman, "she shall have all the honey in our house."

"That would be more than she requires," said Lady Madeline; "but if you could send us some, I should be very much obliged. Will you walk in the garden?"

"Will you accompany me?" said Mrs. Morgan.

"Surely," said Lady Madeleine. "I am not afraid of ghosts in any way. We have too many of them here to think anything about them."

"Then the story is true about the ghosts?"

"Yes, Mrs. Morgan," said Lady Madeleine. "We certainly deal in ghosts, and that is the reason why we do not see our neighbours more."

"Your ladyship is kind to me, then."

"Yes, if you choose to use the word kind," said Lady Madeleine. "Your father was a great friend of my grandfather's. He was a loyal soul, and I think that you are. I am going to give you my confidence to some extent. Can you keep it?"

The brave little Welsh woman said "Yes."

"There *are* ghosts here, and hideous ghosts. You shall see none of them, my dear, only keep the belief alive. We wish it to be believed that this is a haunted house. It is necessary that it should be so. The Rector knows only half: we could not trust him. I think we can trust you. I earnestly hope that we can trust you."

"You may, indeed, Lady Madeleine," said the loyal and good woman; and then she clutched her arms in both her hands, and said in a whisper, "God help us!"

A curtain was raised at the end of the room, and some one stood before them. It was what might have been once a woman, and a very beautiful one too. The person was dressed in white, and there was a ghastly pallor on her face. Her eyes were the only thing about her which had any colour: they were very large and pale blue. She passed them over Mrs. Morgan's eyes without recognition, but she fixed them on Lady Madeleine's, and she said quite quietly, "Not here." She then disappeared behind the curtain.

"It is only one of our ghosts, dear Mrs. Morgan," said Lady Madeleine. "Let us come and walk in the garden."

"But it was not really a ghost?"

"My dear soul, of course it was," said Lady Madeleine.

"Are we going to see any more?"

"Come and see my Phlox Drummondi," said her ladyship. And so they went out into the garden.

A very loud voice called from an upper window, "See they cut that vine, my dear, or it will be all over the place." Mrs. Morgan knew that voice as Lady Alice Browne's, whereby she knew that that lady was at all events not dying.

Mrs. Morgan and Lady Madeleine walked for some time in the garden. When Mrs. Morgan returned into the house she was taken ill, and Lady Madeleine revived her with wine, and running upstairs fetched down Lady Alice Browne. A conversation passed between the three ladies, and Mrs. Morgan went away in her pony carriage, having once more pledged herself to secrecy. She never came near the Grange Garden again for many a long day. She had been utterly terrified.

After this, her devotion to the two ladies knew no bounds. Every flower in her garden, every peach upon her wall, was at their service; sometimes when she had something peculiarly rich and rare, she marked it "for Clara;" but she told nobody the mystery of the Grange Garden. Her husband asked her once, and once only: she threw her arms round his neck, and answered in Welsh, "There is a drama of self-sacrificing love going on there such as has not been acted for eighteen hundred years. They trusted me: would you have me betray them?" It was her wild Welsh way of speaking, and he answered in the same tongue, and very much in the same spirit.

CHAPTER III.

LADY MADELEINE HOWARD and Lady Alice Browne had tenanted the Grange now for many years: the freehold, which comprised the rather large estate of nine hundred acres, belonged to Lady Madeleine Howard absolutely, and was let to three farmers. Lady Alice was supposed to have a considerable funded property, for between them they by works of charity did what the ghost-elected member characterized as pauperizing the parish. He did not, however, say that within a mile or two of Weston, or even the ghost votes would not have brought him in. He reserved that remark for a working man's meeting at Shrewsbury.

Their case was like that of many other women; they had no personal attractions, and had no powers of conversation; one of them at least had a temper, which, in the English language always means a bad one. They failed utterly in society, and were returned over the counter of society as bad shillings. They were not *nailed* to that counter, as many

much prettier and more clever women were during the Regency of George the Fourth, but they were simply returned. They were both ugly, and some said stupid; and although Lady Madeleine Howard could dance very well, and Lady Alice Browne could sing tolerably, it was no use for any one to speak to them. No one proposed to marry them, and they would not have listened to any one who did so. They were both extremely poor, and they had formed a friendship for one another so strong that the intrusion of a husband would have been a mistake on the part of either of them.

They had two seasons in London, and met very often. They mutually hated it, and told one another so. Why should they have loved it? Stupid as they were, they had sense enough to know that they were laughed at. If either of them had been rich or handsome, they might have got a husband, and have made their lives miserable: both of them were spared *that* temptation at all events.

In the same year, and within two months, they found themselves extraordinarily wealthy. Lady Madeleine Howard's aunt died, leaving her the Grange (and its Garden), with nine hundred acres of land. Lady Alice Browne's father died, leaving her the personal property. Why he did so no human being can tell. When the will was proved, and such of the money as the lawyers left was paid in, Lady Alice Browne had thirty-six thousand pounds.

The two ugly girls—they were little more than girls at that time—determined to retire from the world and live in peace together. They went to the Grange, and were there for ten years without one shadow of trouble. They had shut the doors on the world: they had plenty of money; they did not care for society; they were happy in one another's society; and they cultivated flowers and vegetables. They had utterly thrust the world out. People gave up inviting them, for they seldom came: when they did, they were in old fashions, and they obviously hated the whole business.

Lady Madeleine said once to Lady Caradoc, the wife of the Lord Lieutenant, "We, my dear, have utterly retired from the world. We have given up all human responsibilities: and we are very happy."

"I tell you emphatically," said Lady Caradoc, "that I don't see my way to that. What right have you to give up human responsibilities? You might as well deny that the whole of human life is a great fight with the evil one."

Lady Madeleine Howard smiled. It was nearly the last smile which was seen on her face. Lady Caradoc was far too emphatic; she had no manners; but very shortly after she spoke of the evil one, that gentleman came to Lady Madeleine Howard's door with a vengeance.

The wind was thundering in from the south-west, and shaking the chimneys of the Grange. The servants had been sent to bed, and Lady Alice and Lady Madeleine stood ready to open the door. A carriage drove up in the darkness; and the two ladies went out, carrying a lantern.

The first person who got out of the carriage was a girl whose beauty was evident, even with the light of the lantern. Then there was a pause: and the secretly listening servants heard footsteps as of those who carried a coffin. Struggling, staggering footsteps, as though the weight was great, and the coffin of lead. Then a door was closed, and silence reigned in the house for a time: at last were heard the sound of the footsteps of several men, who went out, shut the door behind them, and drove off.

The next day the two listening maids were quietly dismissed, with considerable gratuities. They went very quietly, but as both of them lived at a distance, they went through the village at once, only leaving behind them a legend in the village that a coffin had been brought into the Grange, and buried in the Garden.

Unfortunately, perhaps, such was not the case. No dead man was carried in by those shuffling footsteps which they heard; but a living one.

The two ladies had tried to retire from the world, and from all trouble; and into their luxurious and quiet rest Divine Providence had sent them a most fearful affliction, from which there was no escape.

CHAPTER IV.

THE Grange was an early Tudor house, with large, low rooms, four staircases, and dormer roofs, large enough to house a regiment, as indeed had been once done, as Lady Alice always insisted, during the Wars of the Roses. She pointed out with pride a large rose-tree which covered the south or garden side of the house, as having been planted by a Plantagenet with his own hand. As the rose was a *Jaune Despray*, which was only invented in 1840, this was on the face of it improbable; but she held her own against Lady Madeleine, who knew a little more history than she did, and mildly declined to believe in the rose. At last, Lady Alice dug up an obviously Cromwellian cannon ball in the Garden, one of those nasty six-pounders which did so much in the history of England; with this proof of the authenticity of her theory, Lady Madeleine was afterwards silent, not from conviction, but from good nature.

The Garden was large (nearly half an acre), and must have been in cultivation nearly three centuries. It was surrounded by very high walls on all sides: in the centre was a large sheet of grass, divided by four gravelled walks, meeting at a sun-dial; at the further end from the house was a square pool of very clear water, fed by a brook, lined with stone, and swarming with more trout than either of the ladies could count. They were free to come into this basin and go away again: they were the only creatures, except the butterflies and birds, who were able to enter and leave that garden at their will.

It was a very well-tended garden, a paradise of flowers, which in summer-time made the air faint and heavy with their scent: wallflowers were in every cranny of the walls, while lilac, syringa, and hawthorn would, in calm May nights, when Clara might be walking, perfume the mere sigh of wind which came from the distant Plinlimmon.

Since the mysterious arrival which we have described above, all the gardening was done by one old man who lived in the house with his wife, and who, with her, constituted the whole domestic establishment. The ladies helped him considerably: they were used to the work, and they liked it; and the garden was always in excellent order; but no one out of the family ever entered it, except on one occasion Mrs. Morgan. She saw quite enough to prevent her going there again for some time.

Beyond the fish-pond, at the extreme end of the garden, there were three old cedars, and under the shadow of them a door in a wall which opened into a lane. It was extremely dangerous to pass through this lane after dusk: the ghost might be upon you in a moment. Farmer Hicks, a most respectable man, with as much imagination as one of his own haystacks, saw the ghost: it was in black, and passed him without any sound. Several other people saw it, but they were contradictory in their accounts of it. Some said that it was dressed in white, some in black. They were both right: the ghost was dressed differently at different times.

CHAPTER V.

ONLY assuring you that this is not a painful story at all, but one which I hope makes one think better of one's fellow-creatures, I must enter into some very painful subjects. I cannot explain them fully,—you might not tolerate the truth. I can only say that they happened in the county of Norfolk.

Lionel and Clara were orphan brother and sister. He was ten years older than she was, and when she came out in London he had made

a good name in the world. His wife brought out Clara and introduced her to society. Two months after the London season began, the man whom we call Lionel, with his wife and sister, disappeared from society. The wife of Lionel, as was well known, retired into a religious house at Brussels. What became of Lionel and his sister the world did not care to inquire. He was only a third son, without the hope of inheritance. He was very handsome, and had married a handsome penniless wife. The sister was an extremely handsome girl, who might have married any one. She had cast in her lot with her brother, however, and must take the consequences.

What did happen? A very quiet pale man came to Lionel and Clara at Claridge's Hotel. Lionel's wife was fortunately away, but she determined never to see him again. This quiet pale man proved, from documents which he brought, that Lionel—as we choose to call him—had—we can go no further.

His wife and he never met again for many years. She joined, as we said, a religious house in Brussels, and began the digging of her own grave. She was so slow about it that it is not deep enough yet. Clara was alone with her brother when the dreadful and apparently truthful news came. She was afraid of his laying violent hands on himself, and she never left him alone when she could help it. But he eluded her with the cunning of utter ferocity and despair. She searched London for him; but it was useless: a month passed, and she did not know where he was. At length she got a letter from Strasbourg, from a Frenchman whom she knew, begging her to come there. She went at once, and brought her brother home. There had been a duel, as she found, at Kehl, between him and a certain Count Vamberesky, a distant relation of theirs. Lionel had killed his man, but he had far better have killed himself. His adversary was as good a shot as he was, and the speechless mass of humanity which was carried into the Grange Garden could be looked on by the world no more. That was evident.

Clara, a girl who had only been brought up in the ordinary ways of the world, took her resolution at once: she wrote the whole story with every detail to Lady Madeleine Howard, her aunt, entreating her to let her bring her poor utterly ruined brother to the Grange to die.

The answer was singularly emphatic and curious; it ran thus:—

“My dear—I never saw you but once, and I thought you peculiarly frivolous and silly. You show the old blood now. I never dreamt that it would have come out in you.

“Bring him here. I have consulted with Alice, and she says yes.

We have been trying to escape the responsibilities of the world, but God has sent them home to us again.

"Lionel is blameless, except that he should not have fought that duel. If any one was to be killed, I am glad that he killed that scoundrel. As to this dreadful story, I don't believe one single word of it. *She* is a fool, and some day I shall tell her so.

"Tell Lionel that he is not to come here to die, but to live.

"MADELEINE HOWARD."

Brother and sister passed into the Grange Garden, and the doors were shut upon both of them. They found such peace as was possible for them.

CHAPTER VI.

WHAT odd ideas we get about people when we try to classify them according to their outward appearance, or even to their inward thoughts! Take women, for example,—a rather large subject to undertake. A man we knew at one time had once something to do with woman's suffrage, and with the medical education of woman. Journals at that time were going on about both questions, but most of them in the same style. "Women do not want this," "no woman would stand that," and so on, laying down the law. As if they knew anything about it! As if women were all alike! My cynical friend was once in a drawing-room in a certain capital. A young lady at one end of the room told him that if she was ill she would never trust a *woman*. The mother of a young lady told him at the other end of the room that her daughter had suffered terrible evils because she would not allow a *man* to come near her. Women are not all alike, any more than men are. To write that "woman is this," and "woman is that," was, he says, in his humble opinion, nonsense. Women have their idiosyncrasies, and Shakspeare knew it. Shakspeare knew that, though Ben Jonson, in his hideous misogynism, did not.

It is entirely the same, says my friend, with other sections of society. It seems to our friend that popular typical classifications are generally wrong. A great Radical leader, he continues, at this time is an exceedingly quiet, well-dressed young man, who never contradicts you, and never loses his temper. A great leader of the High Church party, who might be a furious fanatic, is one of the most quiet and moderate of men. A great leader of the Low Church party would say to-morrow that the present Pope was an amiable gentleman, but had no more

sense in his head than his own colley dog which is lying at his feet. Doctor Cumming, he goes on to remark, is public property; and though a Presbyterian, goes in for bees, and writes habitually to the very Erastian newspaper, the *Times*. Nobody in Scotland, as far as my cynical friend is aware, whether Established, Free, or U. P., finds fault with Doctor Cumming for setting up the abomination of desolation in high places by writing to the *Times*. The Scotch clergy are, with the exception of the English, the most highly educated in Christendom (and it is a question whether taken at the *average* they are not more highly educated). Still they can give and take, and they get on very well together. How are they classified in England? As a mere set of sour-headed puritans.

"Now to drop suddenly," my cynical friend continues, "from the Scotch Church to the Irish Roman Catholic Church. The Scotch Church is on the average the most highly educated, the Irish the worst educated. The Irish priests are sometimes classified as being fomenters of sedition: is that frankly the case? The Irish priest of Charles Lever is the type we have of him; but he is nothing of the kind. The Irish priest has a great deal on his hands, and, according to his knowledge, he does it in the main well. He has not the terrible power of the Scotch priest—I beg pardon, I see that you are offended—minister; because excommunication in Ireland may be laughed at, in Scotland it is social death. The Irish priest has to persuade, and he does it. The majority of English believe him to be a poor Pope-ridden fellow. The Irish priests have saved Ireland for us, as they would say, 'anyhow.' If they had been the stupid and disloyal scoundrels which some people choose to call them, there would have been as bad a mess in Ireland in 1866 as there was in India in 1857; but we classify them all together.

"But," my friend says, "the most ill-used people of all others who are in this way classified together, like women, Anglicans, Calvinists, and Romanists, are most certainly country gentlemen. I," he says, "have lived much in the country" (he lives more in other countries than his own now), "and pretend to know something about them. To the world they are generally supposed to be fat, loud men, always just under sixty, with a blue coat and brass buttons. I never but once saw this man, and he is dead. The breed has died out, I fear."

Certainly Squire Wotherston was nothing of this kind. He was a rather thin man, not much past thirty, who had to use a stick to walk with; and one day he left his carriage in a lane not far from the Grange, and walked away.

He did not go to the front door; he went down the narrow lane,

which was not safe after nightfall, knocked at the dreadful closed door, and was at once admitted by the ghost.

He was not long in there: he came back to his carriage directly. "Catch the two o'clock train, James," he said. "I shall be in time for the division."

He was our Liberal member, and was very dearly beloved in the county by both parties. We should have liked him to speak more in the House, but what he said was very much listened to. He could speak very well; and whenever the Chancellor of the Exchequer made any statement of any sort or kind, there was our little member ready for him, without one solitary paper,—not even in his hat. No Chancellor of the Exchequer could stand against him. On one occasion the Chancellor got his papers in bad order; our member at once put him right out of his own head, though our party was then in opposition. We knew that our member would make his mark in the world, though he was lame, and could only limp to a pony carriage when he wished to go out. My cynical friend remarked that no one would have taken him for a country gentleman.

He was the only man who had the *entrée* to the Grange Garden; he always went by the back door, and generally drove away to the station at once, and went to London. It was obvious that there was nothing very attractive to detain him.

One day Farmer Jenner, who was a devout "ghost" man, was passing the dangerous back gate, when he heard voices inside. Self-preservation dictated flight, because, although it was broad daylight, no sensible man would ever play the fool with a ghost, or possibly worse. He at once got through the hedge, and was so scratched that he almost wished he were a ghost himself.

The door was opened: no ghost was there,—only Lady Madeleine, Lady Alice, and the county member, Squire Wotherston. He kissed them both, which was possibly indiscreet; and the Squire said,

"My dears, we will cautiously get to the root of it. Trust me as a shrewd man."

"Do you believe it?" said Lady Alice.

"The proof is overpowering, but it is a devilish lie for all that. Does he believe it?"

"Not now, I think. He did at first."

"Lead me to the end of the lane," said Squire Wotherston, and they went with him, leaving the gate open.

Then Farmer Jenner looked into the garden, and saw the ghost for himself.

The whole area of the garden was blazing with sunlight; the parterres

of flowers formed a mass of colour which dazzled the eye, while the whole of the scene was set out more brightly by the shadow of the cedars which stood close to the wall. Close inside the wall was the basin of clear water flashing and sparkling, partly in the sunlight, and partly in the shade of the cedars. The brightest spot in all the garden was immediately behind the basin, where there was a bed of geraniums and calceolarias, which came down to the edge of the stone.

It was the most beautiful sight he had ever seen in his life ; yet his flesh crept as he looked on it.

At the edge of the basin was a ghastly figure in awful black, with the feet bare, and the face concealed by a large hood, through which were pierced two holes for the eyes, which were edged with white. The awful figure seemed to blast the garden as it stood there with its trembling reflections on the shivering water beneath it. The farmer had seen enough, and fled.

Had he travelled much, he would have known that he had only seen a monk of the Order of the Broken Heart—that order which allows those brethren who are unable to go through extreme monastic discipline to live with their friends under weekly inspection.

He had seen enough to frighten him. But Mrs. Morgan had seen far more than he had.

(To be continued.)





PERSONNEL OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

By JOHN C. PAGET,

AUTHOR OF "NAVAL POWERS AND THEIR POLICY," ETC.

WE have in the course of the present summer heard many discussions upon armaments and some suggestions for disarmament. The latter of course are futile. Armies—that of England excepted—can pass from a peace to a war footing in a few days, and to reduce the number of men with the colours in time of peace under the new system may look like disarmament, but in reality may mean an increase of efficiency.

The case is different with navies. Twelve months' training may make a presentable soldier; it takes half as many years and at an earlier age to make a man-of-war's man. If the continental system, or some modification of it, be adopted in the English army, the transition from a peace to a war footing may become as easy here as in Germany, and Sir Wilfrid Lawson might succeed in carrying his motion to reduce the army by 10,000 men, and find out after all that he had been rather adding to than subtracting from our fighting strength. It is often contended that the mercantile marine should be a nursery for the Navy, but this is only true in a limited sense. There are several considerations which serve to show that our Navy must be to a great extent a standing force. In the first place, the wonderful revolution in naval gunnery which has taken place during the last fifteen years has made it somewhat unsafe to rely upon reserve men who may or may not have received sufficient drill and training to work with ease and fire with accuracy the complicated and ponderous weapons borne in such vessels as the *Devastation* and *Sultan*. Then, again, the ships themselves require the most careful and even delicate handling. You cannot "knock about" a mass of 8,000 tons of iron as easily as you would an old 50-gun frigate. And there is another and very pressing reason why the British Navy should never be allowed to fall below a certain standard.

In order to maintain our independence we must retain the sovereignty of the seas. But in modern warfare, to ensure success, it is

necessary to strike the first blow, in accordance with the weighty opinion laid down by Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, that the first thing to be done is to march straight at the main body of the enemy. This blow, to be thoroughly effective, must be delivered within a week from the declaration of war.

In all probability the task before us would be twofold. It would involve an attack upon the enemy's fleet, and a vigorous attempt to destroy some great dockyard or seaport. The latter would entail running the gauntlet of a great number of torpedoes; but no naval officer who could make up his mind to sacrifice a few old ships should hesitate about trying to force the entrance to a river. Our safety depends upon an immense fleet being kept always on a war footing in every detail; upon plans being prepared at the Admiralty in case war should break out with any naval power or combination of powers. The shock when it occurred should find the First Lord with everything ready, and nothing to do except to telegraph to the authorities at Portsmouth, Plymouth, Chatham, and Pembroke, to carry out Plan A—war with Russia, Plan B—war with Germany, Plan C—war with France, as the case might be. Any standard of efficiency and readiness short of this is delusive. It is one which with the *materiel* and money at our disposal we could attain to with no effort at all except a little energy on the part of the Minister in charge of the Navy and a few of his subordinates. It would simply be an exact reproduction of the system in force at the German War Office; it may be summed up in a few words, "Leave nothing to chance."

When once, however, squadrons have left England for their respective destinations, which, if the Government of the day (whoever they may be) are not utterly insane, should be kept a profound secret; especially bearing in mind the danger sure to arise at such a period from the immense number of foreigners residing in England, the question of reserves will occupy a prominent place.

There is no doubt that the institution of the Royal Naval Reserve was an act which reflected great credit on the naval administration of the Duke of Somerset. But it cannot be said to have entirely fulfilled the purposes for which it was designed. It was intended to give to the Royal Navy a reserve of trained men and good seamen to fall back upon in time of war. As we have said, when once the squadrons have left England for the various places selected for the attack of the enemy's fleets or ports, and the unarmoured cruisers have sailed for such places as may seem best adapted for the interception and destruction of the enemy's commerce, the Coastguard will be called upon to man or partially man a good many of the older ironclads and other vessels intended

to be kept in English waters. This they will do both easily and well. If, however, the area of war should be extended, and fresh squadrons be required, the question of manning them will become serious. The ironclads and the few—unfortunately very few—unarmoured cruisers at our disposal can be manned with ease. But unarmoured vessels will be required everywhere, and considerable difficulties are almost certain to arise in manning them. If the war be very short, the difficulty need never arise. But it does not follow because modern wars on land now seldom exceed six months, and are generally decided (in a military sense) in six weeks, that naval wars should be equally brief. We might, if successful at first, have afterwards to maintain a long blockade. Unfortunately the Naval Reserve hardly seems to give us what we want, though there are competent witnesses who stand up in its favour.

But we have ourselves heard from an officer whose duty it had been to superintend the annual drills of the Reserve an extraordinary account of their utter unfitness for men-of-war's men. Some could hardly go aloft, and some were really not sailors at all, though they had been at sea in the course of their lives. A good seaman belonging to one of the great clipper ships in the employment of leading shipowners whose names are household words in England, would no doubt be a valuable addition to the Navy in time of war. But in the nature of things such men are the exception in the Reserve. And there are two very cogent reasons for not relying overmuch upon the efficiency of this force. Firstly, the mercantile marine is rapidly changing from a sailing fleet to a steam fleet. Secondly, the foreign element is becoming terribly strong throughout the service. Matters have certainly come to a pretty pass when (as actually happened not long ago) a captain finds his ship in the utmost danger, and cannot make his orders understood in a gale of wind to a crowd of foreign seamen on the forecastle. Those who are accustomed to take their view of naval matters from leading articles would not perhaps imagine that seamanship was such an indispensable requisite in the present day. But as a matter of fact the majority of Her Majesty's ships are generally under canvas, and those on distant stations certainly make most of their voyages without much aid from the engine. In the ironclads (which of course are only a small portion of the ships in commission), sail drill, except in a few turret-ships, is constantly practised. We are very glad indeed to see this. No practice can be more dangerous than that of sending large vessels to sea with nothing but their engines to rely upon. Any spars, however light, are better than none.

What can be done by a good workman with bad tools is seen in the case of a large steamer (if we remember aright it was the *Atrato*) only

brig-rigged, with her propeller disabled, but whose captain managed even with the few scraps of canvas he could set to bring her safe into Plymouth Sound. And we trust that the ingenuity of our naval architects may yet prove equal to the task of designing vessels protected in vital parts by very thick armour, carrying heavy guns, and capable of ramming, but which shall also be able to sail as well as steam at a high rate of speed.

We are not now inquiring whether the mercantile marine is or is not deteriorating, but whether we can out of the mercantile marine obtain an efficient reserve. The answer seems to us to be somewhat doubtful.

With regard to the standing force of the Navy itself, we are upon firmer ground. The good and bad points of the system upon which the Navy is now manned are very clear. Entering as boys, trained from their earliest years for the service, fed on the best diet, and leading the healthiest of lives, they grow up generally fine men, and in every way adapted for the Navy. At eighteen their actual service commences, and is for ten years. At the expiration of that period they can engage to serve for another ten years. Unfortunately, a very large proportion do not stay after their first ten years. At that period having attained the age of twenty-eight, and being as fine specimens of sailors as can be found in the world, and thoroughly acquainted with the working of our modern guns, they leave, and the British Navy knows them no more. Of course they have several careers open to them. They are a good deal in request for yachts, and it is said that the Fire Brigade in London is mainly composed of men-of-war's men. It is scarcely possible to see one of their fire-engines at work, or to pass one of their stations with all the brass-work glittering, without seeing that the man-of-war element is there. It is undeniable that they do leave in great numbers at the expiration of their first term of service. When the Channel Fleet was lying at Thames Haven last year, the effect of looking down the long line of youthful faces as the men were just being "mustered at quarters" was extraordinary. We have heard the same story from naval sources since. It is certainly disheartening that the country should lose the services of its best seamen in their prime, after having been at the expense of training them. The reason is not far to seek ; it lies at the bottom of almost every defect in the public service—false economy. We cannot expect to retain these men if we continue to offer them only £28 a year.

There is another matter upon which competent naval authorities will be found to speak very strongly at the present time. We allude to the fact that many of our ironclads are under-manned. We have heard of an ironclad in the Mediterranean in which one gun was without a gun's

crew, and one gun nowadays means a great deal. The cause may lie to a certain extent in the build of some of the ships; but if Economy, it behoves the public to see to it without delay. It is scarcely possible indeed to exaggerate the mischief which the parsimonious penny-wise spirit of modern times has wrought in the public service. At the time of the outbreak of the Franco-German war we have heard that at Aden, a most important place, the 18-ton guns intended to be placed (some day) in the fortifications were lying dismounted on the rocks; whilst the ships of the East Indies squadron were unable to obtain a single round of ammunition for rifled guns. Here Economy had certainly been at work. On the same station a ship was supplied with revolvers of one pattern and ammunition of another. The working of this arrangement will be more apparent when we call attention to the fact that the principal duty of that squadron is the suppression of the East African slave trade, a work in which the boarding of slave *dhow*s, pistol in hand, is naturally of frequent occurrence. Nor can matters be as they should when one ship has to send to the flagship for ammunition to fire the necessary number of rounds for the quarterly musketry practice. A Naval Brigade in these days plays so prominent a part in our land operations that it is scarcely possible to exaggerate the importance of musketry instruction.

It may be well to mention here the total number of men and officers voted by Parliament. Of seamen there are 33,500; boys, including 3,000 under training, 7,000; Marines, ashore and afloat, 14,000; and Coastguard 5,500. This gives a total of 60,000. But 33,500 seamen are in the opinion of some naval officers barely sufficient for our wants.

Several questions connected with the present position of the officers of the Navy are in our opinion sufficiently important to claim public attention.

We propose to consider four of them, and in the following order: Promotion and Retirement; Training; Education; Pay.

It is a matter of vital importance that we should possess a large reserve of officers for employment in an emergency. There is of course a very large half-pay list; and if the ships of the present day were the same as those of twenty years ago, an officer might remain some years on shore and yet be perfectly able to discharge his duties on being appointed to a ship. But the case is different now. An officer who has been five years ashore may go afloat to find a complete revolution either in ships or guns. And yet the difficulty of finding employment for all these officers is immense. They must be thoroughly *au fait* of the very last changes in naval construction; but it seems impossible to keep them

employed at sea. Mr. Ward Hunt admits that this state of affairs is unsatisfactory, but cannot, of course, decide in a moment what should be done to remedy it.

Promotion, too, is exceedingly slow. Mr. Childers' system of enforced and voluntary retirement has certainly accelerated promotion in the higher ranks; but nothing seems to bring promotion to the Lieutenants. In 1870 the numbers were as follows: Captains employed, 89; half-pay, 199. At present there are—Captains employed, 90; half-pay, 84.

In 1870 the proportion of employed to half-pay Commanders was 171 to 231; it is now 163 to 38. In 1870 the Lieutenants were 509 employed to 201 on half-pay. The figures are now 521 to 201. Admitting that some improvement is visible in the prospects of the Commanders and Captains, a very serious question arises as to whether, under the system which allows an officer to receive a lump sum in commutation of his pay, and thenceforward to possess no claim for employment at all, we have not lost the services of a great number of young men who were educated in the wooden navy, but who understood the iron navy; men who were well versed both in seamanship and science. The whole question, however, is exceedingly difficult. And it seems to us beyond a doubt that the rule which compels a Captain to retire at the age of fifty-five must have lost us some valuable officers. A Captain at that age is thoroughly fit for work; and it certainly must be a bitter disappointment to an able man who has toiled in all climates for forty years to be refused at last the very prize for which he has been so long contending. Perhaps the only way out of the difficulty is to promote by selection as well by seniority. Unless this is done the Lieutenants will all pass their prime before becoming Commanders, which would be a great misfortune. We heartily endorse the remarks made in the House of Commons during the debate upon Sir John Hay's motion by Lord Charles Beresford, a young Commander himself, who we trust will speak freely upon these subjects in future discussions.

With regard to the training of the "young gentlemen" (to use a naval phrase), we are afraid that at this moment the Admiralty are contemplating a step which those who wish to see our young officers grow up good seamen must witness with dismay. The proposal to build a College for the Naval Cadets might under certain circumstances be harmless; but we fear that it bodes no good. An impression may prevail at the Admiralty that "scientific instruction," or something of the kind, is needed for these boys, whose ages range from twelve to fourteen. Greater folly than this can hardly be conceived.

They are far too young for anything of the kind. Besides, the authorities at Whitehall are beginning at the wrong end. There is an

idea abroad just now that foreign officers are very highly trained in scientific matters, and that we must do as they do. But we have an extraordinary knack in this country of copying the worst parts of foreign reforms and of catching at mere names. The Prussian army is generally considered to be as thoroughly efficient as any fighting body can be, and the Germans are in general well educated. But what is the custom in Prussia as regards the training of officers? They are first of all taught the *minutiae* of their profession, the regimental routine duties, and the drudgery of the barrack-yard; theory and strategy are taught afterwards. We are in great danger at present of attributing too much importance to mere book-learning. It certainly seems curious that a cavalry officer should be required to possess a knowledge of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales." If any similar mistake be made in regard to the Navy, we may expect a disaster before we are many years older. It requires more seamanship to manage a long unhandy vessel, with hundreds of tons of armour bolted on to her sides, than it did to handle a wooden line-of-battle ship. The best man to command a modern ironclad is one whose professional education has been chiefly in old-fashioned ships. Without a thorough grounding in seamanship all this scientific knowledge is "only leather and prunella." The training of the youngsters should in our opinion be something of this kind. Firstly, a month or six weeks in a harbour training-ship to learn the naval A B C. Secondly, six months in a brig. This six months should be the real training. At present there are sea-going training-ships, but they are too big, and the cadets by all accounts are not quite fit for their work when they join their first ship. The whole object of the training should be to make them good sailors; everything else will then follow in due course. Thirdly, we think that instead of appointing cadets and midshipmen to a large ship on completing their training, they should as often as possible be appointed to a small one; arrangements being made for small vessels to carry a considerable number of young officers, which could be done without any great difficulty. Anybody at all acquainted with the Navy knows that it is principally in small ships that a young officer gets the best practical training. We would also suggest that cutlass-drill and pistol-practice should be more assiduously cultivated, and should be included in the very earliest training. When a midshipman has served from two to four years at sea, a period of six, nine, or twelve months might be very profitably employed at a college, and at some future time the course of theoretical study could be completed at the Royal Naval College now established in Greenwich Hospital.

We cannot dwell at any great length upon the course of study

prescribed at this establishment. It will suffice to say that the modern mania for examinations has here culminated. In the short space of nine months, officers who are studying to pass for Gunnery Lieutenants are expected to digest a mass of theoretical learning which is with difficulty obtained by a three years' residence at Cambridge. The *curriculum* includes almost every branch of knowledge which a professor of mathematics might be expected to know at the latter university, and although there is a rumour that the period of study is, in mercy to these unfortunate young officers, to be extended to eighteen months, most readers will concur with us in the opinion that it should be at once "improved off the face of the earth."

To encourage a taste for study amongst naval officers is excellent. The system now pursued at Greenwich can only have the effect of making our officers hate the sight of a book. The persons who devised this amazing system will never succeed in persuading the country that it is necessary to teach officers all that is laid down at Greenwich to enable them to superintend the gunnery practice of a ship at sea.

By the plan we have advocated, just at that period of life when a taste for study generally begins to show itself, a midshipman would have the advantage of a course of study in a college, and he might return there or to Greenwich several times. But it should form no part of his early training.

The part which is played by the Navy in maintaining not only the defence but the very existence of our country, and the certainty that the importance of an immense fleet is daily becoming greater, would naturally induce the belief that the Navy was a well-paid service. Highly skilled labour is as a rule highly paid in these days. But in addition to skilled labour a naval officer sacrifices more to his country than a member of any other profession, for he is absent from his family for two, three, or four years at a time; usually for three. The Admiralty too are very fond of sending an officer to sea about a month or so after his marriage. We are quite unable to account for this singular custom. Perhaps "My Lords" are under the impression that domestic cares must not be allowed to lessen his "zeal" for the service. But in fact a naval officer, if he marries, generally does so upon an income at which any moderately unsuccessful barrister, solicitor, or man of business would turn up his nose. He enters as a Naval Cadet, and receives a sort of nominal allowance of £18 a year, which is increased when he is promoted to the rank of Midshipman to £32, subject in each case to a deduction of £5 per annum for the Naval Instructor. After five years' service in the latter rank, an examination embracing the whole of his professional duties admits him to the rank of Sub-Lieutenant, when for

the first time he receives a commission. His pay is then increased to £91. An exceptionally high place in the examination entitles a Midshipman to immediate promotion to the rank of Lieutenant. As a rule, however, about three years is the period of service in the rank of Sub-Lieutenant. Up to the time of passing the final examination, therefore, the family of a young officer are at very considerable expense, for his pay is hardly sufficient for the clothes on his back. Of course for the first few years this is well enough. It is a period of training and probation, and so considerable a proportion of Midshipmen, from invaliding, death, or leaving the service, fail to reach the rank of Lieutenant, that the country could hardly be expected to maintain them. But if the scheme we have suggested were adopted, we think that as soon as a Midshipman, having served, say three years, in a sea-going ship, commenced his first course of study at the College, the State might then not unreasonably step in and relieve his family from further outlay by raising his pay to the scale of that now enjoyed by a Sub-Lieutenant. But his entrance to the College and his increased pay should alike be dependent upon his passing a severe examination in the practical part of his profession.

The next rank to which an officer rises is about the most important in the service. It is that of Lieutenant; ranking with a Captain in the Army. During the greater part of the life of a ship, she is, whether by day or night, under the immediate charge of a Lieutenant as "officer of the watch." At the present rate of promotion an officer will scarcely pass less than ten years in that rank, and his pay during that time—that is to say during the best years of his life—is £182 a year. There is of course extra pay for the senior Lieutenant of each ship, who is known so long as the ship is in commission as the "First Lieutenant." The duties of this officer are quite beyond description. The only parallel to them would be those of a military officer who was Lieutenant-Colonel of his regiment, and Adjutant as well. In some cases he receives an extra £45, in others only £27. But as in a great many ships he is, by the operation of a strong though unwritten law, expected to defray out of his own pocket a good many expenses (in the way of paint for instance), all tending to produce that spick-and-span appearance so much admired by shore-going visitors, the extra pay does not count for much.

The pay of a Commander is £365. In large ships the Commander discharges the duties which in a smaller vessel belong to the senior Lieutenant, and is under the orders of the Captain. If in command of a ship himself, he receives an additional £68 a year.

The first fifty Captains on the list receive £602; the next fifty receive £501; the remainder (about seventy or eighty in number) only £410.

The very heavy expenses which fall upon an officer in command of a ship on a foreign station are met by an allowance of "command money," amounting in some cases to £328, though more generally it is only £191 a year. The absolute necessity of paying some civility to foreign naval officers, and of returning the lavish hospitality of our colonial officials must be obvious to all. The pay of a Rear-Admiral is nominally £1,095; in reality about twice that sum, as he receives Table Money to the same amount. There is a very slight increase of pay for the three higher ranks of Vice-Admiral, Admiral, and Admiral of the Fleet, the last mentioned of whom ranks with a Field-Marshal. The expenses of an Admiral in command of a fleet are very great, and the present rate of pay and table-money is barely sufficient.

All the great prizes of the service have been abolished. The command of a foreign station was in some cases considered to give an income of several thousands a year, and out of this it was possible to save something. An Admiral, however distinguished, must now end his days in poverty. We suppose that no economical reformer, however thorough-going, will be found to contend that after fighting his country's battles, and perhaps after very distinguished services, the half-pay of a Rear-Admiral should be as little as £456. Vice-Admirals and Admirals receive £593 and £766 respectively. By the time an officer has risen to the last-mentioned rank he can hardly have served less than half a century, and his grateful country allows him the munificent income of £766. The half-pay of Captains ranges from £228 to £301; that of Commanders from £155 to £182; and of Lieutenants from £73 to £155. With regard to the latter rank, we fail altogether to see how any officer is to live like a gentleman on such an income. We are quite unable to understand the reasoning that a naval officer should have private means. The argument, indeed, has no force unless it be carried a great deal further, and we lay down a rule that, in order to save the public money, all persons entering any of Her Majesty's services are to look upon their pay as purely honorary; a mark of public esteem, but nothing more.

The fact is, the pay of the Navy was fixed at a period when the value of money was much greater than it is now. If the worth "of anything" be just as much as it will bring, then, looking at what a sovereign would purchase when the present scale was instituted, the truth would seem to be that the pay of the Navy has been steadily decreasing for years.

In recommending a more liberal scale of pay, we do so without the slightest fear that any but the most extreme advocates of that "economy" which was found in the end to be so costly a year or two since, will be

found to differ from us. We would call our readers' attention to some points of our recent financial policy which may perhaps serve to show that a considerable increase in the Navy Estimates is not a matter that need frighten anybody. The remarkable letter signed "Surplus" in the *Times*, a little while ago, only calls attention to a tendency which any clear-sighted observer of public affairs might have seen for himself. We allude to the steady and natural increase of the Revenue. And this expansion is in an increasing ratio. From 1840 to 1852 the growth of the Revenue was at the rate of £1,000,000 a year; from 1852 to 1859 it was at the rate of £1,240,000; and from 1859 to 1865 the rate was £1,780,000. It is now even greater than that; perhaps as high as £2,500,000 a year. Whilst we are no believers in the justice of an Income Tax, except for a great national emergency, the yield of a tax of one penny in the pound is an excellent test of the growing wealth of the country, and of the generally expansive power of the Revenue. When first imposed, about thirty years ago, a penny Income Tax yielded, in round numbers, £750,000; ten years afterwards it rose to £1,000,000; in 1865 it yielded £1,300,000; and it now actually yields £2,000,000. With such resources our Chancellors of the Exchequer have naturally had an easy time of it. But unfortunately the office has generally been filled by *doctrinaires* who looked upon the maintenance of the public service of the empire, not as a glory, but as a burden. Seeing for themselves, as they must have done, unless utterly blind, that there were no indirect taxes (we are speaking of the last fifteen years) which really pressed heavily upon the people, they have nevertheless, in pursuance of a mere idea, flung away one source of revenue after another with such headlong haste that before long there will be nothing but direct taxation to rely upon. What that means the "great middle class," who for years have blindly cheered the foolish fluency with which one popularity-hunting Minister after another has expatiated on the advantages of throwing away revenue, will soon find out. And in the event of another European disturbance, and of the inevitable panic, they may be certain that no Minister will dream of taxing anybody but them. If, however, the surplus which seems in our present condition to be nearly a certainty every year, were devoted entirely, as it should be, to effecting those administrative reforms of which we stand so sorely in need, there would be no more panics, whatever the condition of Europe might be, and we should be spared such a miserable seesaw between cheeseparing and prodigality as that, to take a glaring instance, which marked the years 1869, 1870, and 1871. In 1869 Mr. Lowe announced reductions in the Estimates generally amounting to £2,261,000, "for which," he said, "we are mainly in-

"debted to what I will call the heroic efforts of the Secretary for War "and the First Lord of the Admiralty." In 1870 there was a further reduction of £2,002,000 in the Army and Navy Estimates. But in July of that year the war broke out between France and Germany. In a moment all the savings vanished. A supplementary grant of £2,600,000 on account of the war in Europe—in other words, to repair the mischief that had already been done—was voted. In 1871 the necessity of at least doing something towards making the Army a reality, and of keeping the fleet up to its proper standard of numbers and efficiency, had become painfully apparent to all, and the most economical of Governments was compelled to announce an increase of £3,487,000 in the Army Estimates, and of £386,000 in the Navy. As for the enormous surpluses at the disposal of Mr. Lowe during his term of office,—in 1870 of £4,337,000; in 1872 of £3,602,000; and in 1873 of £4,746,000,—they were literally squandered. The reduction of the sugar duties, and the abolition of the shilling duty on corn—a mere registration duty scarcely felt at all, but bringing in nearly a million sterling to the Revenue—can only be cited as instances of the lengths to which a *doctrinaire* politician will go; and we sincerely trust that when supplementary grants are proposed again in Parliament, as it is not impossible they may be, the public will remember that they have been rendered necessary only by the unwise reductions of previous Ministers. Nor can we hold the Conservatives blameless in this matter. On assuming office they had a great opportunity of putting a stop to this frittering away of the national resources. Instead of which they carried out the policy of their predecessors, and remitted taxes all round, at the same time that one of their number was complaining of a "phantom fleet."

Before concluding our remarks on the *personnel* of the Navy we desire to add a few words on a subject of considerable importance—which has been already referred to in the ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE.* Everybody knows the defenceless condition of our great mercantile seaports. Nobody supposes that a battery of 32-pounders is a sufficient defence for the incalculable amount of national property lying in the docks at Liverpool. Edinburgh and Leith, Greenock, and other places, are in much the same state. No one, we sincerely trust, can be so simple as to suppose that it will be time enough to think of commencing great batteries for 35-ton guns after war is declared. The ironclad fleet cannot be everywhere at once. Its services indeed will be required for an immediate attack upon the enemy's fleet. But if our adversaries have matured

* See "OLLA PODRIDA" for April, 1875, p. 111.

their plans beforehand (and we may be sure they will not attack without doing so), a few days after the declaration of war their fast unarmoured steamers will be in our waters. Let one of these vessels get into the Mersey with two or three guns, and the destruction of property in an hour or two would be something inconceivable. To provide against dangers of this kind the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers have been instituted. Great fortifications are the work of years, but gunboats are built in a very short time. The class of vessel of which the *Staunch* and *Arrow* are specimens, each carrying one 18-ton gun, which is raised by steam to be fired, and presenting scarcely any target at all to the enemy's fire, can be turned out from Government or private yards in great numbers very quickly, and we should be glad to learn that more were being built. Some twenty men are required for the gun's crew, besides stokers, and it is obvious that here is the natural field for the seafaring tastes of thousands of our younger countrymen anxious to be of use in the defence of their country. Mr. Goschen was the first to declare that "if the ports would find the men, the Government would find the ships," and Mr. Alfred Sebastian Boom has been mainly instrumental in bringing the scheme into working order. The command of the London corps has been entrusted to Mr. Thomas Brassey, M.P., who had the advantage—not always found in a volunteer commanding officer—of knowing something of the work beforehand as a practical seaman and an officer of the Naval Reserve. Corps have been formed at Liverpool, Bristol, Brighton, and, we believe, on the east coast. A gunboat now lying off Somerset House (in place of the old *Royalist*) is used as a drill-ship by the corps. She is only provided, however, with 64-pounders; and to learn the drill of a gun such as they would be called upon to use at sea, the men have to go to the West India Docks to H.M.S. *President*. A larger vessel is required for their use; and if Mr. Ward Hunt should find it necessary to propose a supplementary estimate this year, he would do well to remember the zeal and cheerful sacrifice of leisure time made by these gentlemen at their regular drill, and during their annual eight days' cruise, in which they perform all the ordinary duties of men-of-war's men.

We have now passed in review as fully as our space will permit some of the principal questions connected with the *personnel* of our great naval force. In so doing we believe that we are rendering a service to the public, without whose support no Minister will venture to act, and who as a nation are so vitally concerned in the contentment and efficiency of the Navy.



THE POET AND THE RIVULET.

By MORTIMER COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE INN OF STRANGE MEETINGS," ETC., ETC.

POET.

FAR away from toil and fret
I greet thee, laughing rivulet !
Every stone that checks thy flight
Wakes a tiny laugh of light ;
Every Mayfly hovering
Touches thee with tender wing ;
And the sudden swallows dip
Thy delicious wave to sip.
O that I could laugh like thee
Passing to the unknown sea !
O remote from care and wrong,
Could I only learn thy song !

RIVULET.

Ah, 'twas only yesterday
I was twenty times as gay :
Came a maiden through the fern—
Girl for whom in dreams you yearn—
And the west wind followed her,
Setting myriad leaves astir.
Stripping silk from roseflusht feet,
She wooed my kisses, cool and sweet,
And I swept with saucy swerve
Round her dainty ankles' curve :
O she is a bright young thing !
She has made me laugh and sing.



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THE LYRIC DRAMA: PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

By CHARLES LEWIS GRUNEISEN,

AUTHOR OF "THE OPERA AND THE PRESS," "SKETCHES OF SPAIN AND THE
SPANIARDS," ETC.

WE are menaced with an operatic revolution, by Richard Wagner. His disciples in this country are promulgating his theories in volumes and in pamphlets. Everything has been wrong in the Lyric Drama, until Herr Wagner began to mend matters by his "Tannhäuser" in 1845, and his "Lohengrin" in 1850, but these works have only been preludes to his more developed system in "Tristan und Isolde" in 1865, and the "Meistersinger Von Nürnberg" in 1868. These operas, however, have not attained, according to their composer, his apogeeum,—that is to be reached when his "Ring des Nibelungen" shall be presented in 1876, in the newly erected National Opera House for Germany at Bayreuth, for Bavaria is to enjoy the special privilege of representing "Germania Una" in the Lyric Drama. Now the advent of any composer who can originate a novel system, based on a theory new or old, as the case may be, and who can pique curiosity, excite interest, and provoke controversy, is to be welcomed; he is entitled to a fair hearing, and his notions should be canvassed without prejudice or partisanship. Herr Wagner did not present himself as an unknown and untried musician, for he had made his mark with the "Rienzi" in 1842, and "Der Fliegende Holländer" in the following year. By common accord these two operas, the libretto of the one realistic, and of the other legendary, were recognised as passionate and powerful, melodious and dramatic, impulsive and expressive. It was predicted that Wagner would be the legitimate successor to Meyerbeer, on whose plan of orchestra the former had expanded, and whose mode of musical development he (Wagner) had copied. True, neither "Rienzi" nor "The Flying Dutchman" travelled far; the former work was only heard in Paris, and the latter in London, years after their production. "Tannhäuser" was brought

out in Paris at an earlier period, and was a complete failure, but it must be explained that the work had not a fair hearing,—it was condemned through a cabal; in Brussels, years afterwards, it met with great success. The only opera by Herr Wagner which has reached Italy has been “Lohengrin;” at Bologna, Milan, and Florence the Italian amateurs were enthusiastic at the first hearings, but the opera has not maintained any permanent position in the *répertoire*. Curiously enough, the same result has followed its production in America; when first performed, with Mde. Nilsson as Elsa, and Signor Campanini, in the title part (which he “created” in Italy), there was signal success. In the following year, when revived with Mdle. Albani and Signor Carpi, it was a failure. After the lapse of a quarter of a century we have “Lohengrin” at the two Italian opera-houses, first at Covent Garden (Royal Italian Opera), and next at Drury Lane (Her Majesty’s Opera). It is not our intention to supply a detailed criticism of the two performances, inasmuch as we propose to deal with the aggressive position assumed by Herr Wagner, as regards the “Past” and “Present” of the Lyric Drama, and to protest against his pretensions to dictate to us the “Future” of opera composition. His arrogant and abusive tone having been imitated here, feebly it is true, necessitates the inquiry, What is the vaunted Wagnerian system of writing operas? Is it new? and if new, is it good? Have Herr Wagner and his copyists, in their virulent attacks upon the opera of the past and present, any justification for their daring diatribes? Has not musical history been strangely perverted by reckless statements? The growth of opera has been progressive; the allegation as to its decay has not the slightest foundation. Now opera is much more ancient than the prescribed time of two centuries and a half, and it existed long before Greek Music (whatever that might have been, but of which next to nothing is known,) and the Greek Drama. One essential element of the origin of music is quite ignored by Wagner and his followers, and that is—the natural causes which really originated the art. Music and mimic representation or performance began with the child in the arms of the mother or nurse, the soft chant of whose caressing tones gratified the infant’s ear, and the active arms of whom, in gyratory movements, founded the dance. Melody or tune led to harmony—natural at first, scientific subsequently. In the sounds of nature cadences were recognised; the human voice essayed imitation, probably in the first instance by rude instruments of percussion only. But the primitive opera, the original ballet, were those tones and actions prompted by affection for children. Now, for the gratification of the ear, civilisation has invented instruments, but in their use the basis was vocalisation; hence melody, originally rude and crude, became

finished and refined. Tune, therefore, in successive ages became the substratum, the real foundation of all composition, whether vocal or instrumental. To dispense with melody, tune, or air, call the theme what you will, would be to throw art back to the savage and barbarous period. Herr Wagner is warring against vocalisation ; his anathema is against the singers ; he states distinctly, " My orchestra shall tell my " story, and the vocalists shall explain what the instruments mean." Well, this is a system so far as it goes, and there can be no objection to its acceptance by those who like it ; but are we to forget the successive stages of the Lyric Drama ? Are we to be ungrateful to those who have at various epochs developed and increased the effects ? And is the creative faculty of the composer to be circumscribed at the dictation of librettists, playfully called poets, whose words can rarely be understood, and hence the necessity of having book in hand ? The growth of opera has not been in a retrograde movement. Since the Mysteries, Moralities, and Masques,—since Mythology and Allegory were predominant,—since the early Italian opera travelled to France, and Rameau, who was an incipient Meyerbeer, reigned,—since the early Italian opera found its way to Germany, and finally to this country, the realistic stories have been in the ascendant. But at all times there have been satirists and reformers ; for nothing can be more easy to ridicule than an operatic performance, if tested by common sense ; and no composer has ever laid himself more open to the shafts of irony than Wagner has done in his fantastic, not fanciful, poems of the " Tannhäuser," " Lohengrin," and his subsequent productions. There is not an accusation of absurdity alleged by Wagner against the Italian libretti that does not recoil on himself. His legendary tales, taken by his own test, are monstrosities ;—his *scénario*, or laying out of his plots, is full of ludicrous contradictions, and even ridiculous incidents. Let us take " Lohengrin " for instance, as the libretto is now known so well here. What is the nature of the fable ? How does it symbolise a profound philosophical idea ? What bearing has it on religious faith ? What domestic interest is attached to the incidents ? What sentiments are produced within us by learning that a Knight of the Holy Grail, who marries a woman by concealing his name, and whom she (Elsa) naturally regards after Ortruda's insinuations to be a bigamist, throws her over when she asks the natural question, " Who are you ? " And how can we sympathise with Elsa, who, after her life has been saved by Lohengrin, and her honour restored, under a charge of having murdered her little brother whilst promenading alone in a forest, as was the custom of princesses in the tenth century, breaks her solemn word to ask no disagreeable ques-

tions as to his age, birth, education, etc.? And except in Christmas pantomimes, who ever heard of a skiff towed by a swan? and except in fairy spectacles, who ever found a swan transformed into a youthful Duke of Brabant? and, admitting the wondrous flying powers of a dove, who ever did find one to draw a boat laden with a heavy tenor?—the Lohengrin, who cuts his wife for a breach of promise, leaving the saucy sorceress Ortruda triumphant at the sorrow of Elsa, who has deprived her of the succession to the throne of Brabant, although Lohengrin does contrive to kill her husband Federico when he essays with four knights to assassinate the champion of the Holy Grail. Herr Wagner supposes that the Roman Catholic rites of the tenth century admitted of the celebration of a marriage where the name of the man was studiously concealed. As Herr Wagner and his believers are so fond of applying the *reductio ad absurdum* to the Italian libretti, may we not be permitted to do the same with his poems? *Quam temere in nosmet legem sancimus iniquam*. To translate freely, "What is sauce for the goose," etc. The saying is musty, but will it not apply to the swan? and are audiences to be pigeoned by a dove being converted into a tug steamer?

How has Herr Wagner acquired this intense hatred, not only to the Italian opera, but also to the French school of the lyric drama, and what is more curious, to the productions of his own countrymen, for if he be sincere in his convictions, he must hate Handel and Haydn, who both composed Italian operas; he must in his mind excommunicate Mozart; in his infallibility he must despise Beethoven for daring to make a wife's devotion a subject for setting; he must regard with sovereign contempt Weber for his "Freyschütz," for his "Euryanthe," for his "Oberon." The Wagnerian maledictions have fallen on the musicians cited by implication; but as regards Meyerbeer and Mendelssohn, the curses have fallen heavily, as in the *brochure* "Das Judenthum in der Musik" (1852). We deny positively the claims of Herr Wagner to be an original thinker in his theory. He is no originator. He has been a servile copyist. He must have got hold of Marcello's satire, "Il Teatro alla moda." Therein the theme of the degeneracy of Italian opera was started by the famed composer of the Psalms (1720), and there is not a line of strong invective in Marcello's book which is not to be found in "Oper und Drama" (1851), and in "Das Kuntswerk der Zukunft" (1850), and other works by Wagner; and as he understands English, he must have come across Addison's notes in the *Spectator*, where that writer ventured to attack the Italian opera established by Handel. Audacity and ignorance dictated Addison's articles; he could not comprehend the music of Handel, which from opera was transferred to

oratorio, as some of Wagner's lugubrious operatic strains may perhaps be hereafter used for a requiem. Addison held that nothing is capable of being well set to music that is not nonsense, and Voltaire had much the same notion. "*Ce qui est trop sot pour être dit, on le chante.*" And we find Addison and Voltaire were not far wrong in their maxims, for nothing can be more ridiculous than stage singing to realise human passions and emotions, historical incidents, legendary and romantic stories,—and Wagner's operas are equally open to objection and ridicule on these scores; the motto of the stage being the mirror held up to nature is a charming fiction. The plain fact is, we go to a theatre or opera-house as a distraction; we sit for hours in a heated interior transfixed by the power of the artists, and we make allowance, or rather we do not care, for the outrages upon nature which are perpetrated. We live for the time being in an imaginary world; we believe in the sorrows of a persecuted heroine; we glory in the utterings of any hero. As for the mystification, miscalled philosophy, in music, we never dream of it. Audiences never did and never will speculate on the thoughts of Schopenhauer in listening to ethereal art, which is the veriest moonshine. Wagner is neither a Kant nor a Schopenhauer; he is equally not a Schiller or a Goethe. All these assumed affinities are the result of bewildered brains, concealing ignorance of human life under a mass of cloudy and meaningless words. Wagner is a musician militant morally—artistically he is a master of orchestration—he has a creative mind which has been miserably misapplied in dogmatic dictation and in impassioned invective of master minds who have been his predecessors, and who are now to be found as his equals, for Gounod and Verdi have produced works which will outlive the Wagnerian ones of the late period. It would be supposed, to read the various publications in defence of Wagner, that he was the Messiah of Music—one who has imbibed the metaphysical essence of art—that he is a poet, a painter, a sculptor, an architect; but what is there in his scores suggestive of the special subjects he has set? There is nothing more in his notation than what is to be found in that of any operatic composer, so far as descriptive music is concerned. So far it is not realistic; and as for the ideal portion, he is in no better position than any other musician who trusts to the imagination and temperament of his hearers to realise his conceptions.

Referring to the Past, how progressive has been the growth of Music. Rameau originated Gluck, Gluck produced Meyerbeer, and Meyerbeer has been the Frankenstein to create the Wagnerian monstrosity in opera—that is, the extinction of the solo singers. Metastasio impregnated Germany with the Italian opera. Handel here, in our own

England, generated a long list of Italian opera composers. Jomelli began the transformation of opera in Italy. He was followed by Paisiello, Cimarosa, Zingarelli, etc. A star of the first magnitude appeared in the sunny South, and this was Rossini. Italian opera did not die with his last work in Italy, for the child of melodious inspiration sprang up in Bellini, and contemporaneously there was Donizetti. Then in the order of progression, to prove that art never dies, there is the busy Verdi in Italy, Gounod in France, and we have no objection to add Wagner in Germany as the successor to Weber. But never was Italian opera more in the ascendant than at the present period. There are not the slightest signs of decay: it is penetrating into the most remote quarters of the globe, and the demand for singers of the Italian opera cannot be supplied by Italy, and therefore it is that English, American, French, Spanish, Belgian, Dutch artists, who sing in Italian, are in such request. In the strongholds of Wagner in Germany, adaptations of the operas of Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, Verdi, etc., will be found in the *répertoires* of the opera-houses as frequently as those of Wagner, Meyerbeer, Beethoven, Weber, etc. And besides the productions of the composers cited, we find the masterpieces of Hérold, Grétry, Boieldieu, Auber, Adolphe Adam, etc., are constantly given in the leading operatic German towns. How daring is the assertion about the decay of "opera," conveyed in the following most extraordinary statement, which has been repeated in more than one publication:—"The opera, then, "has ceased to live, and what we have now before us is the piteous "spectacle of Monsieur Offenbach, with his friends, dancing the cancan "around its dead body." Where has the writer of this offensive article lived? What is his experience of the Lyric Drama? Over what space of time do his reminiscences extend? And, to come to the present period, we will ask him if he is aware that French *opera bouffe* is dying out in Paris as fast as possible? Has he followed the performances of the two Italian opera-houses this season? Are there not two London theatres now open with the French *répertoire* of *opera comique* (not *bouffe*)? And if there be no National Opera House at present, there are periodical representations of operas in England (Italian, French, and German masters), besides of English operas those of Balfe, Loder, Wallace, and Macfarren. The Wagnerian advocates, *quand même*, have gone too far in the championship of their idol, who after all is made of clay like his predecessors in writing for the operatic stage. There is vitality in "Norma," the "Sonnambula," or "Lucia," for no artistes who have vocal and dramatic powers to depict the heroines, but who may not rely on a long popularity with these much-abused works. Now they are not dependent on spectacular effects—no swan, no dove, no horses, no

glittering armour, no masses of armed men, and, above all, the orchestra is weak, and as certainly does not paint the situations; but the Amina who walks across the plank over the mill-stream, and who sings of the lover who has abandoned her under a wrong notion of her infidelity, and who on being awoken from the state of somnambulism, will never fail to make an audience "rise at her" when there be the genius of a Malibran, the vocal embroidery of a Persiani, of a Patti, or of a Varesi, as only lately, to act and sing. It is the touch of nature, after all, which will most deeply interest and affect audiences. Flesh-and-blood characters of the domestic drama, appealing to the affections, will tell infinitely beyond legendary heroines, especially if the latter indicate that they are really of the earth, earthy, by being either silly or weak, like Elsa.

There is one point which the adversaries of the opera of the past and present might have taken up to make out something of a case, and that is the influence which the ballet has often exercised on the lyric drama. At the Grand Opera in Paris a *danseuse* has been more than once the attraction, surpassing that of the *prima donna*; and the marvellous *mise en scène* of these terpsichorean displays, together with the telling and graceful pantomime of the principal dancers, even now exercise a potent sway on Parisian audiences. Nor is Berlin, at the Imperial Opera House, free from the influences of ballet. We know, of course, how the liking for what was called "the poetry of motion," which is equivalent to what the Wagnerians now want to be the "poetry of sound," came to a climax with the *Pas de Quatre* at Her Majesty's Opera: with the exhibition of the four *danseuses* of the epoch, springing and floating, ballet died, and opera renewed its ascendancy; but the director did not recognise the fact, and in his attempt to reduce operatic representation to a low level, he contrived to induce speculators to start the Royal Italian Opera, where so long as Sir Michael Costa remained musical director and conductor, a fine *ensemble* was secured; but since his secession Covent Garden has retrograded even beyond the worst days of the Lumley management; and so a third operatic undertaking arose in Drury Lane, which is to assume larger proportions at the new theatre in course of erection on the Thames Embankment, despite the nonsense about the decay of opera.

Next comes the consideration as to the Lyric Drama of the Future.

It is of course clear that the three men of the situation, to use the French phrase, are M. Gounod in France, Signor Verdi in Italy, and Herr Wagner in Germany. It is quite useless to cite other names, because at present they carry little or no weight, whatever may be the amount of the ability of the composers. There is Herr Rubenstein in Germany (and he is a Russian), and there is M. Ambrose Thomas, the Principal of the Paris Conservatoire,—from these musicians there are expectations.

Mr. Gounod's next essay will be the setting of Corneille's "Polyeucte." Signor Verdi is understood to be at work ;—it is a pity he did not reserve his Requiem music for his next opera. There are two or three numbers in the Mass which would create a *furor* on the stage, and as he so often kills his principal characters, why not let them have Requiem strains? From Herr Wagner we are to have next year "Der Ring des Nibelungen," which he calls *Ein Bühnenfestspiel*, a combination of three words, intended to convey the idea of a spectacular play, but the performance will occupy four evenings: 1, "Das Rheingold;" 2, "Die Walküre;" 3, "Siegfried;" and 4, "Götterdämmerung." There will be innovations of every kind with this opera of the future. The orchestra will be invisible—the conductor too, it may be presumed, for there is no attraction in looking at a stick. The *mise en scène* will exercise the ingenuity of painter, decorator, property-man, gas and limelight men, mechanician, etc., beyond any former attempts at stage realisation, for Herr Wagner does not disdain spectacle, although he sneers at its use by Meyerbeer. Now, Mr. Gye and Mr. Mapleson have been uneasy at this proposed ring of the changes in opera mounting, and in order to prepare the nerves of their future audiences for four successive nights of Wagnerism in its finally expanded condition have very kindly produced "Lohengrin," so that by doses comparatively small, if not infinitesimal, the shock may be sustained. Both *impresarios* had promised the opera long since, but prospectus pledges go for nothing except to inveigle subscribers—new ones of course, for the *habitués* now understand the dodge. Mr. Gye, who has his Vauxhall experiences floating on his brain, has relied on his spectacle, having masses on the stage who cannot move owing to overcrowding, and providing costumes costly for all characters: the armour, banners, shields, crests, etc., would not secure a certificate from the custodians of the Dresden, Madrid, and Paris galleries, and Mr. Planché would demur to their exactitude, but the *ensemble* is glittering and dazzling, besides being bewildering, as that stops criticism. Care was taken that the brass band on the stage should be at variance with the diapason of the ordinary orchestra; and to get the start of Drury Lane in the production of the opera, choralists were rehearsed until they could no longer sing a tune. The most striking feature of the cast was the importation of a German basso who could only sing the music of Enrico the Fowler, foully; that the tenor and baritone should have the *tremolo* to the utmost extent. There were two parts adequately filled—that of the Herald, who sang in tune, and that of Elsa, which enabled Mdlle. Albani, the Canadian *prima donna*, to gain distinction in creating a character. After the first night, "cuts" were made in the score, but on the whole the Covent

Garden "Lohengrin," if it had been heard by Herr Wagner, would have driven him into a lunatic asylum.

The "Lohengrin" of Her Majesty's Opera came more than a month after that of the Royal Italian Opera. Sir Michael Costa resolved that the work should not be produced until principals and choralists were note-perfect. The orchestra, under his guidance, as is well known, can play any music at first sight.

We will first supply a summary of the score, avoiding as much as possible technical terms, but endeavouring to afford a notion of the Wagnerian system to the veriest tyros. There are no numbers to the pieces; the composer designates his divisions of the music by scenes. He calls the overture a Prelude, from its brevity, but it is peculiarly significant, as it is, or is intended to be, the key to the opera; and we will give the musician's own definition of its purport,—the one he wrote in 1860 for a concert in Paris:—

"Dès les premières mesures l'ame du pieux solitaire qui attend le vase sacré plonge dans les espaces infinis. Il voit se former peu à peu une apparition étrange qui prend un corps une figure. Cette apparition se précise davantage, et la troupe miraculeuse, des anges, portant au milieu d'eux la coupe sacrée passe devant lui. Le saint cortège approche; le cœur de l'élu de Dieu s'exalte peu à peu; il s'élargit, il se dilate; d'ineffables aspirations s'éveillent en lui; il cède à une béatitude croissante, en se trouvant toujours rapproché la lumineuse apparition, et quand enfin le Saint-Graal lui-même apparaît au milieu du cortège sacré, il s'abîme dans une adoration extatique comme si le monde entier eût soudainement disparu. Cependant le Saint-Graal répand ses benedictions sur le Saint en Prière, et le consacre son Chevalier. Puis les flammes brûlantes adoucissent progressivement leur éclat; dans sa sainte allégresse la troupe des anges, souriant à la terre qu'elle abandonne, régagne les celestes hauteurs. Elle a laissé le Saint-Graal à la garde des hommes purs, dans le cœur desquels la divine liqueur s'est répandue, et l'auguste troupe s'évanouit dans les profondeurs de l'espace de la même manière qu'elle en était sortie."

This is the transcendental scene, which the hearers of a prelude of some sixty-five bars are expected to realise by notation in their mind's eye, the instrumental agency used being four solo violins and strings, three flutes, two oboes, one corno-inglese, two clarionets, one bass clarinet, three bassoons, four horns, three trumpets, three trombones, one tuba, kettle-drums, and cymbals; now, setting aside Wagner's mystical nonsense, this prelude—let it convey what it may to the auditor—is a charming piece of orchestration which may be called the dream-land of poetic sound; it is an *adagio*, in which the softest notes of the

stringed are blended with delicious employ of the wood, working up to a *crescendo* for the entry of the brass, and then subsiding into tranquil phrases. And this prelude is reproduced in the *finale*, when Lohengrin is returning to his duty as a Chevalier of the Holy Grail. So far as this portion of the opera is concerned, the composer's conception is felicitous. Lohengrin is the Sir Huon of Weber,—the former is champion of the Cross, the latter is the opponent of the Crescent; but Rezia is a much more faithful lady-love than Elsa. The first scene—the appeal to arms of Henry, the King of the Germans, to induce the nobles of Brabant to aid him in the war against the Hungarians, followed by the accusation of Elsa, by Frederic, for the murder of her little brother,—has not a bar of sympathetic music; it is in monotonous measures, and in awkward progressions of harmony, with choral growls and repeated trumpet blasts from an irrepressible Herald. Relief for the ear comes with the entrance of Elsa, to a kind of dead march, and her vision is delicately expressed; her anxiety for the arrival of her Champion is dramatic, and the double chorus of nobles when Lohengrin is seen nearing the land, with the swan drawing the skiff, is one of the finest pieces of choral writing in the opera. The little love *duo* between Elsa and Lohengrin is sufficiently interesting; the pageant music of the fight between the Knight of the Swan and Frederic is characteristic, and was suggested, no doubt, by Meyerbeer's Septuor of the duel in the "Huguenots." The jubilant *finale*, with Elsa's holding on the high notes, after Frederic's defeat, recalls the *finale* of the second act in the "Huguenots," when Valentina is rejected by Raoul. There is no new form used by Wagner in his concerted pieces; the quintet of the prayer and chorus might have been subscribed by Verdi as well as Meyerbeer. What is new in the first act is the dreary use of harsh and heavy recitative, with the constant changes of key, and the ear-distressing discords.

In the second act there are two duets—the first between Ortruda and Frederic, a matrimonial squabble which ends in the mutual resolve to poison the mind of Elsa against her intended. There is more trumpet-blowing in the *reveille*, prior to which is the second tiresome duet, which is between Elsa and Ortruda. The claim for precedence in the bridal procession to the cathedral, by the latter, is one of the absurdities of Wagner's libretto; it would be Ortruda's policy to keep friends with Elsa, and not to quarrel with her, especially as the wife of Frederic claims to be a sorceress. The pieces which find favour in the second act are a nocturne by Elsa, a Weberian chorus of nobles and soldiers, and the church modes which Wagner borrows in the *finale* for the marriage of Elsa and Lohengrin; but the trumpet calls are incessant, and there is

much *charivari* confusion in the choral ejaculations. The composer is resolved that the solos shall be as sparing as possible—he makes the masses shout, however; and the chief redeeming points are to be found in the orchestral under-current. The ecclesiastical strains, with the peal of the organ in the *finale*, are telling; but are essentially Meyerbeerish.

The Prelude to the third act is another admirable specimen of the composer's skill; his mastery of instrumentation is marvellous; in emotional expression of the orchestra, Wagner exercises a potent spell. When he returns to his primitive style, as in "Rienzi" and the "Flying Dutchman," he is strongly sympathetic. The Bridal Song of the last act of "Lohengrin" is a pendant of the Spinning-wheel Chorus in the "Fliegende Holländer;" both are gems of the part writing. There are isolated bits also in the duet between Elsa and Lohengrin, wherein she strives to extract the secret of his name and country: the portions where he has been influenced by the reminiscences of the duet between Valentine and Raoul, in the fourth act of the "Huguenots," are the best. M. Gounod, by the way, must surely have heard "Lohengrin" before "Faust" was written; as in that work there are ever and anon unmistakable imitations of Wagner's music. In the departure of Lohengrin there is a renewal of the early prelude, but the parting with Elsa is tediously protracted. The opera ends as it begins with a discord,—A D F natural and B flat are combined notes not over-pleasant for the ear. The transformation of the swan into the boy Godfrey, Elsa's supposed murdered brother, and the transfer of the tug of Lohengrin's boat to a dove, are not incidents which will justify Wagner's invectives against other operatic libretti. One touch of nature in any lyrical drama will influence audiences far beyond the mystic elements; acute sensibility will be more powerful than "vaporous ether;" and the human voice will, in the Lyric Drama, always predominate over instrumental tone-painting. Reform in opera composition will never be effected by extinguishing melody.

The British public, in the two performances at Covent Garden and at Drury Lane, have had the opportunity of judging the alleged Music of the Future, which without melody is to supersede the school of various composers of all nations, whose tunes haunt the ear, whose strains have excited our admiration, whose orchestration has been a lesson to their successors. On the performance of the Royal Italian Opera it is unnecessary to dwell. The conductor, Signor Vianesi, was out of his element; the cast, with the exception of the Herald by Signor Capponi, and of Elsa by Mdlle. Albani, was radically defective; and even the Canadian *prima donna* was tame in the situation when dramatic feeling and power were exacted. At Her Majesty's Opera there was

a masterly mind as musical director and conductor—Sir Michael Costa, who with that instinct for colouring which influences his reading of a score, and with that potent sway over executants, derived from his artistic acquirements, his moral courage, and his indomitable resolution, has won the admiration of the most ultra-Wagnerites, as well as that of experienced connoisseurs. The performance was in many respects superior to anything which has been heard in Germany. Had Herr Wagner been present at the first representation, he would have paid a tribute to the skill of Sir Michael Costa, whose curtailments were thoroughly judicious. He can only be reproached with having used too sparing a hand, for the manifold fine orchestral and choral points might have been still retained, and more of the monotonous recitatives excised.

We should call the reception of "Lohengrin" a *succes de curiosité* for the present; but its permanent position in the *répertoire* has yet to be settled. It was quite right to test public opinion; it ought to have been done years before: better late than never; but in the decision of the public as regards the Music of the Future, in comparing its pretensions with that of the Past and Present, there can be no doubt in any reasonable mind as to the eventual verdict. The Lyric Drama is not dying or dead as regards the predecessors and contemporaries of Wagner. He will be the unit amongst many of them, but he will never be the master composer over them. Not one of his works will make the "Fidelio" less welcome, with its story of a wife's devotion; not one of Wagner's operas, to go to the extreme limits of the Lyric Drama—that of music without science, will ever make the melodious "Sonnambula," the tale of a simple maiden's persecution, less sympathetic and influential. The Lyric Drama will preserve its illustrations of the Past, its progressive specimens of the Present; but the opera of the Future will never be in the ascendant which strives to annihilate the charm of the human voice in the solo, in order to substitute instrumentation to express what the leading characters have to declare, to realise the poet's libretto. As for the vaunted union of Poetry with the Fine Arts, we have already had the combination over and over again; and flesh-and-blood interest will always be more powerful than any to be excited by myths and legends. "Lohengrin" is the precursor of a thoroughly vicious system to destroy the charm and art of vocalisation; and this hollow and ugly theory will find its grave in Bayreuth, when Herr Wagner has gone to the limits of his eccentric and repulsive system.





MAGAZINES AND MAGAZINE WRITERS..

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD HABITUÉ."

NO country in the world is so rich in periodical literature as our own ; and if we may judge from the new candidates for public favour perpetually springing up, the demand for such mental provender, instead of diminishing, would appear to be on the increase. From the portly quarterlies down to the innumerable penny weeklies, there is something for every taste and every purse ; and, to quote the philosophic showman, "you pays your money, and you takes your choice." How the shades of Addison, Steele, Johnson, and Goldsmith would marvel at the deluge of printed matter served up periodically by editorial caterers for the benefit of an insatiable community of readers, and dispersed, as rapidly as steam can carry it, to the remotest quarters of the globe ! With what qualms of conscience must the gentle spirit of "Sylvanus Urban," sole relic of bygone days, contemplate the transformation of its venerable pages into a miscellany adapted to the requirements of the present era ! "Push on, and keep moving," is the motto now in vogue ; but is the move always in the right direction, and are we not sometimes apt to lose in quality what we gain in quantity ?

In the last century, and up to a comparatively recent date, the term magazine or review was indiscriminately applied to periodicals the main features of which comprised essays on moral and social subjects, criticisms of literary novelties, and strictures on the follies and abuses of the day. Such were the *Spectator*, the *Tatler*, the *Rambler*, the *British Magazine*, the *Monthly Review*, and other similar publications, the circulation of which was confined to a limited number of subscribers, between whom and the authors existed a mutual sympathy which their frequent intercourse, eagerly anticipated on the one hand, and as readily responded to on the other, tended materially to augment. The leading writers of the day did not disdain to contribute to the (in many cases ephemeral) productions of rival publishers the influential authority of their talent ; and it is there that we find developed in their most

attractive form the polished elegance of Addison, the wit of Steele, the majestic periods of the immortal Doctor, the observant humour of Goldsmith (most delightful of essayists!), and the piquant satire of Smollett. In the early portion of the present century, magazine-writing, after a somewhat prolonged interval of mediocrity, again attained a high standard of excellence, ranking among its chief supporters Coleridge, the original and kind-hearted "Elia," the vigorous Hazlitt, and perhaps the most fascinating of all, the versatile and ever-sympathetic Leigh Hunt. Subsequently came Carlyle, Maginn, De Quincey, Macaulay, and a host of contemporary celebrities in this *specialité*, of which, perhaps, the ablest representative in our own day is Mr. Hayward, Q.C.

Between thirty and forty years ago, a new era in magazine literature may be said to have dated. Then were inaugurated periodicals of a lighter and more entertaining order than their predecessors; of these, *Bentley's Miscellany*, the opening number of which appeared in January, 1837, was unquestionably the best. In addition to the attractive talent of its successive editors, Charles Dickens and William Harrison Ainsworth, this highly popular publication counted among its regular contributors the well-known names of Ingoldsby, Father Prout, Washington Irving, Morier, Lover, Mrs. Gore, Maxwell, and Albert Smith; nor were the illustrations, in many instances the happiest efforts of George Cruikshank and Leech, the least remarkable feature in its program. Meanwhile, Theodore Hook and Poole in *Colburn's New Monthly*, Marryat in the *Metropolitan*, Thackeray in *Fraser*, Lever in the *Dublin University*, and Douglas Jerrold, aided by his brilliant colleagues, in *Punch*, struggled nobly for pre-eminence, and rallied round their respective standards the lovers of wit and genial humour, thereby causing the advent of "magazine-day" to be anxiously anticipated and heartily welcomed by press and public. Nor were minor stars wanting to complete the *ensemble*; Haynes Bayly was there with his facile lyrics; Laman Blanchard with his graceful and sparkling essays; Peake contributed his drolleries, and Dudley Costello his lively and graphic sketches; old Barnes, the pantaloon, gave us his Parisian reminiscences; and more than one charming tale delighted us from the ready pen of Isabella Romer. Alas! where are they now, those kindred spirits of the past, those pleasant memories of our youth?

"Où sont les neiges d'antan!"

Within the last few years, a marked change—certainly not for the better—has become perceptible in the majority of our magazines, owing to the undue preponderance in their pages of the serial novel. The origin of this idea, carried to excess in our own day, is of no recent date, the

publication of "Oliver Twist" in *Bentley's Miscellany* having commenced as far back as 1837, eight months subsequent to the appearance in monthly shilling instalments of the first number of "Pickwick." The success which attended Messrs. Chapman and Hall's venture, followed up by Lever's "Harry Lorrequer" and "Charles O'Malley," Ainsworth's "Tower of London," and a host of imitators, was at the outset prodigious, and for some time checked, or at least moderated, the production of novels (previous to their apparition in the orthodox three-volume shape) in any other than a separate form. By degrees, however, a reaction came, and the less popular writers abandoned the expensive luxury of what so many competitors made a losing game, and the green covers of Dickens alone remained in possession of the field. Since the death of the great humourist, this once so generally adopted mode of publication has altogether fallen into disuse; the sole contemporary author who has had the courage to attempt its revival being, if we mistake not, Mr. Anthony Trollope.

At the present time, the encroachments of the "serial" in most of our leading magazines have attained a proportion which threatens eventually to exclude from their pages that agreeable variety of miscellaneous reading which was once held to constitute their chief attraction, but is now too often regarded as a mere stop-gap, only required to fill up the intervening space between the concluding chapters of one novel and the commencement or continuation of another. Such was not formerly the case: if we look back to the days when writers of first-rate talent alone ventured to parcel out their works in monthly dribblets, we shall find that the periodicals containing them possessed sources of interest in addition to the one prominent feature, and depended less on the merits of a solitary individual than on the intelligent co-operation of many. Besides, it rarely happened that more than one, or at most two serials, appeared simultaneously in the same magazine; whereas now it is no uncommon thing to discover fractions of three or even four distinct novels occupying two-thirds of an entire number, and disposed in sandwich-like layers between any miscellaneous papers that may chance to fit in! Fancy the luckless reader, who in an evil hour has undertaken the perusal of such a mass of heterogeneous and indigestible matter, conscientiously wading through the apparently interminable productions of four different authors, until their various plots and characters are so jumbled together in his brain, that he flings down the magazine in despair, and shudders at the thought that the ensuing month will bring with it a renewal of his torture! And, to put an extreme case, suppose that, gifted with unusual powers of endurance, he boldly essays to grapple successively with half a dozen analogous publications, is it possible that he can hope to survive

the infliction, and be in a position at the close of his labours to distinguish "Leah" from "Three Feathers," or "Love's Victory" from "Dear Lady Disdain!"

Let it not be imagined that we object to a *good* serial novel as the leading article of a magazine; what we protest against is the abuse of that which, resorted to in moderation, is an excellent and valuable adjunct to any periodical. We are aware that the present system holds out certain advantages to authors, inasmuch as they are thereby enabled to sell their book twice—first to the editor of the periodical, and subsequently to the publisher of the complete work; but what is the result? During the progress of the novel, the few newspaper critics who still think it worth their while to notice magazines (and, considering what sort of food is usually set before them, we can hardly blame them) instinctively pass over the unfinished fragments of the "serial," and devote their attention to the remaining papers, leaving the *opus magnum* to be treated according to its merits at a future day, when in its ultimate three-volume form it shall at length be subjected to the tender mercies of the *Academy*, the *Saturday Review*, and the *Athenæum*, and the discriminative ordeal of Mr. Mudie.

A very grievous falling-off in the artistic department is observable in the almost universal substitution of woodcut, or, as they are pompously termed, "full-page" illustrations, for the steel engravings of thirty years ago. Can anything be more repugnant to good taste than these crude and coarsely executed monstrosities, on paper of the colour of yellow ochre, which disfigure the pages of even our first-class periodicals! Compare them with such masterpieces as "Fagin in the Condemned Cell," or "Mauger Sharpening his Axe," or, just for the fun of the thing, place one of them beside Leech's *Ledbury*, or Hablot Browne's *Sam Weller* or *Little Nell*! The modern so-called illustrations are neither useful nor ornamental; they add to the expenses of publication without possessing one single redeeming quality; and it would, in our humble opinion, be an act of sound policy on the part of more than one editor to follow the example of the conductors of *Temple Bar* and *St. James's*, and dispense with them altogether.

But there is another and a far more important point to which, when considering the actual state of magazine literature, it is necessary to advert; and that is the gradual tendency in several of our "monthlies" to assume an ultra-profound and didactic tone, or, in plain English, to become prosy. Now there is no denying the fact that the prevailing taste of the day is eminently utilitarian, and that serious articles, well and carefully written, will always be certain to command a due amount of attention and support; but does it necessarily follow that, instead of

appearing in the more abstruse compilations specially addressed to those who can best appreciate and understand them, they should be condemned to form a connecting link between a novel and a scrap of poetry, as utterly out of place as Mr. Toole would be in Macbeth? It is a mistake to suppose, as some editors are only too apt to do, that a periodical can be adapted at will to every class of readers, and that the same subscriber, who has already digested with difficulty the interchange of compliments between Sir Joshua and Angelica Kaufmann in "Miss Angel," will be prepared to encounter unappalled a paper bearing the ominous title of "Have we Two Brains?" And this brings us naturally to divide the existing reviews and magazines, as far as our memory serves us, into three distinct categories, which, for want of a better definition—and, be it observed, without the slightest intended disrespect to either—we may call the heavies, the semi-heavies, and the light brigade.

To the first division belong, as a matter of course, the *Quarterly*, the *Edinburgh*, the *Fortnightly*, and generally all similar publications dignified with the name of review; and to these, on our own responsibility, and after a painfully conscientious examination of its contents, we unhesitatingly add *Macmillan's Magazine*. The semi-heavies may be briefly described as comprising *Blackwood*, *Fraser*, the *New Monthly*, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and *Cornhill*, besides competitors of lesser note, such as *Scribner's Monthly*, and *Cassell's Family Magazine*; while in the light or entertaining brigade are included *Temple Bar*, *London Society*, *Belgravia*, the *Argosy*, *St. James's*,* *Tinsley*, and a new recruit of fair promise, the *Covent Garden Magazine*. Among the most popular of the weeklies are the laughter-provoking trio, *Punch*, *Judy*, and *Fun*;

* With all due deference to our contributor, we take exception to the ST. JAMES'S being classed with the purely "light or entertaining" magazines. Whilst hoping that in those qualities it will never be deficient, we may say—as being the best authority on its aims—that we desire to cater for the same class of readers as that to which the *Contemporary*, *Fraser*, and *Blackwood* appeal, but who perhaps cannot afford the high price of those magazines. That we have not altogether failed in this object is evidenced in the recognition of it by the *Standard*, which, criticising our April number, says that its contents are "of the very highest type of excellence, thus taking rank with *Blackwood* and *Fraser*, the highest of our monthly serials." We do not agree with our contributor in deprecating a *mélange* suited to varied, and often opposite, tastes; for it must be remembered that in every large family tastes differ, and that whilst one member will read with pleasure the poetry and such articles as the one we are now annotating, another will eschew them, and be interested in a controversial, scientific, or colonial paper, whilst the rest may prefer a humorous sketch, and literally devour the fiction. Critics differ as widely, some having specified particular articles in the ST. JAMES'S for May, and declared each to be alone worth the price of the entire number! He will prove the most successful conductor who takes for his motto, *Quot omnes tot sententia*.—ED.

Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, *All the Year Round*, and the *Family Herald*, in addition to others of a purely religious tendency, with which we have nothing to do. Nor must we forget the illustrated papers, which are adopting some of the features of magazines—notably the *Graphic*, which in addition to “all the news of the week,” gives a serial story by a popular novelist.

From the above list it will be seen that a reader must be unreasonably difficult to please if he cannot find something to gratify his own particular taste, without inconveniently straining his finances: “from humble Port to imperial Tokay,” from the last penny novelty to the Jupiter of Albemarle Street, he has only to choose according to his fancy, or wander, if his budget permit the excursion, “from grave to gay, from lively to severe.” He may flounder to his heart's content in the whirlpool of European politics, or vacillate between the speciously worded arguments of the eloquent Gladstone and the sagacious Newman; he may trace respectfully and admiringly the footsteps of the departed Livingstone, or improve his style by a patient but not unfruitful study of Professor Morley. If Art be his favourite theme, a diligent perusal of the special chroniclers of such matters will enlighten him respecting every period of its history from the pre-Raphaelites to the “Roll-call;” and after carefully examining the *pros* and *cons* of a much-disputed question, he will hear more concerning Herr Wagner and the music of the future than he ever heard before, or would probably ever care to hear again. Lastly, if with a pardonable yearning for relaxation, and finding the strictures on Mr. Greville's memoirs insufficient to enliven him, he gently resign himself to the seductive blandishments of the light brigade, then indeed may his butterfly propensities be exercised to some purpose! His eye is attracted by the prettily ornamented covers, and his imagination by the variety of the contents; he flits from flower to flower, from prose to poetry, and from poetry back again to prose, until at length, boldly attacking the bull by the horns, he plunges resolutely into a serial, and then, whether it bear the charmed signature of Wood, Braddon, or Edwardes,—for, to our shame be it spoken, in novel-writing nowadays the so-called “weaker” sex is indisputably the stronger,—he is henceforth bound hand and foot, an only too willing captive, in the garden of a modern Armida!

It is much to be regretted that the time and labour employed in the production of a “serial” by these and similarly gifted writers (would that they had the exclusive privilege of that commodity!) necessarily prevents them from occasionally contributing a stray paper or two to the miscellaneous portion of their respective periodicals, thereby relieving us from the pointless lucubrations of amateur essayists and dismal

poetasters with which we are inundated, and which strict editorial supervision alone can effectually exclude. And yet, among the approved craftsmen of the day, there is no lack of sterling talent admirably adapted to the exigences of a magazine. We have, it is sad to own, no successor to the inimitable Thomas Ingoldsby, and more's the pity, the comic legend in verse being a *desideratum* the want of which is not easily to be supplied ; but in other respects, there is little, if any, apparent falling-off in the average standard of ability. Could they be got together, our contemporary brothers of the quill would present a really imposing phalanx of good men and true : if Mr. Burnand could be persuaded to play truant now and then from the columns of his facetious weekly patron, what a fund of rich and original humour might be added to our stock of enjoyment !

Above all, were that literary Proteus, Mr. George Augustus Sala, released from the daily trammels of journalism, and at liberty to bestow on less ephemeral publications, more liberally than he has hitherto been enabled to do, the treasures of his erudition, and the easy grace and playfulness of his style, what a revolution would the accession of so versatile a recruit effect in the ranks of the light brigade ! And, finally, were more frequent opportunities accorded to Mr. Clement Scott, one of the few authorities on theatrical matters who seems thoroughly to understand what he is writing about, of displaying his earnest and fearless advocacy of the real interests of the stage, would any sincere lover of the drama have either reason or inclination to complain ?





THE DREAD RECKONING;

A Story of 'Sebenty-one.

By EVELYN JERROLD.

CHAPTER IX.

AT NEUILLY.

IT was early May. Once again a fresh green fringe of foliage bordered the bright Boulevards. Once again the café seats projected far across the pavement. The historical chestnut of the Tuileries gardens had blossomed a month ago, and the newspapers had duly chronicled the circumstance in the midst of war news and revolutionary protestations. The hundred parks and gardens that render a country life possible in the heart of Paris are odorous with may and lilac, noisy with Norman *bonnes* and perfect-mannered little men and women. And out of Paris, in the surrounding country—one of the fairest and most fertile of France—there is a murmur of bees and moving leaves, a noise of birds and running water, that falls like balm on the ears that throb with the recent city shouts—the cries of cabmen and street-sellers, the whine of beggars, and the incessant grating of multitudinous wheels.

Maxime at least drank in the quiet harmony with a feeling of thankfulness and relief. The road to Neuilly is pleasant and vernal enough to all passengers: to him it was one long streak of light—a gorgeous Jacob's ladder, which he trod like one of the elect. Yet there was nothing new to him in the surrounding scenery. He had seen it yesterday, the day before—morning after morning for the last three weeks; timidly and apologetically at first, but gradually gaining a happy confidence that was not rebuked, he had paid daily visits to the cottage at Neuilly. His excuse was, in the origin, the duty he owed to the young girl he had saved; the necessity of reassuring and enlightening her in her loneliness, of allaying her anxiety respecting her father. And then excuses became needless. He began to feel that he was welcome for his own sake. He noted with throbbing pulse Elaine's ready blush

and unconscious smile when his step was heard on the gravel walk. And he began to understand the meaning of them, and other symptoms of the universal malady.

There were, it is true, occasional drawbacks to his happiness. Elaine was not always alone. He had met her cousin Adrien at the cottage once or twice; and although they were harmless and rather frigid visits, the fastidious artist felt that the very presence of the dissolute young exquisite was a contamination and an insult. The feeling remained, however, unexpressed and intermittent. A few words from Elaine, the touch of her hand, dispelled it.

This morning the artist's step was unusually slow as he neared the Barriers; and he glanced expectantly towards a side avenue from time to time. At last there was a clatter of hoofs on the asphalt road, and a horseman debouched rapidly from the avenue, nearly overturning Maxime on his passage.

"Too much zeal!" cried Maxime laughingly. Then taking the horse's rein, he added: "But punctuality is decidedly one of your virtues, Parville. I have not been here a minute."

The actor dismounted, and, leading his horse, walked on slowly with Maxime.

"Oh, my morning ride always brings me here at about this hour. Capital thing, a gallop through the Bois after late hours at the theatre. But you—what brings you here? Why this appointment?"

"Why—I am generally—out of Paris in the morning," said Maxime with some slight embarrassment; "and in the afternoon I work and you are undiscoverable. I wanted to know what news there is of the Vicomte de Solanges."

Parville drew a long breath, and prefacing his response with a half-audible, Oh, I forgot, said quietly,

"But why consult the frivolous comedian about a State secret like that? Your father——"

"There is a coolness—an inexplicable coolness—between my father and myself," interrupted Maxime; then he added, "So you know nothing?"

"I was jesting," said Parville very seriously. "Yes, I know something. Diane Lenoir is my chief informant, and she knows every incident, every character of this wonderful, absurd, and heroic masquerade."

"But the Vicomte?"

"Ah well, to Diane's manifest disappointment, he is about to be set at liberty. Nothing has been found against him it appears. Managed to secrete his papers before the arrest, I suppose."

"Elaine's packet!" exclaimed Maxime involuntarily.

Parville looked at him curiously.

"And Mademoiselle Elaine?" he said, after a pause. "She is in safety—beyond the reach of the Commune, I presume?"

With boyish frankness, eager to speak of her to some one, Maxime returned quickly,

"Aye—quite safe—at Neuilly. I am going there; to tell you the truth, I am generally going there—or returning. Parville, you must see her—Diane must not make you unjust—see her at home, sketching in the park—and——"

Parville interrupted him drily:

"Yes, yes; I should like to see her. I might judge her with clearer eyes than yours. Do you think, old fellow," he added, hesitatingly, after a short pause, "do you think that these daily excursions are quite wise? Do you think that you are risking nothing—that everybody is quite as honest and ingenuous as yourself?"

Maxime gazed at him blankly.

"But who would you have me suspect?" he said in a tone of wonder. "Is there anything amiss in what I am doing—any risk incurred?"

"Well, well," sighed his friend half-pityingly—"an idle fancy of mine: let it pass. You would not understand."

"Not understand?" echoed Maxime.

Parville hesitated. He seemed about to offer some explanation of his enigmatical warnings; but the intention, if intention there was, was soon abandoned, and he stopped, and said lightly,

"But here we part. You can reassure Mdlle. de Solanges. I shall be late for rehearsal."

They parted, the one constrained and perplexed, the other already oblivious of what had passed, so intent was he on the new, all-absorbing interest of his life.

He had good news for Elaine, and walked on with rapid elastic steps. At last the long low garden wall fringed with lilac was before him; and at the gate Elaine, ostensibly engaged in very unnecessary garden work; but, a shy smile said, in reality awaiting the visitor.

They remained in the garden. The air was warm and fragrant; the grass was newly green and tender, the young leaves musical; and part of the Spring—the best part it seemed to Maxime—was also the soft odorous hair that touched his cheek and shoulder; part of the Spring the deep eyes that answered his, and the little hand that lay lightly on his arm. I think they were silent; if they spoke, words were the least part of their speech. After Maxime had communicated his news, they fell side by side to dreaming of the future, seeing it easy of attainment in the light-heartedness engendered by this one glimpse of sunshine.

"You will come and stay with us at the chateau," said Elaine timidly.

"That picture of mine at the London Academy is making quite a sensation—opens new horizons to art, the critics assert," said Maxime gaily.

"And papa's so passionately fond of art."

"I shall earn as much as a bishop in three years."

"And I dare say we shall lose a lot of money by this civil war."

Maxime looked at her, and laughed a clear unrestrained boyish laugh, in which she joined. But the few murmured words that interrupted this outburst of gladness were interrupted by Annette, Elaine's maid, who announced with a side-look of suspicion at Maxime that M. Adrien de Solanges was in the drawing-room.

"My cousin!" said Elaine pouting. "But I won't be long. Go and see how the geraniums are coming up."

And she ran lightly towards the house.

Maxime paced the garden walks for a quarter of an hour, and dreamed that they all led to enchanted castles in Spain. He could hear the boom of the Federal forts from time to time, but the noise was soft as celestial harps in his ears. He could see a lowering cloud of smoke over Paris, but his gaze pierced it, and discerned a silver lining on the other side. He was lost in happy reveries when, on the other side of the palings that separated the kitchen and flower gardens, he heard voices in conversation. One was that of Adrien de Solanges; the other, almost inaudible, appeared to belong to a woman, from whom the young scapegrace was receiving information respecting the condition of affairs in Paris. At least this was the conclusion Maxime arrived at.

"So you say Dombrowski is sure to be superseded?"

"His colleagues detest him."

"Good. And that *sortie* for next week?"

"Will take place in ten days. The fourteenth and sixty-seventh battalions are utterly disorganised."

"Is Cluseret open to propositions?"

"Perhaps. But it is useless to sound Rossel or Okolowicz. They are puritans, fanatics."

"Well, I think it is all put down. So adieu, my beauty,—until to-morrow."

Through the chinks of the palings, Maxime saw the flutter of retiring drapery; then a man's figure—that of Adrien—leap on to a horse that had hitherto been concealed behind a clump of syringa, and ride rapidly away in the opposite direction to Paris.

"Strange!" muttered the artist. "The tailor's block is animated; and on an errand of mischief, if I am not mistaken."

The click of the outer gate broke in upon his musing.

The gate was opened, and as it swung back upon its hinges, Maxime saw his father advancing rapidly and determinedly up the garden.

The artist gazed at the approaching figure with a novel feeling of dismay and compunction. He had never thought of such a rencontre. His anxiety had been about the Vicomte, not the proud old peasant whose help and sympathy had never yet failed him. And, loverlike, he had neglected the friend of whom he was sure, in his fears of the foe he suspected.

"A patrician on one side—a democrat on the other!" he muttered, going towards his father with as much composure as he could assume.

His father met him coldly, and began immediately in a slow, husky voice,—

"You are astonished to see me here. I am nearly as surprised as you can be, seeing what place it is."

Maxime coloured, and answered hotly,

"What do you mean? What is there in this house that should prevent you or me from entering it?"

"You best know that. But we will not discuss the question. I come to save you, Maxime, if it be not too late. Think of me; you are a gentleman—a scholar; you can twist words so that they mean the very opposite of what we see in them; but for all that, it's my name you bear, and I'll not have that dishonoured."

Maxime stared at him vacantly.

"Come away," the old man continued. "You are sufficiently compromised. It will be hard to save you as it is: a day or two hence it will be impossible."

"Save me," echoed Maxime—"from what?"

"From shame, from danger, from death. Powers above! you are not so hardened as to call treason a slight matter, entailing no serious consequences?"

"Treason! who talks of treason? Is it treason to love that simple innocent child there—rich and noble though she be? Father—Love laughs at your political distinctions and differences: you'll never make him wear a cockade."

"Love seems to laugh at prejudices which are not purely political," said Quercy bitterly,—“at honour, for instance."

Maxime gulped down the angry words that rose to his lips, and said tranquilly,

"I love Mdle. de Solanges; I confess that much to you. There's my sin. Your talk of treason and dishonour is utterly incomprehensible to me."

The old man turned upon him with an angry gesture.

"There's your sin—sin, indeed! You love a spy, Monsieur."

The hot blood mounted to the young man's cheek and forehead. Father and son faced each other with the same fierce light in both their countenances. The resemblance between them was strangely heightened by that common expression of concentrated anger.

"Sir," said Maxime briefly, "that word has made us strangers."

"Hold," cried the old man as his son turned away. "I begin to think I have judged you hastily. You must hear all the accusations made against you."

"Against me!" echoed Maxime wonderingly.

"Aye. Listen patiently. We have perceived for some time past that the enemy has sure official information of our movements, and of the most secret administrative and political intentions of the Commune—information that could only be obtained by some one in the confidence of the insurrectionary leaders. I thought—with what shame and grief you will imagine—that I had discovered this person,—that the traitor bore my name!"

Maxime was about to exclaim. His father silenced him with a gesture.

"Stay. You shall defend yourself later. Your letters to Mdlle. de Solanges were opened by the *Cabinet Noir*, and handed to me. You need not protest. I know that this is a vile tool we are obliged to use—but necessity commands it. In those letters you give information respecting our projects, and the movements of our troops. Don't interrupt. Have patience. This was already terrible evidence against you. But what am I, your father, to conjecture when it is proved to me conclusively that the central agency of the Versaillais spies is at this cottage at Neuilly? What am I to think of these letters of yours addressed to a woman who keeps a house of call for every lurking watcher that wears Versaillais colours out of Paris, and the red of the Commune within? What am I to think when it is demonstrated to me that every morning after your information has arrived by letter or been brought by you personally, papers are passed to a man who lies in concealment until you come, and then leaves at a gallop for Versailles? Maxime, Maxime—what could have dragged you so low!"

He scarcely heard. He was dazed and stunned, and stood like one who feels his brain reeling under the blow of fate. The woman—the horseman—his information transmitted to Adrien!—he saw it all. It was all a farce—her love, her innocent airs. She was leagued with her cousin against the upstart peasant so easily cajoled and duped. How they must have laughed at his frank, unsuspecting courtship!—reading his letters—those letters he tried to make tender and passionate as a kiss—

letters that many others had read before them ! He felt his life collapse—his hopes crumble—his interest in the world go out like a flame rained upon. And he turned to his father with the weary set look of age upon his face.

"Let us go."

The old man softened in a moment.

"Poor lad ! poor lad ! I wronged you when I should have pitied."

Maxime wrung his father's hand, but said nothing.

They went towards the gate.

Then suddenly a clear girlish voice rang out gaily behind them,

"Was I long ? What, are you going ?"

They had reached the gate ; and she, following, stood beside it.

Maxime did not speak ; but with a hungry yearning look he embraced her for the last time—the bright bonnie face on which the dimples were dying away, the lips that had lied to him, the eyes that mocked him for all their childlike frankness.

And he passed on. His father opened the gate, and bowed stiffly to Elaine. With a slower step Maxime followed him. Then, turning back suddenly, he seized her hand and carried it to his lips, and with a low "Adieu"—he was gone.

But the little hand he let drop was wet with the first bitter tears of his lifetime.

CHAPTER X.

GREEN-ROOM DRAMAS.

THOSE were days of doubt and trembling for Parville. His lover's fears were assuming tangible and definite shape. He had always had, or fancied he had, rivals—all the butterflies of fashion that take the blaze of the footlights for a nimbus. But in such matters there is a certain security in numbers ; the pretenders were too many to be very dangerous ; they neutralised each other, and so became in a way a vague, impersonal chorus of flattery and adoration. Now the case was different, and Parville began to think, disquieting. The legion of suitors had departed ; the first boom of artillery had dispersed the swarm ; but one rival remained, and that a terrible one—the Republic. What weapons could be used against that political abstraction ? What lover's strain could prevail against the Marseillaise ? It has already been said that Parville was somewhat lax and tepid in his political faith—supposing his purely artistic enthusiasm could be called a faith ; and it irked him terribly

to be obliged to discuss a decree or point of strategy when his thoughts were all of lighter, more emotional things. And to such discussions Diane Lenoir had condemned him so long, that, as the comedian said half-laughingly to his new friend, M. Henri, he began to feel fit for no part save that of political confidant.

To-night, however, he thought a tenderer theme might come uppermost. Fiction lent its aid to reality. A new piece was to be produced for the first time at the Théâtre des Fantaisies Parisiennes, and Parville and Diane played lover and lady. The fictitious passion might move her, he imagined, dispose her mind to tender thoughts, and give him an opportunity of issuing, for once, from the iron circle of facts and figures that had confined their intercourse during the last two months.

"And success moves a woman as much as love," he muttered, as he looked through the eye-hole of the curtain into the illuminated theatre.

There were peculiar elements of success in the auditorium,—elements that would have created some dismay in the breast of a less experienced and philosophic artist than Raymond Parville. Unto its furthestmost recesses the theatre was ablaze with uniforms—those gay and picturesque uniforms of the austere Commune. There were the red shirts of the Garibaldians; the coquettish plumes of the Estafettes, severed for once from their rapid bicycles; there were the terrible funereal hues affected by the Vengeurs de Flourens; the dark blue coats and crimson facings of staff officers; the light blue of the Turcos de la Commune; the prismatic glories of the Enfants du Père Duchêne. It was a brilliant noisy audience, good-humoured in the main, but armed to the teeth, and passionately alive to the least political allusion or innuendo.

The new comedy, however, was not political; and Parville scanned the sea of faces before him, saw the sword-hilts and revolver barrels gleam, without a fear for himself or a doubt of his power over the audience. The soldiers of the insurrection were not fastidious spectators; and among them were many friends on whom the comedian could rely for support and applause. He was estimating the temper of the house, muttering to himself the while, when a stranger asked for M. Parville at the door-keeper's lodge, and proceeded to pick a perilous way over ropes, grooves, bolts, and traps towards the stage.

"None of the club *crevés*," the actor muttered; "*tant mieux*. If there is an individual I abhor, it is the *dilettante* critic,—the gentleman who appraises you through a supercilious eyeglass between a flirtation with a figurante and a game at *buccarat*."

A broad strong hand touched him on the shoulder as he concluded his examination of the house. Parville turned round abruptly, and

faced a short, thickset man, carefully and even pretentiously dressed, who eyed the stage preparations in progress around him with an expression of cynical amusement, and addressed the actor in slow, quiet tones that proclaimed unmistakably a British origin.

"Is it money or 'paper,'—eh? I am paper, I warn you. My amusement must be gratuitous, or it's no longer amusement."

Parville laughed, and said,

"Aye, but there's such a deuced amount of business mixed up with your pleasure, that you ought to pay for a stall at the Fantaiesies as you would for a seat at the board of a flourishing railway company."

"So I will, if you will arrange my affair."

Parville shrugged his shoulders.

"Your affair! Lancashire money won't do everything, Milord Trowbridge; it won't make love-sickness genius and energy; it won't make Maxime Quercy put a brush to canvas for the next year, unless some very unforeseen event takes place."

"Hang the women!" ejaculated Mr. Trowbridge, ship-builder by profession, and art connoisseur by taste. "I noticed the young man four years ago, when he had never sold a picture. I watched his talent developing, and kept the picture-dealers away from him in order that it might develop independently, fostered by poverty and solitude. And now, when the time for a Mæcenas has arrived, when Paris offers a thousand stirring scenes in a week, when a colourist may pick up his materials in every gutter—for they all run red—eh?—this wretched little white-faced girl baulks me—spoils my Rembrandt—turns him into a commonplace captain of Gardes Mobiles. What's the wench's name?—I'll punish her."

"Mdlle. de Solanges. But punishing her won't cure Rembrandt."

"Of course not. Then what's to be done to reconcile them?"

"Impossible."

"Oh yes: there was a discovery of Versailles proclivities and principles. But it's hard on me, Parville. Mechanics, engineers, inventors, capitalists without brains, and financiers without capital,—one can discover all that in Lancashire any day in the week. But find out a genius—introduce a master painter or poet to the world—take out a patent for a new Shakspeare—that beats us!"

Mr. Trowbridge looked into his opera-hat despondingly. He had been looking for genius all his life. He had cried "Eureka" once or twice, but the public had invariably failed to echo the triumphant tone, and the discoverer himself had generally been brought to consider it somewhat hasty and presumptuous. But he had faith in his taste, in his passionate perception of true art, and he did not despair. They knew

him at the Villa Medicis at Rome, a good-natured, liberal fanatic, whose ships were excellent and whose pictures mediocre; he pervaded the sketching parties in the New Forest in the spring; the artists' colonies of Fontainebleau received him as a patron whose dinners made up for his æsthetic crotchets. He roamed from studio to studio of the Latin Quarter; he gave suppers to the artistic Bohemia of Newman Street and Fitzroy Square. And, notwithstanding, he had as yet discovered nothing save superficial cleverness and talents that were always promising and never fulfilling. Quercy was something out of the ordinary run of these *protégés*, and Mr. Trowbridge had long watched the French artist from afar as his own particular Rembrandt. He had pictured to himself the pride of presenting his *protégé* to the London critics; of saying, Behold, I have discovered the master of the future before you all; of exhibiting the canvases bought on the faith of his own previsions, and of watching the series of triumphs which should prove those previsions right, and exalt his fame as a connoisseur with the critical "weeklies" and the Newman Street circles that were at present rather inclined to pooh-pooh his doctrines while praising his liqueurs. It was not quite an egotistic ambition that led the Lancashire capitalist to assume the part of an artistic *impresario*. He had an honest desire to encourage what he conceived to be genius; his patronage was of a discreet, delicate, and courteous kind; and Maxime Quercy had received his appreciative commendations, his counsels, and offers of service with good grace, and something like gratitude. But now he had no need of counsel, no desire for praise; and Mr. Trowbridge besieged him with both quite uselessly. The ship-builder felt this, and was beginning to see that other methods must be employed to rouse the artist from his lethargy.

Waking abruptly from a few moments' reverie, he said tentatively to Parville,

"I suppose the matter is quite clear—the girl is guilty?"

Parville was looking at a brilliant group at the wings, and answered vaguely,

"No doubt of it—detected in the act, I believe."

"It's in the blood, I suppose. The cousin Adrien wouldn't be above a treasonous trick or two; and the Vicomte has the soul of a police agent."

Parville did not hear him. The scene was "set," and the call-boy had reminded him that he was "on" in the first act. He walked towards the group that had fixed his attention, and accosted Diane Lenoir, its centre and chief.

With significant emphasis the actress indicated a gentleman at her side, and said in a tone of rebuke—

"You have met M. Adrien de Solanges, I believe. Do you recognise him?"

"Perfectly," said Parville, bowing; "only I did not expect to find him here."

"The place is hot for one of my family," the young man returned lightly. "But what would you?—there are pleasures worth the worst penalties the Commune could inflict."

And he bowed to Diane, who accepted the compliment graciously, while Parville looked from one to the other with an expression of utter bewilderment.

"Hates him," he muttered, giving way to the Englishman, who advanced to salute the actress and her companion. "It's a platonic kind of hatred, apparently,—rather more encouraging than friendship."

"M. de Solanges is a daring playgoer," said Mr. Trowbridge. "Isn't his stall unpleasantly near the bar of a court-martial?"

"Oh, M. de Solanges comes for my sake, to applaud me; he is chief of my *claque* for to-night," said Diane, with a coquettish glance at her companion.

Then the three knocks were given, and the curtain was rung up. Trowbridge and Adrien went back to their stalls.

"Parville plays nervously," said the former, after the first amorous scene between Diane and her lover had taken place, to the rapturous applause of less-experienced connoisseurs.

Adrien smiled fatuously.

"And yet, poor fellow, his heart's in his part, I know."

"What, is he growing love-sick too,—he, the light railer, the laughing misogamyst? Why won't the women be satisfied with the puppies, and leave us the men of intellect?"

"Can't say," returned Adrien shortly, possessed by a vague idea that the Englishman might possibly be laughing at him. "But if it is Parville's intellect you are lamenting, I don't think Mdlle. Lenoir has the slightest intention of damaging it."

Trowbridge eyed him curiously, and then said, in a tone of polite congratulation,

"I see you are in the lady's confidence. Not the smallest chance, eh?—has he?"

"None whatever, if I know anything of the feminine character."

And Adrien beat languid applause with his gloved hands as the curtain fell.

A new-born purpose seemed to be shaping itself distinctly in the Englishman's mind. He took the dandy's arm, and accompanied him to the *foyer*.

"Have you heard from Mdlle. de Solanges lately?" he asked with assumed carelessness, but narrowly observing the young Frenchman as he spoke.

An uneasy colour overspread the small, correct, effeminate face before him.

"Yes—that is to say, a few days ago. She is quite well. You have met her—know her?"

The Vicomte de Solanges was one of those dignitaries of the Second Empire whose daughter, whose dinners, horses, diamonds, and debts were the favourite subjects of *Figaro* chroniqueurs; therefore Trowbridge answered confidently, "Yes, he had met Mdlle. de Solanges—charming young lady. Believed she was about to marry—distinguished poet, or something of the kind."

Adrien turned on him angrily :

"An absurd rumour, M. Trowbridge; nothing in it whatever. You would much oblige me, as Mdlle. de Solanges' future husband, by contradicting it wherever you hear it."

Mr. Trowbridge professed himself most sorry, and congratulated his companion on a marriage that united two worthy members of an ancient family.

But as they took their places for the second act he chuckled half-audibly over his playbill, and muttered, "So that is the game. Gentleman in love with an actress—going to marry his cousin—savage at the painter's success. Our young friend has a hand in the spoiling of my Rembrandt."

"Pardon me," said a low, tranquil voice at his side; "is the first act over?"

It was the occupant of the next stall who spoke. Adrien glanced at him superciliously, because he wore the uniform of a captain in one of the battalions of National Guard that supported most strenuously the insurrection. But judged from Trowbridge's dispassionate, insular point of view, he was not an ineligible acquaintance. His face was thin and careworn. His eyes had the far-seeing, fathomless expression of dwellers in the desert and toilers of the sea. The thin hair, prematurely grey, seemed bleached by some recent wreck, powdered by the ashes of some near volcano. Trowbridge liked the man's reserved, resigned air, and answered him courteously.

"You have come to see Diane Lenoir," he added, "like the rest, I suppose?"

"Diane—Diane," the stranger murmured to himself, and finished by returning: "no; M. Parville said the piece was good. I came to see him, if anything."

The *claque* gave a triple salvo, and Trowbridge touched the stranger's arm.

"That is Mdlle. Lenoir."

The man nodded, and passed his hand across his forehead.

But at the first words spoken by the actress, he leaped to his feet and gazed intently at the stage.

"Sit down! sit down!" cried the pit.

The stranger subsided quietly. In a few seconds he turned to Adrien, and said in a constrained voice,

"Would you oblige me with your opera-glass for a moment, Monsieur?"

Adrien bowed, and whispered across to Trowbridge the monosyllable "Drunk!"

But the stranger was evidently accustomed to keep strong control over his nerves. He held the glass steadily, and studied one by one the faces on the stage. And it was with an easy inclination that he handed the instrument back to Adrien—with a perfectly calm smile that he answered Parville's glance of recognition.

The curtain fell on the last act; and, his voice half drowned by the applause that saluted the returning actors and successful author, the stranger asked Mr. Trowbridge if he were not going to congratulate the performers behind the scenes.

"Aye," said the Englishman; "there's the author's champagne supper in the green-room; and the supper's generally the best part of a first performance."

"Will you give this note to M. Parville?" continued the stranger, writing a few words on a card, which he handed to Trowbridge.

The Englishman found Parville in his dressing-room divesting himself of his stage attire. He read the card, and cried,

"Certainly. You were beside a good fellow, and, what is commoner, an unlucky one. Ask Captain Pierre to meet me here," he added, turning to the dresser.

The green-room was an illuminated Babel, a polite pandemonium, when the three men entered it. Supper was laid, and volunteer walking gentlemen were drawing corks in corners. The heavy mother was manifesting an unmatronly levity of character in an epigrammatic discussion with the critic of the "*Mot d'Ordre*,"—a title that implied a sinecure. The broad comedian was morose; the soubrette stately; the mediocrities were, as all mediocrities are, the reverse of what they appeared professionally. One woman remained in the green-room to her friends as the public knew her on the stage. She stood before the fire-place with one little satin boot on the fender, one long white hand

playing with the nicknacks on the mantelpiece. It was Diane Lenoir, and Parville's face darkened when he saw her ; for beside the actress, almost whispering in her ear, was Adrien de Solanges.

"*A table !*" cried the manager, divesting himself of his directorial voice and manner.

The author was duly enthroned at one end of the table, and Mdlle. Lenoir at the other. Adrien found a seat beside her, and next to him Mr. Trowbridge. Captain Pierre, as the stranger of the evening, was seated at the right-hand side of the presiding lady. He bowed ceremoniously when introduced, and relapsed seemingly into dreamy apathy.

The tongues were let loose. There was a clash of epigram, a war of words, a clatter of knives and plates ; the gipsy blood of the players grew hot, coursed freely as the wines went round and the atmosphere thickened. It was a Bohemian revel—noisy, irreverent, lawless, but leaving visible a certain frankness, a rough charity and good-humour that perhaps does not invariably preside at more correct and stately festivals. But it is with the asides, with the isolated conversation, the private dramas that we have to deal. The conscientious historian gleans more from such single notes than from the general babble of the chorus.

Mr. Trowbridge was liberal with the wines. His hard Northern head resisted the Champagne vintage, but that of his neighbour was less impervious.

"Stop De Solanges' allowance," whispered Parville, who saw with a fierce kind of disgust that wine had made a confident if not an eloquent lover of Adrien.

Trowbridge smiled serenely, and filled the exquisite's glass. Diane glanced at him curiously, but the look was not one of disapproval.

"Yes, but you have not explained everything," she said to the young man at her side.

"Explain ! Mademoiselle—need I explain ? My cousin means fortune—a position in the world ; you mean love—happiness."

"Aye, but you are there every day."

Trowbridge filled the empty glass, and appeared to be engaged with a dramatic critic in a discussion on Shakspeare and Molière.

"Not for love-making, I assure you," said Adrien with a half-drunken air of mystery.

"Indeed ? Perhaps it's for botanising," returned Diane incredulously.

Again the glass was filled, and again the Englishman plunged into a defence of the "*Comedy of Errors*."

"Listen," said Adrien, trying to collect his ideas, and speaking in paroxysms of vague verbosity. "But there's a Communard beside you. Will he hear ?"

For the first time Diane turned towards Captain Pierre, and said graciously, "Monsieur has other things to occupy him than our frivolous talk : is it not so ?"

"Pray do not mind me."

It was only two or three words ; but the tone arrested her attention. The stranger's face was averted. She studied it wonderingly for a few moments, and then turned away with a half-sigh—was it of recollection ? was it of disappointment ?

Adrien bent forward, and with his head nearly touching Diane, said huskily, and with vinous solemnity,

"It is my life I place in your hands."

"Dear me," said Diane with an affected laugh, "how tragic the man is getting !"

"My errand at Neuilly is a political one," continued Adrien, more impressively than ever.

"Oh, indeed ; and your cousin helps you ?"

"Helps me ! The little renegade is half a Red. No ; I am here without her knowledge. I am on a secret mission from Versailles, when she thinks I am merely paying a cousinly visit. Her innocence reflects itself on me, do you see ? Not a bad ruse, eh ? Our family was always on the side of order and society."

Diane was profoundly attentive. The Englishman was still, to all appearance, demolishing Molière.

"Go on," she said impatiently.

"Eh ?—go on ? Oh, Diane, my Diane, if you only knew——"

"Yes, yes ; I do know ; and it is because I know that I am anxious for your safety."

"My safety ?" echoed Adrien, somewhat sobered by the intimation. "What do you mean ? What is there to fear ?"

"I was thinking—your cousin may compromise you. She may have documents—family, political documents—that would endanger you if discovered. And they search every house now."

She watched the young man's face furtively. It expressed blank astonishment, and nothing else.

"Documents," he laughed,— "never heard of any. If that's all the danger, I'm safe enough. So be at rest, my——"

He was sliding his arm round her waist ; but to his amazement her manner changed in a moment ; she eluded his grasp, rose, and glancing down at him, said to Trowbridge contemptuously,

"Please ring, and have him removed."

The Englishman obeyed with alacrity ; and taking Adrien by the shoulder, said cheerily, and yet authoritatively,

"I am going your way. I will see you home."

The young man was fast reaching the tearful stage of inebriation. He took the proffered arm with maudlin protestations, and departed with Trowbridge, describing his sorrow on the way. The shrewd eyes of the Northerner glittered keenly as he bade goodbye; and he whispered to Parville, "I'll revive my Rembrandt yet."

Parville accompanied Diane to her doorstep that night—the lover gloomy, the lady gracious.

"I was essaying to extract something from that fool's drunkenness."

"What?" inquired Parville suspiciously.

Diane reflected for a moment, then answered slowly, "I have told you he is my enemy. There are papers that would destroy him and his uncle. They cannot be found."

Parville hated the dandy for this one night's suffering. He cried exultantly,

"Elaine has them,—Maxime told me so."

But the next moment he repented, and added deprecatingly,

"I was wrong, Diane; I have broken a trust reposed in me. But you have driven me mad to-night. You will not take advantage of my madness?"

"Go home, foolish fellow," said Diane soothingly, as they stopped before her door. "Go home,—and don't mistrust me."

As the comedian turned to go, a tall meagre figure emerged from the shadow of a neighbouring *porte-cochère*, and scanned his face as the light of the gas-lamp fell on it.

"Parville!" the stranger muttered, "which can it be—the aristocrat or the actor? And this is Diane!"

"Something like Pierre," thought Parville.

And he passed on, oblivious of all but his own hopes and sorrows.

CHAPTER XI.

FIATS OF THE SOVEREIGN PEOPLE.

THE velocipede of an estafette sped swiftly and noiselessly up the steep street wherein is situated the Mairie of Belleville. The Mairie was not an edifice of exhilarating aspect. Its architectural lines were not harmonious; and its façade was defaced by divers decrees and proclamations—of no small merit perhaps from a literary and political point of view, but unquestionably not conducive to the artistic beauty of the building they covered. A little liveliness, however, was infused into the scene by the presence of some lounging Gardes Mobiles playing at

bouchon in their shirt-sleeves, and discussing the latest news from the front. This was the *corps de garde* of the Mairie.

"The Captain Commandant?" cried the estafette, stopping before the *bouchon* players.

"The citizen Captain Commandant!" echoed a sergeant, opening a wooden door, and speaking to some one within a species of shed built out from the main building.

The Captain presented himself listlessly, apathetically,—the expression on his face betokening a decided distaste of Belleville garrison duty.

"The citizen Captain Quercy," said the estafette, consulting a stamped order, "is required to take forty men, and proceed forthwith to the Buttes Chaumont, where a Commissary of the Commune will give him further instructions."

In his despair Maxime had followed his father's advice—adopted, or appeared to adopt, to a certain extent his father's principles, and donned the uniform of the Commune. He had no belief in the ultimate success of the movement; but disappointment of the kind he had experienced is commonly inclined to court martyrdom, and there was at least a temporary pleasure in combating the class typified, he believed, by the man and woman who had wronged him. The pleasure had failed. After a few days spent at the outposts, he had been appointed to a small district command, whereof the head-quarters were at the Belleville Mairie. It was therefore with a sensation of relief that he received the order to quit, were it only for a day, his dreary official prison.

He found himself whistling the first few bars of an old studio song as he gathered his men together; and he strode through the Belleville mire at their head with a step that had in it some of the buoyant briskness of his better days. And yet the city inspired no very pleasant fancies. The streets were almost empty. That strange indefinable air of brooding expectancy that comes over the Parisian population on the eve of a public catastrophe was visible in the isolated knot of bourgeois and workmen at street corners, in the unusually silent drinkers at the zinc counters of the wine-shops. There was no panic, no terror; the shops were opened, and the cellars unoccupied,—sure signs of at least momentary security. It was a sombre foresight, a knowledge that some event was about to take place that must have dire consequences, a feeling that in some way or another Paris was about to burn its ships behind it, break down the bridge that might yet be considered to unite it to conservative Europe.

Maxime noticed the feeling, and it increased his hope that the summons which called him forth indicated the beginning of a period of

active, dangerous service. The precise nature of the service he could not imagine; nor could he divine the reason of the sombre glances and hushed exclamations that signalled the passage of his little troop from Belleville to the Buttes Chaumont.

At the Buttes a crowd of many thousands was collected. It made way for the soldiers without difficulty, and at the heart of it they came upon a blank wall, a prison fourgon, a small group of staff officers, and a mob of Turcos de la Commune. A man whom Maxime recognised by his crimson scarf as the Commissary of the Commune advanced towards him and took him apart.

"Are you sure of your men, Citizen?"

"Perfectly."

The Commissary whispered some instructions to a sergeant of Turcos. The door of the fourgon was opened, and a man descended guarded by a surveillant.

"Yours is a platoon of execution," said the Commissary. "Have the goodness to select a firing party of twelve men."

Maxime shrank back.

"What crime has this man committed?"

"Citizen, the Commune has decreed his death, that is sufficient. But I may state for your satisfaction that Versailles has executed twelve of the National Guards of Paris, prisoners of war. In retaliation, we condemn to death six known enemies of the Republic. It is the law of war; will you obey it?"

The artist glanced at the stern, relentless faces around him, remembered the treachery that had marred his life, and, with a decided "I will," advanced to the side of the firing party.

One by one the hostages fell back against the blood-stained wall, riddled by the chassepôt bullets of the Mobiles. Five times Maxime gave the sinister command, "Fire!"—each monosyllable sounding weaker and more wavering than the last. The work sickened him, but he could not escape; and he knew the names of the men whose death he ordained: they were those of adventurers who had been pitiless when in power—of the butchers of December, of the assassins of July. He felt that none would have spared him had he been looking into the barrels of their gendarmes' muskets, and his peasant blood prompted him not to spare.

But his sword fell as the sixth prisoner was led forth, and an adjutant called out,

"The Vicomte de Solanges."

The old man saw him, and he could not meet the gaze of the man at whose table he had sat, whose daughter he had loved and reassured

with promises of protection for her father. He saw the Vicomte stand with arms crossed and head erect in the place where his five companions had fallen; he saw the muskets ready to be raised, the expectant glances of his soldiers, and his heart failed him. He felt stained and guilty. All that had seemed plain and righteous before, now looked involved, doubtful, barbarous. He turned to the Commissary; the Commissary was impassive. At last Maxime addressed him:

"Citizen, this man has had no trial. He may be guiltless. Enough has been done to-day."

The Commissary surveyed him suspiciously.

"Citizen Captain, you are required to execute the will of the people."

"The people has nothing to do with this butchery," returned the artist recklessly.

There was a low murmur in the ranks of his own company.

The Commissary said slowly,

"You refuse to obey the decrees of the Commune, and you question its authority while yet bearing its commission?"

"I refuse to shoot that man."

The Commissary turned to the Turcos, and ordered—

"Arrest Monsieur Quercy."

The stress laid on the "Monsieur" placed Maxime in the category of suspected persons.

"I prefer that," he said simply.

The workmen, half transformed into soldiers, environed him. He was disarmed, and a sergeant took his place at the head of the firing-party. He saw the Vicomte bow to him with elaborate politeness; then a stir, a waver in the surrounding multitude pushed back the group of officers and soldiers, and a cry rose, "More hostages! more hostages!" It was taken up by the incoming current. It was like the vociferation of intolerable hunger. The insurgents were about to satisfy that chief appetite of the Parisian population, indomitable vanity, by proving their recklessness and their power.

Maxime turned his head aside, and endeavoured to pierce the mass of angry faces that approached. He could distinguish nothing at first. The visages were hot and dusty, testifying that a long and rapid march had just been performed. But in a few seconds the Commissary who had decreed his arrestation advanced, and entered into a colloquy with the leader of the new contingent; and in that leader Maxime recognised Claude, his father's colleague at the Ministry of the Interior. The recognition suggested new causes for alarm, and he gazed into the crowd more anxiously than ever.

Claude and the Commissaire conversed in a low voice, and he could catch but a few words of their consultation.

"But who among this mob around us will listen to reason?" objected the Commissaire.

"Every one, if I speak to them," returned the chiffonnier. "Besides, enough has been done to-day. Their turn will come, never you fear. Those men there"—and he pointed to the shapeless mass the surveillants were hurrying into the prison fourgon—"those men were undoubtedly guilty. But I declare to you that the creature Solanges deserves double the punishment meted out to them."

"Then why stand in the way of punishment?"

"They are reserved for trial together. There must be no hurried, shamefaced punishment in their case. It must be made clear as daylight; and I warrant you then even Versailles will have nothing to say against us."

Maxime heard no more. The mob had fallen asunder, and in its centre he discerned Elaine, led with grim and cold respect by officers of the National Guard.

Diane had used relentlessly the information extracted from Parville and Adrien. That night Quercy was warned, and on the morrow his agents had surrounded the cottage at Neuilly. Claude had constituted himself the chief of the expedition, after a secret interview with the actress; and hearing on his way to the Prefecture what work was in progress at the Buttes Chaumont, had hastened thither with his band, seemingly on an errand of mercy, but really in the execution of far less kindly designs.

The Vicomte stood impassible until his daughter with outstretched hands was before him. Then his lip quivered, and he laid his hand gently on her shoulder with a gesture of despairing weariness.

"You too, my child. It's not good to bear our name. But they can't harm you," he added eagerly.

And he glanced at Maxime with an expression that was almost pleading. She followed the direction of his gaze, and a slight smile curled her lips.

"That person!" she said calmly. "My father,—he alone knew my place of concealment—he alone knew of the existence of the papers committed to my charge."

The Vicomte's face became livid, and he asked stammeringly,

"And they—and they——"

"Have been taken from me," she answered, "by that man."

She nodded towards Claude, and for the first time the Vicomte perceived the chiffonnier, still conferring with the Commissary. The old

man shrugged his shoulders. The philosophy that comes of despair, of a confrontation with the inevitable, gave a curious placidity to the expression of his face, gave a quiet apathetic tone to his voice as he murmured,

"The same face—the same face. Ah, it will all be unravelled now."

There was a movement in the group of which Claude and the Commissaire formed the centre. The chiffonnier stepped forward, and with a few persuasive words begged the crowd to have patience.

"You will miss nothing," he said grimly. "I answer for this man and his daughter. But the safety of the Commune requires that they should be interrogated by a competent jury before justice is done. That justice will be ample and severe, you have my word for it; and you know me, citizens,—you know whether I flinch or betray!"

The fury of the crowd had calmed down, and the chiffonnier's brief oration was well received.

As the mob slowly dispersed, Maxime profited by the confusion to push aside his guards and walk rapidly towards Elaine.

"Elaine," he cried, forgetting everything but that she was there before him and in danger.

She would not hear. She took her father's arm, and the Vicomte said tranquilly,

"Mademoiselle de Solanges has no further need of your services, Monsieur. She is under my care. The guardianship of a captive is as beneficent as that of a spy."

Maxime suffered the soldiers to seize him, suffered himself to be led away. Life and liberty were not worth striving for.

(To be continued.)





OLD SONGS AND NEW SINGERS.

(*Second Article.*)

By GUY ROSLYN.

THE picking out of parallel passages is an agreeable task ; and when we are almost sure that attention has not been called to them before, we find a new enjoyment in the work. I will endeavour not to give the fruits of other men's searches.

The poems of Keats are full of "the gentleness of old romance." Can we believe that a poet who could sing such loud defiance, and who knew so well his own faults and his own merits, was really cowed and disheartened by adverse criticism? Byron seems to have had just a doubt about it, but Shelley accepted the story, and let out some of his indignation in this passage—

"——the curse of Cain
Light on his head who pierced thy innocent breast,
And scared the angel soul that was its earthly guest."

Might we not say with Shakspeare, "he died a most rare boy of melancholy?" Perhaps he died because love was within his reach, but out of his power. For my own part, I have always believed he would have lived if he had had money. I will not moralise, but it seems strange that such a man as Keats should have had his tongue tied for lack of gold. If one railed for a little time against some of the rich, it wouldn't hurt them ; and remembering that I do not always love the poor, silence may be adopted as a good compromise.

Comparisons are said to be odious. Not always, I hope. Here is one, however, that may be called unnecessary and unjust. The editor of the volume I have in hand, speaking of the grave of Keats, says, "They have but to step aside a few paces, and stand by a still more sacred tomb which opened in the ensuing year, 1822—that of the wave-worn and world-worn Shelley, divinest of the demigods." Why should this opinion be placed before the poems of Keats? It might have been more appropriately bound up with the poems of Shelley,

though I think it would be out of place in any book. It is not always pleasant to be told what we are to believe. I find more of what I take to be poetry in Keats than I do in Shelley. There may be many who agree with me; but whether there are or not, there is no just reason why we should be instructed in this way. Displeasure having played its part, we will let the question pass. When we take up Keats,

“ in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits.”

I have a scrap of his original MS. We cannot tell the colour of a man's hair from his handwriting, but I think I can trace in the artistic carelessness of these faded lines “the truant disposition” that guided the pen. He spent many days with Chaucer, and many months with Spenser, and he mentions them in his lines. Even if he had made no mention of it, we could soon satisfy ourselves that he had carefully read Spenser by this passage alone, which is true of the romance (*Endymion*) in which we find it :—

“ ‘Twas a lay
More subtle-cadenced, more forest-wild
Than Dryope's lone-lulling of her child ;
And nothing since has floated in the air
So mournful strange.”

Spenser, in the opening lines of “The Teares of the Muses,” says,

“ For since the time that Phœbus' foolish sonne
Ythundered, through Jove's avengefull wrath,
For traversing the charret of the Sunne
Beyond the compasse of his pointed path,
Of you, his mournfull Sisters, was lamented,
Such mournfull tunes were never since invented.

“ Nor since that fair Calliope did lose
Her loved Twinnes, the darlings of her joy,
Her Palici, whom her unkindly foes,
The fatall Sisters, did for spight destroy,
Whom all the Muses did bewaile long space,
Was ever heard such wayling in this place.”

The line, “An arch face peep'd,—an Oread *as I guess'd*,” is in its tail like several lines in Chaucer. Here are two that come nearly together in the Prologue: “A forester was he sothely *as I gesse*,”—“Of twenty yere of age he was, *I gesse*.” We may take a line also from Spenser, “Ye shall him Archimago find, *I ghesse*.” Keats's favourite number is a million :

" The wind out-blows
Her scarf into a fluttering pavilion ;
'Tis blue, and over-spangled with a *million*
Of little eyes."

If we turn over two or three more pages, we have

" the spider's shuttle,
Circled a *million* times within the space
Of a swallow's nest door.
* * * * *
Ay, *millions* sparkled on a vein of gold
* * * * *
One *million* times ocean must ebb and flow."

Shakspeare is more moderate. "Forty" is his good round word. Puck says, "I'll put a girdle round about the earth in *forty* minutes ;" and Hamlet declares that "*forty* thousand brothers, with all their quantity of love, could not make up my sum." Shakspeare tells us that "there is divinity in odd numbers." There might be many instances given to show that he prefers the use of even numbers for sound. Besides "forty," we have the frequent repetition of "two" and "twice." Hamlet says, "within these *two* hours," and there are several other characters I believe that use the same phrase. Life is said to be as tedious as a "*twice*-told tale," and Ariel speaks of returning "ere your pulse beat *twice*." Keats also tasted what he calls "the bitter sweet of "this Shaksperian fruit." In the first book of "Endymion," we read,

" Ay, so delicious is the unsating food,
That men, who might have tower'd in the van
Of all the congregated world, to fan
And winnow from the coming step of time
All chaff of custom, wipe away all slime
Left by men-slugs and human serpentry,
Have been content to let occasion die,
Whilst they did sleep in love's Elysium."

May not this passage have been the result of reading "Hamlet"?

" And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment.
With this respect their currents turn away,
And lose the name of action."

The line "By a *foreknowledge* of *unslumbrous* night," may have suggested to Swinburne "In his eyes *foreknowledge* of death." And the line on the same page, "That time thou didst adorn with *amber studs*," may have been written in remembrance or forgetfulness of Marlowe's

"Coral clasps and *amber studs*." Keats speaks of "sigh-shrilled adieus" and "gurgled blithe adieus." "And come instead demurest meditation," carries us at once to "Il Penseroso." The beginning of the second book of "Endymion" and the beginning of "In Memoriam" may be compared. "The pebbled shore of memory" may be the father of Longfellow's "footprints on the sands of time." "Pebble," and "honey," and "golden," and "pavilion" "blue," "cold," and "chill," are words often used. "How sickening, how dark the dreadful leisure," is a thought repeated in these words, "the deadly feel of solitude." When Keats speaks of wine, we can see it and taste it :

"Here is wine,
Alive with *sparkles*—never, I aver,
Since Ariadne was a vintager,
So cool a purple."

On the next page, "delicious wine doth, *sparkling*, dive." Then there is the beautiful passage in the "Ode to a Nightingale." The story of Venus and Adonis may be compared with Shakspeare's. There cannot be much doubt that one gave life to the other. "Why not for ever and for ever feel that breath about my eyes," may have something to do with Tennyson's "She felt the King's breath wander o'er her neck." In "Endymion," "sister's sorrow" will be found two or three times. It has been already mentioned that several singers have caught the music of Tennyson's lines—

"The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees."

The source of this song may be a passage in "Endymion"—

"mealy sweets, which myriads of bees
Buzz from their honey'd wings."

"The same bright face I *tasted* in my sleep," recalls Othello's speech before smothering Desdemona,—

"When I have pluck'd thy rose,
I cannot give it vital life again,
It needs must wither : I'll *smell* it on the tree."

The last two lines of "Endymion"—

"They vanish'd far away !—Peona went
Home through the gloomy wood in wonderment"—

are not unlike the last two lines of "Paradise Lost"—

"They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way."

"Thou canst not surely be the same that thou didst seem," might

have been written by Spenser. It may not be generally known that the sonnet "On a Picture of Leander" was written in the second floor of No. 71, Cheapside. I have almost made up my mind that the last line of "Written on May Day"—"Rich in the simple worship of a day," supplied Morris with the line that runs through his Apology for the "Earthly Paradise"—"The idle singer of an empty day." The line "'Tis the witching hour of night" is of course from Shakspeare; and "the fine spell of words" is probably another edition of "in a fine frenzy rolling." Let us leave the garden made by Keats—a garden where by day the secret fruits and flowers are covered by warm patches of sunshine, and by moving shadows "sweet as blue heavens o'er enchanted isles;" and where by night there are "echoing grottoes full of tumbling waves and moonlight."

In Shakspeare's song "Under the greenwood tree" there is one word that has puzzled editors. Should we read "and *tune* his merry note," or "and *turn* his merry note"? I sometimes find one and sometimes the other. In his "Golden Treasury of Song," Mr. Francis Turner Palgrave gives "tune." I think "turn" would be more correct, because "tune" and "note" are to some extent synonymous. In Chaucer we find—

"And after that he sang the kinges *note*
Ful often blessed was his mery *throte*,"

a couplet that may have supplied Shakspeare with his rhyme. In the same song, "Under the greenwood tree," we have "Here shall *we* see." Should it not be "Here shall *he* see"?

Thomas Hood's "Bridge of Sighs," and Tennyson's "Charge of the "Light Brigade," should be read together. Let us see how some of the lines will mix. To distinguish one from the other we will put Tennyson in italics.

"One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death."

"*Half a league, half a league,*
Half a league onward,
All in the Valley of Death,
Rode the six hundred."

"Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her—
All that remains of her."

"*All that was left of them,*
Left of six hundred."

“ Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses ;
Whilst wonderment guesses——”
“ *Charging an army, while*
All the world wondered.”

I will leave the reader to complete the poem for himself. Tennyson has a liking for the sound of “a league” or “half a league.” He generally measures by the league.

Shelley repeats his rhymes. Let this instance suffice. In “To a Lady with a Guitar,” we have

“ Of the forests and the *mountains*,
And the many voiced *fountains*.”

In “The Invitation,” we find

“ And waked to music all their *fountains*,
And breathed upon the frozen *mountains*.”

Shelley was a better poet than rhymers. The same may be said of Shakspeare. Rhyme hindered rather than helped both men. To this extent they may be compared. How simple is the language of Shakspeare! Open the big volume where you will, and you fall upon words, lines, and pages that a child may understand. And yet how difficult it is to understand the essays of some of the men who propose to explain Shakspeare. Take, for instance, Mr. Swinburne's article in *The Fortnightly Review*. I have not attained to that maturity which can appreciate the English language driven into mere sound. There may be something grand underlying the mysterious phrases and bewildering sentences, but I have not met anybody who has been able to dig out the golden thoughts. If they have succeeded, they have kept them secret. The sweetest and truest poetry is simple even where the thoughts are so great that they do not leave men till they die. One has no difficulty in understanding Shakspeare or the Bible. Opening Shakspeare at random, the first passage that meets my eyes, is, “He poisons him i' the garden for his estate. His name's Gonzago. The story is extant, and written in very choice Italian. You shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.” These words are spoken by Hamlet when he is in a frenzy, and on the brink of a great discovery! Can you misunderstand them? The speech is as easy to master as—the meaning of an Act of Parliament. My books are heaped up before me, and there are many things I should like to say that I may have a chance of saying in the future.



HOW TO ENTER THE PROFESSIONS.

No. II.—*Medicine and Surgery.*

By MARTINDALE C. WARD,

M.D., AND C.M., M.R.C.S. ENG., M. AND L.S.A., ETC.

PERHAPS there is no profession or calling the entrance to which is less understood, or which presents greater difficulties to the uninitiated, than that of Medicine ; for except that the future practitioner must “walk the hospitals,” and pass certain examinations, little or nothing is known respecting it. Our endeavour will be to state as briefly as possible the steps necessary to be taken in order to become a legally qualified medical practitioner—whether as a physician or as a surgeon. The Medical Act has appointed a Council, consisting of representatives of the various universities, colleges, and Examining Boards of the three kingdoms, together with six nominees of the Privy Council ; and the courses of study required and the examinations imposed by all Examining Boards legally entitled to grant diplomas to practise medicine, surgery, and midwifery, are subject to the supervision and control of this “General Council of Medical Education and Registration.”

There are about forty-four British qualifications recognised by the Medical Council ; and although the course of study demanded by the several Examining Boards differs in some particulars, its main features are the same. A period of not less than four years—*i.e.*, four winter and four summer sessions of professional study—is required by all these Boards ; and the Medical Council itself requires all candidates to have been “registered” as medical students for at least four years.

No one (unless he has obtained a degree in arts, or has passed a sufficiently high standard in the Oxford or Cambridge schools’ examinations) can be placed on the Students’ Register until he has passed a preliminary examination in general education ; and no professional study will be recognised that has taken place before this examination is passed. This preliminary examination may be gone through at any of the numerous colleges ; but the candidate must be careful to select one

that will exempt him from the preliminary examination at all the other Examining Boards before which he may intend to present himself. Excluding for the present moment the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Durham, foremost on the list stands the matriculation examination of the London University. The passing of this will exempt from all others except those intentionally imposed at a later period. But as this examination is looked upon as a severe test—including as it does the classics, mathematics, geometry, natural philosophy, chemistry, English language, English history, modern geography, and the French or German language, — most students prefer the preliminary examination of one of the other boards, though no one can graduate at the University of London without having passed its matriculation examination, unless he has entered at one of the other Universities. Supposing the candidate to be willing to forego this honour, he must pass the preliminary examination at either the College of Surgeons or Apothecaries' Hall,—it is not material which, since passing at one exempts from the other, and passing at either is sufficient for the College of Physicians, which, although it requires evidence of a preliminary examination having been passed elsewhere does not itself provide an examination.

At the College of Surgeons the examination takes place in June and December, and consists of English classics and mathematics, and papers on the following six subjects. Each candidate is required to offer himself for examination on one subject at least, at his option ; but no candidate is allowed to offer himself for examination on more than four subjects:—(1) Translation of a passage from the first Book of the Anabasis of Xenophon. (2) Translation of a passage from X. B. Saintine's "*Picciola*." (3) Translation of a passage from Schiller's "*Wilhelm Tell*." Besides these translations into English, the candidate is required to answer questions on the grammar of each subject, whether compulsory or optional. (4) Mechanics. The questions will be chiefly of an elementary character. (5) Chemistry. The questions will be on the elementary facts of Chemistry. (6) Botany and Zoology. The questions will be on the classification of plants and animals. The quality of the handwriting and spelling is taken into account. This examination is conducted by the Examiners of the College of Preceptors, and is the one usually chosen by students.

At Apothecaries' Hall the examination (which is both in writing and *viva voce*) is held three times a year,—viz., in January, April, and September. The subjects are English language, Latin, mathematics, and either Greek, French, German, or natural philosophy.

We will suppose that our student, having made up his mind which

examination he will go through, has elected to matriculate at the London University. To do this, he must give notice in writing to "The Registrar, "University of London, London, W.," at least fourteen days before the date of examination, transmitting at the same time the register of his birth, which must show him to be at least sixteen years of age. He will then receive a reply appointing a time for him to enter his name on the register (which he must do) and pay a fee of £2. The examinations commence on the second Monday in January and the last Monday in June of each year.

If, instead of the matriculation examination of the London University, the student selects that of the College of Surgeons, he must write to "The Secretary, at the College, Lincoln's Inn Fields," for a form of application, which he must fill up and send in not less than three weeks before the date of one of the examinations, with £2, the fee for examination.

If, however, he prefer the Apothecaries' Hall examination, he must send his name and address to "Mr. Sargeant, at the Beadle's Office, Apothecaries' Hall, Blackfriars," at least one week before the day of examination, enclosing the fee of one guinea, and stating which of the optional subjects—Greek, French, German, or natural philosophy—he wishes to be examined in; he must also sign his name in the candidates' book on the Thursday immediately preceding the examination.

As, however, the subjects in Latin, Greek, etc., are altered from time to time by the various boards, the candidate is advised to write for particulars at a much earlier date than those given.

Having passed his preliminary examination before one or other of the boards mentioned, the next thing to be done is to make choice of a hospital for the study of his future profession; and although it is not necessary that the whole term of his novitiate should be passed at one hospital, that course is recommended, as there is no advantage to be gained by entering at different schools, and a student can at any time pay visits to, or hear any lecture he chooses at, the other hospitals. Some, however, may find it convenient to attend for a time at one of the recognised provincial hospitals, of which several—such as Birmingham, Bristol, Cambridge, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Durham, and Sheffield—are very good; but all should pass a portion of their curriculum at a London hospital.

Much might be written on the choice of a medical school. Many men prefer a large hospital, with its wider range of experience; others a small one, with its more exact study of cases. But in both, students are often left very much to their own resources, although as a rule they are made to work. Each practitioner recommends his own *alma mater*,

and each hospital has its own special attractions. One is perhaps more eminent for surgery, another for medicine ; nevertheless, financial questions influence some students, and locality others ; but if a man really means to work, it matters little which hospital he "walks," as all can boast great and good men worthy of emulation, and at all plenty of willing hands will be found to help the earnest student in gaining a thorough knowledge of his noble art.

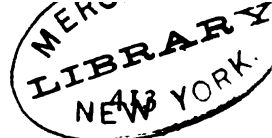
The fees payable at the various metropolitan hospitals are given below, but it may be here remarked that by becoming Perpetual Pupils many advantages are gained in the shape of appointments, such as house surgeons, house physicians, clinical clerks, dressers, and the like,—at most hospitals the appointment being made after a competitive examination. There are also many prizes and scholarships open to Perpetual Pupils only,—in fact, Perpetual Pupils are in much the same position as the private pupils and apprentices of hospital physicians and surgeons in former years, all appointments being now thrown open to them without any favouritism on the part of the hospital staff towards particular pupils.

METROPOLITAN HOSPITALS.

Name of Hospital.	Fees for all Lectures, etc., required by College and Hall	Fees for Perpetual Pupils.	No. of Beds.	No. of New Students who entered each Year in October (approximate average for last three years).
ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S.	£105 0	...	710	95
CHARING CROSS	76 5	150	20
ST. GEORGE'S . . .	94 10	105 0*	353	43
GUY'S	100 0	720	88
KING'S COLLEGE	100 0	170	37
LONDON	94 10	...	570	34
ST. MARY'S	84 5	95 15	165	24
MIDDLESEX	90 0	...	305	32
ST. THOMAS'S	105 0	572	58
UNIVERSITY COLLEGE	...	107 16	150	78
WESTMINSTER . . .	78 0	...	200	11

* It may be observed, to avoid misapprehension, that at St. George's and St. Mary's Hospitals the payment of the additional sum to constitute a Perpetual Pupil is in each case quite optional.—ED.

How to Enter the Professions.



These fees may either be paid in one sum or by yearly instalments, and the student may become "perpetual" at any time by paying the extra amount, his seniority dating from the time of payment. The year is divided into two Sessions—winter and summer; the former commencing October 1st and ending March 31st, the latter beginning May 1st and terminating July 31st. It is usual for students to enter at the winter session, to which an introductory lecture is given at each hospital. This is the great field-day of the year; the hospital staff muster in full force, and old students travel many miles to do honour to the lecturer, and to talk over old times and present prospects. All new "first-year's" "men", make their appearance too, some carefully escorted by relations, some alone, some—already conceited—trying to be patronising, and others clothed in deep humility; and oh, the amount of good advice given on that day! but, like most "advice gratis," often considered worth nothing. The lecture itself generally consists of a greeting, an exhortation to love work and hate to be paid for it, a list of great men to copy (all of whom were of course students of the particular hospital), and general compliments of the season. The address is usually followed by an "annual dinner" or a conversazione.

On entering at a hospital no introduction nor notice is required, and as a rule no certificates have to be produced. All that is necessary is to attend at the hospital on the opening or one of the following days, pay the fees to the Dean of the medical school, and receive from him cards to be signed by the various lecturers, etc.

It would not be expedient here to particularise the courses of lectures, hospital practice, etc., required by the various examining bodies, as the Dean of the school will always explain them to students when requested to do so, and a vast mass of carefully arranged and reliable information as to the selection of a hospital and many useful details are published yearly, during the second week in September, in the "Student's number" of *The Lancet*, of which each student is recommended to obtain a copy. Within fifteen days after entering at the hospital, the candidate must fill up and forward to the "Registrar of the Medical Council" a form of Application to be Registered as a Medical Student, stating name in full, what preliminary examination has been passed, with date of passing it, and place of medical study. This form may be obtained at the hospital without fee.

During his first winter session, the student's time is chiefly occupied in the study of anatomy; he must attend lectures, and also spend as much time as possible in the dissecting-room—both dissecting for himself and studying the dissections of others—without which no amount of reading will enable a man to pass, or make a good anatomist of him.

The surgeon's skill depends on his knowledge of anatomy, and too much time cannot be devoted to its study and practice. Physiology and chemistry also claim attention, and some time may be usefully spent in the surgeon's ward. Clinical lectures have to be attended and surgical operations must be witnessed,—the first operating day of the Session being looked forward to with many misgivings and fears by the new students. Not a few are the pale faces and fainting hearts collected in the operating theatre on this day; but the novelty soon wears off, and unpleasant sensations disappear. And it is well that they do, for a cool head, quick eye, and steady hand are absolutely necessary adjuncts to surgical skill. However "callous" he may appear, no surgeon inflicts avoidable pain, and he will best succeed as an operator who stifles all nervous qualms, and remembers that decision and the infliction of sharp momentary agony may often save life and much probable future suffering.

In the summer session anatomy cannot be studied except by reading and attending post-mortem examinations; the time is therefore devoted to practical chemistry, materia medica, botany, together with clinical lectures and attendance in the wards of the hospital.

If the student intends to graduate at the London University, he should as early as possible after matriculation, and when he is seventeen years of age, pass the preliminary scientific examination, held once a year in July. The subjects are chemistry, mechanical and natural philosophy, botany, and zoology.

The second winter session will be spent much like the first, with the addition of attendance at lectures on medicine and surgery, but at the end of this session the student will be entitled to present himself for the first half of the College of Surgeons' Examination, viz., anatomy and physiology. This advantage he should certainly avail himself of, that it may leave him free to study the more practical details of medicine and surgery. The examination is conducted by written papers, and *visà voce* with recently dissected subjects. A more thoroughly practical or a more searching examination it would be difficult to invent. The fee for it is £5 5s. Should the candidate fail to pass, he cannot go up again to the College of Surgeons for three months. He is, however, entitled to go up for his first M.B. Examination at the London University, consisting of anatomy, physiology, materia medica, organic and pharmaceutical chemistry; also for his first half of the College of Physicians and first half of Apothecaries' Hall Examinations. Should he have been fortunate enough to pass his first half at the College of Surgeons, he is exempt from that of the College of Physicians.

Having cleared the ground of all requisite preliminary studies, and shown by his examinations that he has a competent knowledge of the

foundations of his art, the student will now have to enter thoroughly into the theoretical and practical study of medicine, surgery, and midwifery. The theoretical part is to be obtained by attending lectures and reading ; but the days have gone by when these alone will be sufficient. The student must attend diligently in the wards and the out-patients' rooms ; he must himself attend midwifery cases, watching, making notes of all he sees, both of cases within his own practice and of those attended by others ; he must become thoroughly familiar with Disease in all its phases ; his eyes, his ears, and his hands must be trained again and again ; and when a case terminates fatally, he should never fail to visit the post-mortem room and note the changes that have occurred, thus testing the accuracy of any opinions he may have formed. Although he should ask, and will readily obtain, the opinions of his seniors whenever he is in doubt, let him strive diligently to form an opinion of his own. Nothing will help him in after-life more than careful bedside study in hospital, nor can he spend too much time in it. With his stethoscope, thermometer, microscope, and all the aids that chemistry and kindred sciences supply, let him diligently plod on,—he can scarcely use them too much ; and if he be industrious, patient, thoughtful, and earnest, he cannot fail to pass his examinations, and to become thoroughly acquainted with his profession. The examinations he must go up to are optional, but in order to obtain any appointment it is always necessary to be “Doubly Qualified,” *i.e.*, a Surgical and a Medical Diploma must be obtained. For the first, the M.R.C.S. is invariably taken in England ; for the second, the licence of the College of Physicians or the Society of Apothecaries is generally sufficient, and these may all be taken at the end of the fourth winter session. The student is not compelled to spend his fourth year at the 'hospital, but he is advised to do so. It is only necessary that he should be engaged in the acquirement of professional knowledge, for which unquestionably a hospital is the best place. He may, however, usefully employ himself as an assistant to a physician or surgeon the year away from the hospital.

No mention has been made of what used to be the invariable commencement of study, *viz.*, apprenticeship. This is no longer required by any of the Examining Boards ; and although there are doubtless many advantages to be gained by the practical insight into details which it gives under a good master, it is possible that the pupil may waste much time in the drudgery of simple dispensing, and have no real help given to him in his professional studies. On the whole, therefore, it is better not to be bound to any one, but to obtain as an assistant any particular knowledge which the student feels he most

requires; and if he finds he cannot obtain it with one master, let him change for another.

At the end of the fourth year the student may, if he be twenty-one years of age, present himself for any of the following examinations: the second or final examination for membership of the College of Surgeons, which is held four times in the year, and consists of surgical anatomy, the principles and practice of surgery and medicine—the latter not being required if the candidate has or intends to obtain a licence in medicine, though his diploma will not be given to him until he produces his licence in medicine. This examination is partly written, partly *viva voce*. The student is also tested in the use of surgical apparatus, and in the practical examination of patients in the wards of a selected hospital; and if he is “plucked,” he cannot be examined again for six months. The fees payable to the College of Surgeons are—£2 for the Preliminary Examination, and £22 for the Diploma, of which £5 5s. is required to be paid on going up for the anatomical examination.

The final examination for the College of Physicians is held in February, April, July, October, and December, and consists of materia medica, chemistry, pathology, pharmacy, toxicology, midwifery and diseases of women, medical anatomy, medicine, and public health, with examinations of patients in the wards of a hospital; also surgical anatomy, and surgery—both written and oral—at the bedside of patients, but from the latter the diploma of M.R.C.S. exempts the student. Severe as this examination is in its extent and variety, failure in it throws a student back for six months. The fee for licence of College of Physicians is £15 15s., of which £5 5s. must be paid at the first examination. The final examination for M.B. London takes place once a year in November—the subjects being almost the same as those for a licence from the College of Physicians. The fee is £5. For the final examination for the licence of the Society of Apothecaries it is necessary that the candidate should have been engaged for five years in professional study, unless he has obtained one of the foregoing qualifications; and if he has passed—for instance, the M.R.C.S.—the examination (which consists of the same subjects as that of the College of Physicians) will be much modified: so that, in fact, he may pass the first and second halves of the examination on the same evening. The examinations are held every week, and the fee for a diploma is £6 6s.

If successful, the student may now place his name on the “Medical Register” as “Doubly Qualified,” *i.e.*, for Medicine and Surgery—a two-fold “privilege,” for which he will have to pay £5, and for all legal purposes this registration is sufficient. Many, however, will still desire the numerous higher qualifications in Medicine or Surgery. Others will

covet the degree of M.D., which may be obtained at any of the Universities—English, Scotch, or Irish—all, however, requiring residence for longer or shorter periods. Oxford, Cambridge, Durham, and Dublin require a degree in arts, and the degree of M.B., to be taken before granting the M.D. degree. Aberdeen, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and St. Andrew's require two years' residence—one at least at their own University, and another at one of the other Universities which grants the same degrees. They also require that the M.B. examination shall have been passed. The fee for M.D. diploma is (exclusive of college fees, lectures, etc.) about £31 10s.

St. Andrew's has the power of granting degrees without residence, but only to a very limited number of men yearly, who are in actual practice and over forty years of age. The fee is £52 10s. The University of London does not require residence, but it requires the candidates to have been five years in practice or to have spent two years in hospital attendance, or one year in hospital attendance and three in actual practice after obtaining the M.B. degree. The fee for M.D. examination here is £10.

It is impossible to leave this part of the subject without alluding to the battle that has been waged with more or less energy for the last forty years, both in and out of the profession, on behalf of the "One Portal System,"—or one conjoint Board of Examiners for the three kingdoms, instead of the nineteen separate Boards now existing. There never has been any real doubt as to the advantages of the proposed system both to those entering the profession and to the general public, who would then be able more easily than at present to ascertain whether a man was or was not properly qualified. The profession at large is unanimously in favour of some such scheme, but the various Boards, clinging to vested interests, always oppose the change—each striving to obtain the largest amount of influence or fees in the Conjoint Board, in the event of its being established. The College of Physicians seem to think they are unlike other men; the College of Surgeons hold a similar opinion with respect to themselves; whilst Apothecaries' Hall, which, starting first in the efforts to reform the profession, has done so much in years gone by to raise its tone, is now unmercifully snubbed and sneered at by the other Boards—chiefly because the name of Apothecary has become obsolete, or is a term of depreciation used by a few leading literary men. When doctors differ, who shall decide? Assuredly Government must take up the question sooner or later, and public opinion and the profession at large will eagerly support it. Every kind of outside pressure has been brought to bear upon the various corporations, but without success; and as nothing seems to remain but compul-

sion, it is earnestly to be hoped that no Medical Bill will receive the support of Parliament which does not contain this as a leading feature.

Having shown our young student the several steps he must take, the examinations he must pass, and the fees he must pay, in order to become a duly qualified Medical Practitioner, we must leave him to shape his own course. Whether he choose the army, navy, merchant service, public appointments or private practice, he can never, with perseverance, fair skill, and honest endeavours, fail to ensure a competence by his profession, though it falls to the lot of but few men to make large fortunes in it. It is pre-eminently a profession for work. It gives insight into the human heart, and teaches a man knowledge of the world. It embraces all countries, all creeds, and all classes. It has been said that the clergy see a man at his best—*i.e.*, when he has formed good resolutions ; and that a lawyer sees him at his worst—*i.e.* when he is quarrelling ; but the doctor sees him under both conditions—*i.e.* when he is sick : good and evil are then fighting for the mastery—his love of the world, and his thoughts on leaving it ; and he will be an unworthy follower of St. Luke the Physician who shall disregard the souls while tending the bodies of men, and omit to utter that word in due season for which some will die thanking him, and many will live to bless him.





AT THE COURT OF THE KHEDIVE.

By ANTHONY FREELAND,

AUTHOR OF "FROM CAIRO TO STAMBOUL WITH ISMAIL PASHA," ETC.



N the evening of the 20th of January, 187—, the portion of the Khedive's suite to which I belonged received orders to go on board a dahabeah lying off the palace of Kasr'-el-Nil, in order to be ready to accompany the Khedive early the next morning on an expedition up the Nile. This expedition had long been promised by His Highness to the princesses and some of the younger members of his family, and it was said that we were to go as far as Assouan, and visit all the antiquities on the way, for which we had prepared ourselves by studying Egyptian hieroglyphics and acquiring an accurate knowledge of Menes and his descendants; and one of our number, an ardent antiquary, could have passed a first-class examination in every author from Manetho to Murray.

On the fifteenth of the preceding November we had received orders to be in readiness to start immediately; but since that time, with the uncertainty that pervades the oriental world, the project had been so often put off, forgotten, resuscitated, and abandoned, that we had come to look upon it as a mirage. It was therefore a pleasant surprise to find ourselves fairly embarked.

We had gone on board at dark: by daylight we found our craft to be one of a line of steamers and dahabeahs moored along the right bank of the Nile, under the walls of the building called Kasr'-el-Nil, which forms three sides of a square, so arranged as to combine a palace and a barrack. Having been told that we should start at daybreak, we were not sorry for some hours' delay, as the scenery around was cheerful to contemplate. Two hundred yards above our station the arches of a half-finished bridge curbed and fretted the majestic river, and the broad yellow stream swirled past us, wrinkled by myriad eddies, while the northerly wind, meeting the current, broke the water into ripples glittering in the sun. Black country boats, with house-like poops, floated lazily downwards towards Boulak and the Delta, or with sails set on

their enormous yards slowly breasted the stream. The bank by which we lay was lined with buildings—houses, mosques, barracks, and palaces, some quite new, some shabby, but still erect, some in the last stage of ruin, others with gaudily-painted balconies and gilded capitals, side by side with heaps of rubbish, tottering parapets, and break-neck stairs—the slovenly magnificence of a nation that loves to build but never repairs. On the opposite bank grew a long row of palm trees, and under them nestled an Arab village, between which and the Nile the women were passing to and fro with their waterpots. Overlooking these mud-built hovels, in which the Viceroy's subjects burrowed, was his crisp new palace at Gezeereh ; and the prospect was bounded by acacia avenues leading to the pyramids, whose tops seemed to rise above the foliage.

At noon the band struck up on a large white steamer in the centre of the line, which then slowly steamed into the middle of the stream and led the way up the river. It carried the Viceroy, some of his family, and the most distinguished members of his suite, and towed a long, brightly-painted dahabeah—a floating house, with raised saloons and sleeping apartments, on the roof of which lounged some black eunuchs. The crew consisted of a solitary steersman ; and the pink curtains of the windows were closely drawn, for this barge contained the hareem.

Another steamer followed with a motley company of pashas, officials, and wise-men, of Egypt, including the learned faces of Mariette, and Brugsch, and Reil.

A third vessel carried a still more important cargo, the cooks and confectioners ; then the steamer allotted to one of the princes and his suite fell into line, with a dahabeah in tow ; the rear being brought up by a large steamer full of soldiers in red uniforms. The sun shone, the bands played, the surges broke hoarsely on the banks, the white and gilded steamers, the many-coloured dahabeahs, flashed back the light, the crimson flags of Turkey with their silver crescents and stars floated gaily in the wind ;—thus the procession went swiftly and merrily up the Nile. After a voyage of two hours, our flotilla hove to along the left bank of the river over against the villages of Mittra-hinny and Bedra shayn, which occupy a part of the site of ancient Memphis.

Here we stayed for the night. Next morning at a very early hour there was a great stir on board and ashore, for we were to picnic at the Necropolis of Sakkara ; and the Turks, though indolent, are early risers. By ten o'clock we were all ready. A small body of lancers led the way, followed by a party of Kawasses. Kawasses are men dressed in fezes, black jackets, and baggy black trousers, tight like gaiters from the knee to the ankle. They wear a sash of yellow silk round the waist, and are

armed with curved swords. They are the guards of the hareem and messengers of the palace. Although armed and fierce of aspect, they are not drilled, and they appear to have no military duties, but lead an easy life, most of their time being spent in lounging at the gates of palaces and conversing with eunuchs. They are all Turks, Kurds, or Albanians, many of them old soldiers, and some men who have fled from Turkey to avoid the conscription. Behind the Kawasses came the two carriages of the princesses, each carriage in charge of an English coachman and footman, in black hat, cockade, blue livery, white breeches, and top-boots. Beside the carriages and behind them rode eunuchs in black frock-coats, light trousers, and patent leather boots. As Turkish fashion now condemns the eunuch to be dressed like a Parisian, he can show his love of colour only in his tie, his gloves, and his socks, which are always of the gaudiest material he can procure. The whole costume contrasted strangely with their shrill, unearthly voices, and prognathous umber visages. They are always well mounted, for they are great connoisseurs in horseflesh. At some little distance in rear of the carriages came a mixed multitude of Franks, Greeks, Turks, and Egyptians on horses, camels, and donkeys; men and women of every variety of language, skin, and dress, including a French *femme de chambre* in the latest Parisian fashion, and an English governess, who preferred comfort to elegance, and bravely wore a blue veil and a hat resembling a tureen.

Foremost in the crowd rode the Princess Zeyneb, a daughter of the Viceroy, about twelve years old. She was enjoying her freedom to the utmost, for she approached the age at which the Turkish maiden bids farewell to mankind, and enters the guarded portals of the hareem. Her donkey was generally rushing onward at its full speed, she and her companions shouting for joy and laughing till the palms of Memphis rang again. She was of pale complexion, with features of the Osmanli type, quick black eyes and luxuriant brown hair: a kind-hearted girl, gentle and helpless, anxious to be loved, and easily moved to tears by a pitiful sight or story. Her education was in the hands of the most experienced governess England could produce, and I hope she profited by the instruction of this lady, whom she always treated with great respect. By her side rode a little Circassian girl, the sharer of all her pursuits and studies. The Circassian's face was grave and even stern, but softened by a smile of peculiar sweetness. Her features were strong and regular, with earnest, intelligent grey eyes, and a mass of raven hair. She was very clever and sensible, learning everything with ease, and older people often appealed to her opinion in practical difficulties. Very muscular, and fond of active exercise, she moved about amongst

the indolent Turks with the independent bearing and elastic step of a mountaineer. The princess and her companion were dressed in the French fashion, and in appearance did not differ from the girls who play in the gardens of the Tuileries. With them was the princess's brother, a stout lad of eleven years of age. He had bright, intelligent eyes, and a quick, inquisitive mind. Great care was taken with his education, which was in the hands of two Englishmen, a Turk, an Arab, and an Italian. He was enjoying his escape from these gentlemen, and as he had a boundless curiosity, and liked to know what every one was doing, he and his donkey seemed to be everywhere—now in front, now on the flank, now in the rear. He was surrounded by a crowd of obsequious followers, and a hundred hands were ready to prop him on his animal, which he bestrode with no very great security.

The queer procession passed on, over the buried city of Menes ; by the statue of Rameses II., the oppressor of the Hebrews, prostrate in a pond ; along the sullen shores of the palm-fringed lake of the dead ; by Arab villages and squalid cemeteries ; and, finally, along three miles of causeway bordered on either side by far-stretching plains, knee-deep in green vegetation. We then ascended the desert, which here rises steeply from the verdure-clad margin. The roadway led past the graduated pyramid of Sakkara, through yawning pitfalls and over sands strewn with bones. For we were now in the city of the dead, which here underlies the desert in every direction. At that time the antiquities of Egypt were not so strictly preserved as now, and profane hands had been rifling the mummy pits, and throwing the contents about. "The bones were scattered before the pit like as when one breaketh and heweth wood upon the earth," and the donkeys stumbled over skulls or trod on limbs still wrapped in their cerements, which sent up a cloud of dark brown dust. Poor Egyptian ! Four thousand years' secure repose, and then the hoof of a Turkoman's donkey !

We rode for a mile into the desert, and found two large tents prepared for our reception. Round them the Kawasses and soldiers had tethered their horses ; and the camels which had brought the provisions were reposing and eating chopped straw with much apparent enjoyment. It is strange that any animals can thrive on this unattractive provender, which seems not more nutritious than sawdust. The tents were pitched close to the flat-roofed house which Mariette Bey, the Viceroy's manager of antiquities, has built on this part of the desert for the purpose of better investigating the necropolis of Sakkara. Into this house the ladies of the hareem were conducted. Our luncheon was spread on the ground in one of the tents. It was an European repast in all respects, except that we squatted round the cloth, and that the *pièce de résistance* was a

sheep roasted whole. Whilst we were thus engaged, there appeared at the opening of the tent a little man at whose presence we all rose. "Ne bougez pas, Messieurs, ne bougez pas," said he with a wave of his hand. He was about five feet high, and stooped slightly, but in spite of the smallness of his stature he had a dignified and commanding air. He wore a fez, a dust-coloured overcoat, and light trousers.

It was Ismail Pasha, the Khedive, who, after our procession had started, had ridden up on a donkey, to see how we were getting on. He is very short and broad, and if dressed in loose oriental robes would resemble his grandfather, Mohammed-Ahlee; but being very near-sighted, he lacks the eagle glance which distinguished the founder of his family. After speaking a few good-humoured words to those present, he walked off in the direction of the house in which the princesses were lodged. Having stayed there a short time, he reappeared alone, rapidly inspected our encampment, satisfied his curiosity, called for his ass, mounted the scarlet saddle with the assistance of a chair, and ambled gaily back through the desert towards Sakkara, followed at a respectful distance by a few Kawasses and some of his body guard. Three principal sights had been prepared for our inspection—the long subterranean galleries, flanked on both sides by the recesses in which once lay the dead bull gods, each in his huge sarcophagus of granite; the tomb of Ti, the Egyptian priest, and the tomb of Ptah-hotep, the Egyptian nobleman—or rather the funereal chambers which were built above the vault in which the bodies were placed, the painted relievos on their walls telling with elaboration the story of those who slept below.

The long galleries were lit up from end to end by Arab boys stationed at intervals of five or six yards, each holding in his hand a large candle. They stood motionless, like brown statues, but for their bright black eyes, which gleamed upon us with looks of awe, amusement, and curiosity quaintly blended. The three princesses, and another lady who had accompanied them on the expedition, were first conducted through the galleries and tombs. All wore a long silk cloak and white yashmak, the usual walking dress of a Turkish lady, and each carried a parasol. They were attended by eunuchs. We were supposed to keep clear of this party, and as they approached every one seemed suddenly to find an object of interest in a contrary direction, and walked or rode steadily away. However, as the desert was uneven and undulating, and the paths wound in and out amongst rocks and sand-hills, which prevented us from seeing far ahead, an unfortunate rider was sometimes carried by his donkey into the forbidden presence, and it was amusing to see his frantic efforts to wheel the perverse and irreverent animal. But all was good humour, and no one was either strangled or decapitated on the

spot. I thought of Persia, and that not distant time when it was death to be seen in the street whilst the Shah's hareem was passing.

For the amusement of the children it was arranged that some excavations should be made in their presence. A spot was selected, and a hole was soon dug, and before any great depth was reached an image of Osiris was unearthed ; a little further down, and the spade threw up an Isis, then another image, and another. The children shouted with delight, innocently unsuspecting the kind of pious fraud which Mariette Bey had concocted for their benefit. Late in the afternoon the hareem carriages started, horses and donkeys were saddled, the tents were taken down, grunting discordant remonstrances the camels reassumed their loads, and we all wended our way back to the Nile,—large baksheesh having first been given to the sheiks and principal inhabitants of the neighbouring villages, who had gathered in a circle round our camp, doubtless thinking to themselves, "The king does not come "this gait ilka day."

I walked home with an Armenian gentleman who had been educated in Scotland, but had since been nearly fifty years amongst the Turks. He enlivened the way with anecdotes of Abdul Medjid, Abbas Pasha, and Said Pasha, of Napier, Ponsonby, and Stratford Canning, all of whom he had known well. He had been with the Turkish army at the siege of Acre, and had seen Ibrahim Pasha's soldiers blown into the air. When the battle of Konieh was fought, he was at Angora, and saw Von Moltke spurting through that town in hot haste towards Stamboul, in a furious rage with the Turkish commander for rejecting his advice. The brutal visage of Abbas Pasha remained indelibly fixed in his imagination, and he narrated with great minuteness the unutterable horrors of his death, which no pen has yet ventured to describe. Of Said Pasha, with whom he had been a favourite, he had more pleasing reminiscences. Said Pasha delighted in showing his contempt of danger, and once walked into a powder magazine smoking his pipe, compelling his terrified suite to follow him. He was very impatient of any display of fear. One of his nephews, a boy about twelve years of age, crying when a cannon was fired, was instantly seized by his uncle's orders and bound astride the gun, which was then discharged. Said Pasha tried to sell everything, even Egypt itself ; but he had moments of deep remorse, and he was once seen squatting on a sofa, crying and reproaching himself for being such a villain.

The Armenian had served the Turks faithfully, and they treated him well and liked him. He knew their language thoroughly, their habits, their weaknesses, all their social observances : his salaam was as elaborate and complete as that of the most punctilious Osmanli : he knew when

to flatter, when to jest, and he could traverse with ease all the tortuous paths by which the suppliant must approach an oriental despot. He was our interpreter with the Government, and we often annoyed him by the brutal frankness with which we went straight to the point. We generally found that it would have been better to let him guide us in his own way. He was much liked by the Viceroy. But whilst basking in the smiles of a kindly despot, he never forgot that he had once been a citizen of a free country.

“ Give me back one hour of Scotland,
Let me see it ere I die.”

This was his constant thought and, when his gilded chains galled him, he used to collect his money, pack up his effects, and express his intention of immediately retiring to that happy haven. He loved Scotchmen, he read Scotch authors, and his memory was stored with Scotch jokes. Although I had not the advantage of being born north of the Tweed, he always showed me great kindness, and his long experience of orientals made him a very pleasant companion, though as the depositary of many secrets he was wary in his talk, and sometimes, though rarely, abstained from speaking altogether. As we descended from the city of the dead, the evening sun was reddening the stems of the Memphian palm groves : the desert and the pyramids were round about us : far away to the north-east the domes and minarets of Cairo closed the prospect : beyond the river we could see the cliffs and quarries of Toura, and below us, far and wide to north and south, stretched the green expanse of the Nile's unrivalled valley. When Elfy Bey, the Memlook, had been defeated by Mohammed-Ahlee, and was flying into Upper Egypt, he halted at this spot to take a last look at the distant towers of Cairo ; and as his eyes wandered over the magnificent scene, he wept to think that this fair land had passed for ever from the sway of the Memlooks.

We stayed that night under the bank of the river over against Bedrashayn : next morning, when the sun had just risen above the eastern desert, and the air was still keen and cold, the whole flotilla was again under way, the Viceroy leading in a fast steamer, and the rest of the procession following at its best pace.

Late in the evening we reached Feshn, where we brought-to for the night opposite a sugar factory. Although the expedition was ostensibly one of pleasure, it was evidently the intention of the Viceroy to combine with it as much business as possible, and we stayed at Feshn that he might inspect the factory.

The faces of the Khedive's retinue used faithfully to reflect the feelings of their master :

“The busy whisper circling round
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.”

If anything had gone wrong, I could read it in the face of the Bey who superintended our department. Naturally an easy-going man, he was then nervous, silent, suspicious, snappish, and cuffed his inferiors on very slight provocation. At Feshn there were gloomy looks. The engine had been put up by the English engineer, but after working for a day or two had broken down. On investigating the matter, it was found that some one had put a stone into the machinery. The author of this piece of mischief could not be discovered, but the Englishman said it was the act of some evil-minded and jealous Frenchman. I doubted the correctness of this assertion, though there was a bitter rivalry throughout Egypt between the English and the members of *la grande nation*. The Viceroy speaks French, but neither speaks nor understands English, which gives a great advantage to Frenchmen, who can communicate personally with him, whilst the Englishman is often left to the mercies of a dragoman, as he seldom knows enough French to argue or explain a technical matter in that language.

The next morning we started at daybreak, halting at noon, while the Viceroy made an expedition by rail to Mogaga. At that place Mr. Anderson, an English engineer, was at the head of the factory, which was in first-rate order, so that the Viceroy on his return was very affable and talkative, and walked about with his arm round the neck of his favourite son. Our faces began to brighten ; but when we arrived at Minieh all was again changed, it being discovered that the Arab who had been in charge of the sugar and cotton plantations had embezzled sums of money amounting, it was said, to £150,000. He was sent off under a guard to Cairo, and our good-humour was turned into fear and irritability : the air was heavy with rumour and suspicion, and we looked anxiously round to see on whom the blow would next fall.

We were received at Minieh by a regiment of soldiers drawn up on the bank ; a double row of curtains was stretched from the gangway of the Viceroy's vessel to the entrance of the palace, and thus the harem was enabled to pass unseen to the interior of the edifice.

Minieh, the town which the Viceroy has chosen as his favourite residence, is on the western bank of the Nile, about 150 miles from Cairo. The traveller gliding past it in his dahabeah sees a line of

palaces reflected in the water, a row of trees overshadowing the white tomb of some forgotten sheik, a mosque with a slender and graceful minaret, and vessels of various colours and sizes drawn up along the bank. If he were in search of a retreat, the broad river, the cloudless sky, the bright town embosomed in green fields, might tempt him to say,

"Sit meæ sedes utinam senectæ."

But if he landed, the charm would be in a great measure dispelled. The palaces, with the exception of the one occupied by the Viceroy, are dirty and decaying, untenanted, or used as barracks: the streets are mean and tortuous, the bazaars small and dark, and the way is often blocked by heaps of filth and rubbish. The men are quiet and well dressed; but there is something peculiarly wild and haggard in the faces of the women, many of whom are too poor to wear the yashmak. In one quarter of the town there are numerous low cafés, each of which has a ghastly contingent of singing or dancing girls, and is thronged at night by Arabs of all ages, who applaud with rapture the contortions of these unfortunate women. From such places the traveller may gain a notion of what is considered gaiety and fast life in a Mahomedan provincial town.

The Viceroy's palace is a large but unpretending white building at the northern extremity of the town. A new quarter was rising round it; roads were being made, and houses in the European style erected, while the air resounded with the song of the Arab boys and girls as they carried the bricks or mortar; and at the gate of the palace was a huge sugar factory, the chimney of which far overtopped its more elegant neighbour the minaret. There is a railway station, a telegraph and a post office, but no hotel, nor any accommodation for an European traveller. This latter circumstance recommends the town to the Khedive, for it is a day's journey from the metropolis, and no one would come there to see him unless for some very urgent reason. At Cairo he is very accessible; his antechambers are thronged by adventurers, and his time is wasted by wandering noodles who have no mercy on him. He loves to escape to Minieh, where he can live unmolested in the society of his wives and children, and occupy himself with his favourite pursuits. At Minieh he is in the midst of his estates and factories. The surrounding country is his own, and it is like the garden of the earth. Maize grows there, as also wheat, burseem, clover, all kinds of vegetables, coffee, cotton, sugar-cane, tobacco, and camphor. He can see his crops increasing day by day, and the fellahs toiling in his fields; seated in his palace, he can hear the noise of the mighty engine which is crushing his sugar, or follow with his eyes the train which is carrying

his cotton to the markets of Cairo and Alexandria. He can travel easily along the railway to inspect his various factories which lie between Rhoda and Feshn; and if he has any love for the picturesque and romantic (which he probably has not) he can watch the sun sinking in the desert, and the long line of camels slowly returning from his sugar-fields along the river bank. At the time of which I am writing, he saw very few visitors, and seldom left his palace except to saunter along the parade by the river-side, accompanied by one or two of his ministers, or his favourite financier, generally walking slightly in front of them, they drawing nearer when he addressed them. He spent the evening with his family and a confidential physician.

Sometimes, but rarely, he went in pursuit of the geese and wild ducks that abounded in the neighbourhood. In his earlier days he had been a keen sportsman, but on his accession to the viceregal throne, imagining himself surrounded by plots, and becoming curiously apprehensive as to his personal safety, he laid aside his gun. The chase was therefore now conducted in a peculiar manner. The geese were in the habit of assembling in flocks on the islands and mud-banks of the Nile. News of their appearance having been brought to the palace, two large boats or barges were manned, and went off in pursuit. The hinder boat contained a number of soldiers and servants, with provisions; the front boat, in which there was an awning, carried the Khedive, his ministers, and suite; and in the bow was a mitrailleuse, mounted on a swivel. The Turks were very proud of this mitrailleuse, and counted on a huge slaughter; but they went about their proceedings with so much noise and shouting, and the sight of the game produced in them such a frenzy of excitement, all rising, gesticulating, and almost trampling on each other, that they could never approach near enough fairly to test the merits of their weapon. I believe it was fired off once or twice, but they always returned empty-handed.

But this picture of a monarch in retirement would not be truthful without the addition of a darker shade. I was sitting one day in the cabin of the dahabeah in which we lived, when I heard a mysterious hum or murmur proceeding from the river. I went on deck, and saw a steamer towing along six large barges crammed with human beings. They squatted on the deck to the number of about two hundred in each barge, and in the midst of each gang stood a man keeping order with a large stick. No restriction, however, seems to have been placed on their tongues, and the noise they made as they passed was unlike anything I have ever heard. The whole company was landed at a short distance from the palace, and formed an encampment on some waste ground near the railway station. During the day they were employed in making a

railroad through the sugar plantations—working, half naked, in gangs of ten or twelve—men, boys, and women mixed together—and strictly watched by a numerous band of taskmasters, Egypt's immemorial scourge. They toiled away with vigour, but they had the sullen look of men engaged in uncongenial labour. Although probably their consent had not been asked when they were brought from their homes, they certainly received some kind of pay, as I used to see them in the evening crowding round one of the taskmasters, who held a long list of names in his hand, and as each man was called he received a slip of paper. At night, in their encampment, they did not seem unhappy.

The Viceroy having settled down to his farming occupations, appeared in no hurry to proceed with the expedition to Nubia. He and his wives and children were comfortably established in the palace, but his suite were left in the mud, packed together rather closely in steamers and dahabeahs. Day succeeded day, and we were always going the day after to-morrow, or next Monday positively, or something of that kind; and we were told not to stray far from the town, lest the order for getting under way should come suddenly.

The country round, if not very rich in game properly so called, abounded in things which might be pursued and killed. Every piece of swampy ground harboured an inexhaustible supply of snipe; flocks of pigeons haunted the precipices on the opposite bank; ducks and geese paid occasional visits to the mud-banks; and in addition to these were plovers, greenshanks, egrets, kingfishers, kites, vultures, hawks and hoopoes, hares, foxes, and wolves. We could roam the fields in every direction without any opposition from the fellah. A file of strange sportsmen striding through his standing beans, a sight to madden a British farmer, seemed only to amuse *him*. He would stand watching us and grinning, or perhaps would come forward, and, producing a rusty firelock, ask for a little ammunition. The shooting parties were sometimes accompanied by the juvenile Pasha. He had a very small double-barrelled gun, exquisitely made and finished; but he used it with so little care that it was more a terror to his friends than to the game.

The search for antiquities formed our second amusement; but Minieh itself presented no great field for this pursuit, though as the capital of Middle Egypt it had been an important place during the struggle between Mohammed Ahlee and the Memlooks. It was often taken and retaken, and a neighbouring grove, which had been the scene of peculiar slaughter, was still called "the bloody palms."

The opposite shore was more interesting. The strip of fertile land was there about half a mile in width, from which the desert sloped steeply up or rose abruptly in perpendicular limestone precipices. At

the foot of one of the latter was a silent city, a city of tombs, nearly half a mile in length and a quarter of a mile in breadth. Thither all the dead Mahomedans were brought from a great distance on both sides of the river. Unlike most Arab cemeteries, it was neat and cleanly kept. Each family seemed to have its tomb, consisting of a dome, under which the bodies reposed, and a small walled curtillage with stone or earthen benches, where the mourners could rest, and where, I believe, they lived during their periodical visits to dead relatives. Quarries of vast extent and immemorial antiquity invited us to explore their labyrinths. The Egyptian, the Greek, the Roman, the Arab, the Turk, had all been there, and had left tokens of their presence by hieroglyphics, by inscriptions, by quaint and fantastic carvings.

In lonely spots and amongst desolate crags we often found ourselves in front of ancient Egyptian tombs. One of our party, an Alpine climber, examined them all to their inmost depths, and compelled them to give up their secrets. One inaccessible hole alone baffled his efforts. It was large and square, and evidently the work of man, but it was so high up in the side of a perpendicular precipice that there were no visible means of reaching it. At a bend in the river, where the rocks came nearly to the water's edge, stood the remains of a large city. For more than a mile the ground was strewn with broken pottery, and so complete were some of the houses that in the distance they looked like a red cliff. Perched on its eminence, this city must have been a very commanding and conspicuous object, but the guide-books were silent as to its history. Out of the beaten track in Egypt there is plenty of unexplored ground. Ruins everywhere greet the eye; and amid the ephemeral stucco of the Turk and the hovels of the Arab it is easy to recall the time when the river flowed past a succession of stately cities, and reflected "the endless length of dark-red colonnades." Whilst we waited, preparations for the expedition went on. Mariette Bey gave lectures to the Viceroy's family, and drew up for their instruction a list of the successive rulers of Egypt, from Menes to Mohammed Ahlee; after which he was sent up the river to superintend the making of roads at Denderah and elsewhere, to smooth the way for the hareem carriages. The education of the children was carried on in a large white building, newly built between the palace and the river. It had been intended for a hareem, and was constructed in the usual fashion of such buildings—that is, it was a large, square, one-storied house, and contained a number of small rooms round a central staircase, each room opening into the next through a doorway screened by curtains. Nearly the whole of one side on the upper floor was occupied by a large saloon. In this room the children, their companions, governesses, tutors, doctor, and equeries

had their meals together. There were generally also one or two visitors, who were always heartily welcomed. It was a pleasant and peculiar party. The room was large and airy, and the windows looked up the Nile in the direction of Beni Hassan. The conversation was polyglot; the Egyptians addressing each other in Turkish—which is the language of the Court—though they all understood either French or English.

At length Mariette Bey returned from Denderah; and all things being complete, and nearly a month having elapsed since we came to Minieh, we thought that now at least we should start. But we were disappointed. A few days after the return of M. Mariette, I was sent for by one of the Beys and requested to inform the English contingent of the suite that in two hours a train would be ready to convey them back to Cairo. The expedition was given up.

I had to face some murmurs; but grumbling was useless, and at ten o'clock on the same night we found ourselves at Embarah, the terminus of the railway on the western bank of the Nile, nearly opposite to Boulak—a solitary village, surrounded by broken ground and pitfalls. Fortunately, the moon was shining brightly, and by its light we were able to stumble down to the Nile, where we found a man sleeping in a crazy boat. We woke him, and persuaded him to ferry us across, which he slowly accomplished by means of a single oar, like Charon with a party of disconsolate ghosts.

Qualis rediit! It was a curious contrast to our magnificent departure a month before. By good luck we found a belated carriage in Boulak, and in it we drove home, greatly to the astonishment of the people of the house, who thought we were sleeping securely at Minieh. A few days afterwards the Viceroy, his family, and the remainder of his suite returned also. It astonished us to find that this sudden change excited amongst them no murmur, nor even any expression of surprise. It was His Highness's order—they asked nothing further. Throughout his family and household there reigns an absolute unquestioning obedience, partly the result of oriental custom, partly because they have a deeply rooted belief that whatever he does is wise and just.





THE BATTLE OF THE STANDARD.

BY WILLIAM ALFRED GIBBS,

AUTHOR OF "HAROLD ERLE," "ARLON GRANGE," "THE STORY OF A LIFE," ETC.

Part the Second.

The March continued, and the Triumphant Entry into London.

ROUD was De Bohun—proud—but still more glad
That Fortune thus had thrown to him the chance
To aid and rescue his beloved King ;—
For Gervase loved his liege-lord with a love

Almost akin to blind idolatry.

Aye ! he had read his Monarch's noble face
Like as a pedant reads his favourite book ;
And a right-royal book to read, I ween,
Was the King's visage ;—a grand massive brow,—
Finely marked features of the Norman type,
To which the warrior's bronze gave manliness,
An eagle eye that flashed with scathing fire
When treason or oppression roused its wrath,
But like warm sunshine breaking thro' a cloud
When the sweet, gracious, swiftly-kindled smile
Broke thro' the clouds of frequent-coming care.
In thought, or in repose, it might seem stern,
But the King's sternness was scarce more than feigned
To check presumption or rebuke a fault
When both had grown too heinous ; little faults
And passing errors he o'erlooked with ease ;
Not his the meanly microscopic eye
That magnifies the sins and petty wrongs
Which all men do to all, scarce consciously,
Throughout all life ; nor his the fretful heart
To chafe and worry through its Summer day
Because the world is full of such small wrongs :

Nor did he bring the burning-glass of wrath
To scorch and sear these surface blemishes,
Regardless of the smarting, angered wound
That follows from a merciless rebuke.
Far rather would he seem to see them not ;
Or, seeing, strive to heal them with a glance
Of kindly pity ;—like the fabled cure
Of the King's-evil, healed by the King's touch.
What wonder then that Gervase loved him well !
His faith in Stephen's courage, wisdom, skill,
Was simply boundless. In the young knight's creed
The King could do no wrong in very sooth,
Not as mere cunning fiction of the law.
His blithe heart bounded with supreme delight
When Stephen called him from amongst his knights,
And placed him for the banquet at his side.
On went the feast right merrily, for each
Had some adventure, hazardous or droll,
Of this or former chases, to recount ;
Thus sometimes laughter seemed to unseal song,
And then from song rose laughter, like a fount
Sparkling and splashing with refreshing spray.
But now an outer horn rang high and clear,
And whilst its echoes lingered, bold De Fosse
Leapt from his horse and strode into the hall.

" Welcome, Sir Richard ! " " Ere we ask his news,
Give him some wine." " My gallant trusty knight,
Thou look'st sore travel-stained,—a weary way
At speed thou must have traversed to return
A full day sooner than we looked for thee ! "

" Thanks to my horse, my liege, more than myself.
(Let him be cared for, Walter, well to-night ;
See to that chafe beneath his girth, good squire.)
Right glad, O King, shall I too be to rest,—
But I have breath enow to tell good news :
Thy potent brother, holy Winchester,
Hath so won o'er the citizens to thee
And thy good cause, that when thy pennon flies
In sight of London, thou wilt be proclaimed
And hailed with shouts as ' Stephen, England's King ! ' "

" Good news, indeed, thou bringest, noble knight ;
 And that our thanks be not mere empty words,
 We do create thee Baron De la Fosse
 And Lord of Arlon, in our own fair land ;
 When Stephen is the Lord of England too,
 Look to have better gifts than these from him :
 Now feast and rest ; for by to-morrow's dawn
 We will set on. Is't moonlit, my good lord ?"
 " Yea ; bright as day." " Then, Gervase, swift to horse,
 And forward to the camp ; see all astir
 And marching on by daybreak ;—tell the news,—
 They'll march the gayer for it. Now, D'Auray,
 Eustace, and noble Edgar, come with us
 To plan our morrow's route ; brave knights, give heed
 To the reveille ;—until then, fare ye well."
 While Richard cut his way thro' warden-pie,
 And quaffed a goodly stoup of generous wine,
 The mirth grew louder in the lower hall
 Amongst the archers and the men-at-arms.
 No longer awed by presence of the King,
 They sang their songs more freely, each in turn
 Extolling his own weapon in rude rhymes.
 Perchance the best worth record was Ranoulf's
 In praise of cloth-yard shaft and staunch yew bow :—

Ho ! the long ash lance and the two-handed sword
 Are trusty good weapons for baron or lord,
 And the battleaxe, wielded in knightly hand,
 Is a pretty defence against lance and brand.
 But ho ! ho ! ho !
 Give me my good bow,
 And I fear neither lordly nor knightly foe.

We care not a doit for your mace and your spear,
 Or your long Saxon bill with its hook so queer ;
 With our good yew bows and our cloth-yard arrows
 We'll shoot ye all down like a flock of sparrows.
 Then ho ! ho ! ho !
 Give me my good bow,
 And to battle or wolf-hunt I'll merrily go.

Oh, your horse in the chase may be strong and fleet,
 And your falcon's swift wings may the heron beat ;

The Battle of the Standard.



Your hounds may yelp after the wolf or the stag,
And of all their grand doings you all may brag ;

But ho ! ho ! ho !

The shaft from my bow

Swifter than falcon or horse will go.

Up in the air—yet the eagle's eyes
See not the arrow by which he dies ;
Over the plain—yet the bounding roe
See not the cause of its mortal throes ;

So swift doth it go,

The shaft from my bow,

It pierces the hart ere the hind doth know.

“By Mars ! good archer,” quoth the new-made lord,
“I would thou hadst been with me yester-morn,
Thy ten sharp arrows had been well bestowed
Upon a parlor game ! Listen, young knights !
At daybreak, after some two hours of rest,
I prickt across an open forest-plain,
Shouting some snatches of an old war-song,
And joying greatly in the crisp fresh air
That beat upon me as I sped along,—
When with a thundering sound that shook the earth
A herd of beasts with most portentous horns
Came charging at me, crashing thro' the woods
Tow'rd which my course was bent ; sudden they stood
Halting, with upreared heads, then sudden turned
As if with panic seized ;—content was I
Rather to see their upreared tails, than horns ;
But soft—again—they halted with a jerk,—
Wheeled round and faced me ;—troth I liked it not,
But still kept on my course ; once more they fled,
But this time nor so swiftly nor so far,
Then closer charged at me with bellowing roar.
Shall I confess, sirs, that I made a halt ?
I did not care to chance my life that day
Because I bore good tidings for the King ;—
Had they been ill, perchance I had not cared.
I then bethought me of my sword of fire,—
The strange device contrived by wise Bretagne ;
Swift-lighted and aflame, with ringing shout,
And spurs well home into my good steed's flanks,

I dashed right at them, whirling high my torch
Until great sparks and flashes of red flame
Flew far and wide, and dazzled their wild eyes !
Thus parted right and left, in sore affright,
I rode straight thro' the herd, which, once disperst,
Made off and left me scatheless. Ho ! some wine,
And then to rest, for I am wearied, knights !”

Meantime, Gervase rode forth in joyous mood,
Gladdened with feast and wine, and fired by praise ;
His youthful blood swift coursing thro' his veins
Had flushed his brow with well-nigh fever-heat ;
Hence the delicious coolness of the night
Came like a sea-breeze on a sultry noon,
Bringing refreshment and new energies.
Nought was so high, so steep, so difficult,
But what his gallant horse and trusty sword
Could overleap or crash at or cut through.
Then, when this fierce exultant mood soothed down,
His young and ardent soul, attuned to love,
Thrilled with the beauty of the sylvan scenes
Thro' which he passed ; it seemed enchanted land.
The moonlight streamed away o'er hill and dale,
Bringing out sharp and clear against the sky
The infinite wild beauty of the trees,
With all their faëry tracery of form ;
Ascending from the vast black massive trunk,
Disparting thence into an hundred arms,—
Each arm of giant strength,—and thence again
Parting and branching out in sylvan spray,
Pointing with myriad fingers at the stars.
“ Yes ! yes ! ” (he raved) “ the stars ! And mine own star
Rides high in heaven, shining brightly down
Upon its own true knight. Oh ! mystic light
That ruleth ever o'er my destiny,
Under whose influence my young life began,
Lead me to triumph ! triumph ever thus !
My spirit leaps and soars,—my very horse
Seems instinct with a wild abounding life,
And bears me forward, upward, as with wings !
Now should I joy to charge with ringing spear
E'en stalwart De la Fosse or vast Montresse—

Aye, both of them at once ;—mine arm is strung
With such strange strength, it aches to strike at steel !
Ha ! by good chance ! Lo ! robbers in my track !
Have at ye, villains !—caitiffs ! clear the way ! ”

’Twas e’en as Bohun said—three grim strong knaves,
Well armed with staves and bills, sprung from a wood,
And barred his path. One strove to seize his rein,
But simply lost his hand in the attempt,—
For in his rhapsody the wild young knight
Had drawn his sword upon a fancied foe,
And hence ’twas ready for the sudden swoop
Which sent the maimed man howling thro’ the woods ;
Another ruffian, with a dexterous lift,
Unhorsed Gervase ; and ill he then had fared,
But his staunch charger wheeled and struck the thief
With iron heel that laid him sprawling wide ;
Bohun sprang up like lightning from the ground,
And after two or three well-guarded blows
Of staff and bill against well-wielded sword,
Cut down the third foe ere his comrade rose ;
But he, the fiercest and the strongest, rushed
With rage upon the knight, and bore him hard
With flail-like blows from pond’rous quarterstaff ;
Then, trusting to his axe, he strove to close—
So rashly, that he rushed upon the sword,
Wounding Gervase indeed, but killed himself.

His mother’s scarf, woven by loving hands,
Now wove the spell of succour for her son,
Who bound it firmly round his aching wound,
Mounted his horse, and wended on his way.

The moon still shone in heaven, the stars were bright ;
But Bohun did not think the scene so fair,
Nor did he greatly crave to meet more foes ;
Not sorry either was he to espy
The tents and camp-fires of the well-watched host.
His good news spread like wildfire through the camp ;
And ere the morrow’s dawn had streaked the sky
The army was afoot and on the march.
The barber-surgeon dressed the young knight’s wound,

Which, tho' a shrewd one, nought disabled him
 From riding with the others. As they passed
 Through straggling villages with roll of drum
 And blare of trumpet, Saxon-folk came out
 To scowl with hate and fear upon the host.
 Not yet forgotten—ne'er to be forgot
 The tyrannies of conquest,—men were there—
 Old men with withering hatred in their eyes,
 Handless, by fierce decree of forest law ;
 Others, with eyes put out in manhood's prime,
 Listening with clenched teeth and beating hearts
 To th' insulting trumpets' pealing notes,
 With bitter curses rising to their lips.
 Few who mourned not some death, or worse than death,
 Done to a mother, sister, daughter, wife,
 By the licentious, scoffing conquerors.
 Oh, England ! England ! hold thine own, dear land !
 Let not " the proud hoofs of a Conqueror "
 Trample again upon thy virgin plains !
 Guard well thy noble cities,—now so rich
 That all the warrior-nations, sword in hand,
 Forecast their spoil with undissembled greed,
 And hungrily await the despot's nod
 To hurl their armed millions on the prey.
 The lust of conquest-plunder rages wide,
 And monstrous grows with what it feeds upon ;
 These armed millions must be fed with gold,
 And larger cravings follow each huge meal.
 " But whence the quarrel," say'st thou ? Oh, be sure,
 Quarrel is always easy to the strong !
 The silent autocrats—by whose sole will
 Vast armies march and concentrate—can make
 Dissension on the ninth part of a hair,
 And force swift battle at their chosen hour.

This is no mildly meek millennial age,
 Wherein the lion, dwindling to the lamb,
 With plaintive bleat and deprecating baa,
 Can soothe the savage wolf across the stream.
 The stream indeed divides thee as of yore,
 Yet e'en of yore 'twas crossed to thy deep shame ;
 But now, by subtle science well-nigh bridged,

'Tis but an easy leap for war's were-wolves,
Whose ravening fangs could tear thee limb from limb.
Can ye not see them darkening the bleak plains,
With countless legions, in the ice-bound north?
That bitter mother, that ferocious nurse,
Who ever driveth forth half-famished broods
To seek their prey in lands of luxury :
Onward they come like to a surging flood,—
Swelled by the streams of Austria's myriad hosts
And new Germania's soldier-peopled land.
Onward they come,—the Vandal and the Hun—
Croat and Cossack—Teuton—Magyar—
In nature little changed since Attila !
A common instinct binds them, and will bind,
In secret league by subtle state-craft forged ;
Their enterprize ? Thy conquest ! True, the spoil
Will break the fragile league, for always thieves
Do quarrel o'er their plunder ; but to thee,—
Robbed, ravished, ruined, made to lick the dust
From off the conqueror's feet,—small comfort that !
Will their fierce after-strifes give back the blood
Of all the noblest, bravest of thy land,
Slaughtered in hopeless, unprepared defence ?
Will it dry up the agonizing tears
Of outraged women, or wash off the stains,
The foul pollutions, and the nameless shames
Inflicted by a brutal soldiery ?

Still Saxon ! still supine ! Will nothing warn ?
Will nothing rouse thee from thy lethargy ?
Is it so long since gallant Denmark lost
Half of her scanty kingdom, and but holds
The other half on suff'rance ?—Austria then,
The mighty spoiler, swift in turn despoiled ;
Crushed,—conquered,—in a few hot summer weeks !
And next proud France !—grand military France !
Thine ancient foe,—thy last and best ally,—
She too struck down in shame, and overwhelmed,
O'errun, dismembered,—humbled to the dust !
Her gold—that "god of peace"—wrung from her grasp,
And turned into the stern steel god of war,
Whose armèd heel, pressed on her bleeding neck,

Still holds her prostrate in her stifled wrath.
Who next, O England ! think ye well who next
Shall be the Moloch's victim ;—who ? Thyself !—
There is none else to conquer—oh ! so rich,
So busy, and so peaceably inclined !
So much averse to aught that hinders trade,
Or wastes good money in mere “soldiering.”

Yet think, most prudent trader,—forasmuch
As money is thy chiefest heaven-on-earth,—
What talisman of trade will then bring back
The precious idol—the beloved gold ?
Why then perchance (too late) you may perceive
It had been wiser to devote large part
Of this enormous oft-times squandered wealth
To guard the other ;—but plod on ! plod on !
Buy, sell, and chaffer—till the thunder roars
On all thy seas, and 'neath the cannon's flash
A storm of armed men, thick, thick as hail,
Is dashed upon thy coasts ; thence driven on
Marking their ghastly paths with hideous woes
And shrieking desolations ;—then ? Oh, then—
By glare of burning palaces thou'lt see,
By sack and pillage thou wilt be convinced,
By blood and iron thou'lt be forced to own,
“ It had been wiser to devote large part
Of this superfluous oft-times ill-used wealth
To guard the rest ;” but still plod on ! plod on !
Still Saxon, still supine ; still hive and thrive
Till thy Fool's Paradise, swift shrivelled up
By the fierce flames of war, reveals a hell
Swarming with ruthless demons,—mocking fiends.

The host marched on with banner, trump, and drum,
Nought caring for the scowls of village serfs
Whilst sure of Norman-welcome in the towns.
After noon-halt that day, up rode the King,
D'Auray, Montresse, and Richard De la Fosse,
Edgar the Saxon, Eustace de Bretagne,
And all the chivalry of Stephen's host.

“Set on for London !”—passed the word along !
Then cheerily upsprung the men-at-arms,

And gaily marched the archers with their bows,
Bedecked with ribbon as for festival.
Now when the nearly level evening sun
Shone on Saint Paul's, the scouts came spurring back
To tell King Stephen that a grand array
Of loyal citizens was riding forth
To meet and welcome him. Anon they came,
Some clad in armour, some in rich fur robes,
With sword and cap and mace and massive keys
Borne upon velvet cushions : then the Mayor,—
A frank, bluff citizen, spake out and said,
"God save King Stephen ! Welcome, noble King !
Thy citizens rejoice to see thee here ;—
With loyal hands our sailors dress the ships
In all the bravery of flags,—gay banners wave
From every housetop ; high on sloping roofs
The people climb to see thee ; ladies' eyes
Greet thee with smiles from casements, balconies ;
But an' it please ye cross our London Bridge,
And feast with us this eve in old Guildhall,
A braver welcome yet we'll strive to show."
Pleased with the simple frankness of the man,
The King assented.—On his right hand rode
Edgar the Saxon,—on his left the Mayor ;
And three abreast the nobles and the knights
On their great war-horses rode proudly in,
Followed by men-at-arms and archers bold,
Marching with stately warlike discipline.

To many, London streets were new and strange,
And much they marvelled at the narrow ways,—
The wooden houses, quaintly picturesque,
With carven half-round casements jutting out
One o'er another, till from upper rooms
The friendly neighbours living opposite
Could well-nigh greet each other with hand's grasp.
"Ah, me ! what charming little love-passages
Those upper rooms might tell of, could they speak !"
So doubtless thought the younger knights that day
As the coy blushing faces peeping out
Shot down sharp arrows from their sparkling eyes.
Gay flags and banners flaunted in the breeze,

The bells clanged forth, the trumpets rent the air,
Whilst all the people swarmed the streets, and cheered
To see "the Saxon" at the King's right hand.
Aye, many a father held his young son high,
That so the boy might say in after-years,
"I saw King Stephen enter London then."
A trivial action,—a most homely type
Of how the young age mounts upon the old ;
But the King noted this,—it drew again
The one sad warp that wove its thread of black
Thro' the gay colours of his now bright life.
"My children mount not thus by me," he thought ;
"Nay, worse,—perchance, my height may prove their fall."
This thought had oft beset him since the day
When, in the ardour of impulsive zeal
For England's peace, he made the hasty vow
That Henry should be King if so 'twas willed.
But the loud lavish banquet in the hall—
Wherein were gathered all his noble knights,
Fair city dames and dainty demoiselles,
All eager to do honour to their King,—
Dispelled dull forecasts of the times to come :
So merrily the great feast passed away,
And had its end, like all things great and small.
But ere it ended, Count D'Auray had craved
His Monarch's leave to go on errant quest,
Whereof he said not much ; nor that, the truth.





OLLA PODRIDA.

WITH reference to the incidental mention of Mr. Henry Irving's *Hamlet* by the Old Habitué in his article on Salvini in our last, Mr. John Watson Dalby writes—
“Like your contributor, I am old enough to remember Edmund Kean, and nothing reminds me more strongly that a new generation of playgoers has arisen, than the amazing popularity of Mr. Irving's *Hamlet*. I went to witness his personation of the character with a feeling of gratitude that he had reawakened a sluggish public to the dramatic pre-eminence of Shakspeare. But I could not divest myself of the cherished recollections of the *Hamlets* of other days—the graceful and chivalrous bearing of Charles Young; the scholastic intellectual reading of Macready; but above and beyond all, the *Hamlet* of Edmund Kean, of whom Lady Byron (no incapable judge) wrote, in an unpublished letter to her father: ‘I admire Kean very much—not for science, but for feeling. His spirit shines through him. The material part of his form seems transparent, and we discover

“Man as himself—the secret spirit free!”

‘Indeed the resemblance of his acting to B.’s poetry strikes me very forcibly. In both the human heart is laid bare—and the same passions developed in the same workings. . . . Kean’s power of ‘abstracting his feelings from all around and of identifying them with those of the character, is, I think, beyond Mrs. Siddons’—and very superior to Kemble’s. He would not act the philosopher so well, for it is in the very “whirlwind of passion” that he excels—like the ‘angel of Victory,

“Rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm!”’

“Hazlitt described Kean’s *Hamlet* as too ‘splenetic and rash;’ but I did not perceive the ‘sharp angles,’ nor was I conscious of the ‘abrupt starts’ of which that consummate critic speaks. Indeed it was, for Kean, a remarkably equable performance. The tenderness of his tones, the pathos of his action when bidding *Ophelia* ‘go to a ‘nunnery,’ never failed to draw tears; in the denunciatory scene with

his mother he thrilled the audience ; his soliloquies conveyed that idea of 'thinking aloud' which Hazlitt says should be characteristic of *Hamlet* ; while eye, voice, and graceful deportment (despite his lack of stature) made him no inadequate representative of 'the glass of fashion and the mould of form.' If stature be an advantage, Mr. Irving possesses it ; but beyond *Ophelia's* general eulogium there is no hint of personal description in the play except the *Queen's* remark in the fencing scene, 'He's *fat* and scant of breath.' Mr. Irving is thin, and seems embarrassed by his length of limb. The left leg almost invariably extended, and the hand so frequently on the head, had, to me, an awkward effect. He makes original points, sometimes of questionable propriety, but often felicitous. His *seated* soliloquy, 'To be, or not to be,' was beautifully given, nor could any fault be found with his general delivery, which though powerful where the passion of the scene justified vehemence, never degenerated into rant (or what your contributor happily calls 'elocution'), but was natural and intelligent throughout. Perhaps the finest portions of the performance were those in which he listens to the Ghost of his father—in which he remonstrates with his mother—and his death—when for the moment overcoming the weakness of approaching dissolution, he starts up and dashes the poison-cup from the lips of *Horatio*, and affectionately embracing him pours into his ear his dying injunctions. Mr. Irving's *Hamlet* is interesting and to a certain extent exciting, but the feeling with which one leaves the theatre is unsatisfactory. We have not seen the *Hamlet* of our dreams, but have been looking on a phantasmal melodramatic exhibition of something—not the thinking, suffering, perplexed, powerlessly-powerful Hamlet the Dane."

It is not usual for an Editor to take up the cudgels on behalf of a contributor, nevertheless we feel called upon to say a few words in answer to several public and private critics of the article in our last number exposing "Some Corruptions of the Press." For reasons of a private and personal nature satisfactory to ourselves, we excused our contributor from signing his article ; and we the more readily did so as we were, if necessary, prepared to accept full responsibility for all the statements therein made, knowing that the writer kept strictly within the truth in his every assertion. Having premised thus much, it may amuse our readers to learn that several provincial journals are extremely irate with us for being parties to, and our contributor for making, such "damaging revelations." One paper calls the article "spiteful ;" another would like to know the writer's "*status* "as a journalist" (as if *that* had any bearing on the truth or falsity of his allegations), and expresses horror that any man could from any

motive so "throw dirt on his contemporaries ;" whilst a third roundly denies the *bonâ fides* of his purpose, and calls his article a "libel on "the profession." Other papers use more or less strong language to the same effect, some in their resentment exceeding the bounds of fair criticism and good taste. From this ebullition of feeling it is clear the shoe pinches sharply, and all we need say further to our public censors is—"Whomsoever the cap fits, let him wear it." Of our anonymous private critics we shall make short work. If a "Well-wisher to the "New Series of the ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE" will send us his name and address, we shall be happy to investigate the matter he brings under our notice—otherwise his letter will go into the receptacle for all such communications. It is ungracious to question motives ; but we can assure those "ladies" and "gentlemen" who take the trouble to write and send us anonymous letters, that we have generally very grave doubts of their good intentions when so doing. Few right-minded people will gainsay the maxim that no gentleman, nor lady, would write an anonymous letter reflecting on either the addressee or a third party. Cads do it daily ; and herein lies a test. The ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE is not anonymous, and letters for the Editor or any of his staff should bear the real name and address of their writers, or in the absence of such guarantee of good faith they will, without exception, find their way into the waste basket—*unread*. There must be a good many ill-conditioned people in the world. Dr. Watts was right when he sang :

" For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do ! "

At a Parliament of the Middle Temple recently held, it was resolved—"That the Finance Committee be instructed to communicate with "the authorities of the City of London and the Board of Works and "the contractors for the building of the Law Courts, and endeavour "to obtain an access from the Temple to the Courts over or under the "Strand, so as to avoid the inconvenience of a level crossing through "the thoroughfare of the Strand." A subway running from the Temple to the new Law Courts would be of great public utility,—that is, assuming it not to be for the lawyers' exclusive use. Thousands of suitors and witnesses will, doubtless, reach the new Palace of Justice via the Temple Station, and the saving to them of the few minutes now lost in waiting for the traffic to permit persons to cross the Strand, may often be of the greatest importance. We have known a verdict materially affected by the absence of an important witness, who arrived half an hour late in consequence of losing a train by half a minute's delay. We heartily trust the Benchers' action will be successful.

"My pipe is my wife!" says the hero in Mortimer Collins's cleverest novel, "Squire Silchester's Whim"—and many a bachelor has thought, if he has not actually said, the same thing. Loving the weed ourselves, and appreciatively reading *Cope's Tobacco Plant*, we often, when watching the blue smoke curl upward from the magic bowl, unconsciously utter the old rhyme familiar to our youth :

"What's this world without its pleasure—
What is pleasure but a pipe?"

From the days of Ralph Lane—to whom, instead of to Raleigh as is popularly supposed, we are indebted for tobacco—it has been a fiercely debated question with moralists and medical men whether the "divine weed" is good for man. King James's "Counterblaste" rather increased than diminished its popularity, and there have not been wanting good men and true to defend its moderate use, which we may remind our readers vastly differs from its abuse. After all, a man is himself the best judge of what is good for him; and it would be well if those with whom tobacco disagrees refrained from the sweeping assertion, so frequently made, that it is bad for all men. But the majority of us have a tendency to measure other people's corn by our own bushel, and some of our most vigorous thinkers have not been and are not altogether exempt from this defect. Take William Cobbett for instance. We have a notion that the great political-economist was as obstinate an enemy of "the weed" as he was of tea, vaccination, and—his "favourite aversion"—the mealy potato, which he assailed with the vigorous denunciation of which he was the unequalled master. If our notion be correct, it is remarkable that nearly his last words had a figurative reference to tobacco. We were told by a friend who stood by his bedside that, when the ominous sound in the throat which announces approaching death commenced and his medical attendant kindly tried to persuade him it was *not* the parting signal, he said, "No, doctor! 'I know better; it is the death-rattle. *Put that in your pipe, and smoke it!*'" With what anathemas the old giant would have greeted Mr. John Hamer's "Text-Book for Smokers" (Chatto and Windus)—a copy of which has been sent us by the Editor. What strong ornamental language this *bijou* of a book would have evoked if placed in his large hands! But, bigoted as he was, the old man had a genial side to his character, and even he might have found something to his own taste occasionally in these pages, especially as a brother Radical (Thomas Cooper) opens the tiny volume with a lively essay and an array of authorities, olden and modern, positively overwhelming; while elsewhere Dean Swift is imitated with a closeness requiring all the fragrance of

a real Havannah to sweeten it. Turning over the leaves—each about the size of a cigarette paper—we find Charles Lamb's "Farewell to "Tobacco," which was a regular stage "last appearance;" and "A Pipe "of Tobacco," by Isaac Hawkins Browne, a poetical medley in which the styles of Colley Cibber, Thomson, Phillips, Dr. Young, and Pope are imitated, very closely and appositely—indeed so closely as to be rather adaptations, or almost quotations, from those poets. Extracts from Thackeray, Bulwer, Fairholt, and C. Kingsley, not forgetting Erskine's immortal "Smoking Spiritualised," with its refrain, "Thus "think and smoke tobacco," make up a charming little volume—if "volume" it can be called—for the waistcoat pocket of every smoker, and as pretty a specimen of minute typography and elegant "getting "up" altogether as we have seen for some time past. Ignoring with a Carlylean disdain of "shams," all "smokers of dry pipes" who make a ridiculous pretence of being social, the Editor dedicates his work "To "all true smokers of every land and clime;" and concludes it with the following original acrostic:

"To thee, blest weed, whose sovereign wiles
O'er cankered care bring radiant smiles,
Best gift of Jove to mortals given!
At once the bud and bliss of Heaven!
Crownless are kings uncrowned by thee,
Content the serf in thy sweet liberty,
O charm of life! O foe to misery!"

Perhaps in the whole history of the Royal Albert Hall there has not been seen a larger or more enthusiastic audience than that assembled on the afternoon of the 29th May to hear for the last time Verdi's *Requiem*. Every available spot was occupied, even to the orchestra galleries. Such an immense concourse of eager listeners breathlessly drawing in every note must have flattered the Italian *maestro*, and dispelled from his mind, if it ever found a place there, the often-quoted notion that the English are not a musical people.

It is difficult to say how far this success was merited. It rested, perhaps, in the marvellously perfect rendering of the quartets and soli; in the presence of the composer himself; and above all in the exquisite singing of Madame Waldman and Madame Stoltz. *Au reste*, the music was too dramatic for so solemn a subject as a Requiem. Some of the passages indeed were painfully at variance with the words, reminding us far too much of operas from the same hand. The *Dies Iræ* in the chromatic passage forcibly recalled Wagner's overture to *Tannhäuser*, whilst here and there passages from Rossini's *Stabat Mater* were

clearly discernible. It is questionable whether Verdi has added to his laurels by this work, but we owe him a debt of gratitude for placing it before us so admirably. The rendering of the touching words *Recordare Jesu pie*, and the *Lachrymosa* being sung with such pathetic earnestness—*les larmes dans la voix*—as to bring tears into the eyes of many listeners. Nor were there any of the contortions and antics of some public singers who destroy all the charm of the good notes they possess in their absurd endeavours to produce those they do not. These ladies sang as they would have spoken—freely, naturally, and with an utter absence of effort. The *Requiem*, though certainly a work of labour, is incomplete; there is only one living composer able to cope with so essentially religious a subject, and that is Gounod, who in the words of a distinguished musician “writes always from the church, “Verdi always from the stage.”—W.

We are glad to hear that our contributor, Guy Roslyn, is about to publish a collection of his poems from the ST. JAMES'S and other Magazines. It will be issued by Messrs. E. Moxon, Son, and Co., under the title, “Village Verses.”—Miss Julia Goddard, who has long been one of our contributors, has also in the press a volume of poems, to be issued shortly by Messrs. Longman.—Mrs. Marshall, of Gloucester, author of “Thoughts about Sick Children,” mentioned last month in connection with our appeal on behalf of “The Free Hospital “for Children,” Kingsholm, writes to say that she is not a descendant of Leigh Hunt, but of Legh Richmond. We are glad to learn that Mrs. Marshall has realised by the sale of her little book a profit exceeding £25, which has been devoted to the institution referred to.—After an interval of nearly forty years Mr. R. H. Horne is about to reissue his powerful tragedy, “Cosmo de' Medici,” considerably revised and enlarged. On its first appearance Lord (then Sir Edward Bulwer) Lytton wrote, “In my humble opinion it contains the very salt of old drama. “I was delighted and surprised with it.” Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd, Robert Bell, Mary Russell Mitford, W. J. Fox, and Douglas Jerrold also extolled it in equally eulogistic language. The republication of this tragedy, now that the legitimate drama has once more been resuscitated at our best theatres, is a wise step, and we echo Judge Talfourd's expressed wish that “actors will arise to help” Mr. Horne's unquestionable genius. We should add that besides the tragedy Mr. Horne's new volume will contain several original poems, one of which—“Arctic “Heroes”—is of special interest just now.



THE GRANGE GARDEN :

A Romance.

By HENRY KINGSLEY,

AUTHOR OF "RAVENSHOE," "GEOFFREY HAMLYN," "AUSTIN ELLIOT," "THE
HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS," "SILCOTE OF SILCOTES,"
"LEIGHTON COURT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

THE early life of Lionel and Clara had been a singularly unhappy one, though splendid enough as far as this world's goods went. They had never known a want in one way ; that is to say, they had everything which money could buy, and yet they had wanted everything which could make life happy—domestic love, fatherly and motherly care—nay, it was only by the strenuous tongue of Lady Madeleine Howard that Clara at all events had got education.

Lionel was a very high-spirited lad when he was sent to Harrow, and he fell in with a very good set there, the chief of whom was James Wotherston, who gave the tone to his friends, among whom he esteemed Lionel Branscombe above all, and over whom he exercised a great influence for good.

It was well that they were thrown together, for it is highly improbable that any other human hand would have been held out to save him. His home was unutterably hateful to him ; his father and his mother were at continual variance. She did not care for him, and his father positively disliked him. Mr. Branscombe was an extremely violent man, and his wife was a pettish and stupid woman. The whole house was under the domination of the eldest son, who used to quarrel continually with his second brother, and neglected his third. The house, besides, was not a reputable one, and, in spite of Mr. Branscombe's vast wealth, was not much frequented by the best people. There were some very queer stories about the place, and it was strongly believed that Lady Mary Branscombe had cause for her continued ill-temper on the ground of personal violence.

Shortly after Lionel went to Harrow, he was informed (by the steward who sent him his most liberal allowance, for Mr. Branscombe was never niggardly with his money) that he had a sister born. He seldom went home in his holidays, being very popular among the families of other boys; and on all occasions when he did, his little sister was either still secluded in the nursery, or, latterly, away with her mother, who lived now almost entirely apart from Mr. Branscombe, who was getting unbearable. He therefore knew nothing whatever about her, until, after he had been six years at Harrow, he was summoned home to the hall to attend his mother's funeral.

He felt grief at her death, of course, though she had neglected him; but he would have been glad to come to the funeral without entering his father's house. The steward asked him not to see his father, and he acquiesced with a sigh. He dined with his brothers the day of his arrival, and they quarrelled and swore at one another, taking but little notice of him. His eldest brother drank a great deal of wine, and the second told him brutally that he was glad to see him do it, for the sooner he killed himself with it the better he should be pleased. After the refined and intellectual conversation to which Lionel had been used at Harrow, he left the room with something like horror against his own flesh and blood.

He went into the garden among the flowers, and distracted his mind by admiring them. The garden was a Watteau garden, divided into flowering alleys by tall, close-clipped hedges of yew, and the flowers stood out in front of this background in various heights and of innumerable colours. It was a beautiful thing to him to walk from alley to alley amidst these splendid flowers, and distract his mind from the death-possessed and disgraced house which he had left. He had almost forgotten everything, and was back with his friends at Harrow again, when turning into an alley more beautiful and brilliant than all the others, two black figures stood before him.

A chill went through his heart. The thing looked so dreadfully unlucky and uncanny. He thought for a moment of the horrible black ghost in "Zanoni," which appeared in the bright sunshine, but he never thought that he himself was to become a ghost more hideous to passers-by than that which Lord Lytton created.

He had not long to think about matters; he saw that the two black figures were those of a sour-faced lady and a very little girl, and he heard the lady say, in a grating voice,—

"Clara, go and kiss your brother."

Her idea of a brother had been a creature who swore at you, told you to get out of the way, called you a tiresome little wretch, and so on.

Once she had heard her second brother say to the eldest, "I wish that child was dead; the governor does not care for her, but he will leave her twenty thousand." She had a shrewd notion, young as she was, that her two other brothers hated her; here was a third.

Lionel saw the child advance towards him, pale and frightened, but looking resolutely at him. As she came nearer he saw her face change from an expression of fear to one of wonder and surprise. Clara saw that this brother was different to her other brothers, and in her child's mind, sharpened as it was by cruelty and neglect, she began to see that all men need not be like her two brothers. This new brother was a fine, fresh-coloured, bright-eyed youth of sixteen, who looked upon her with tender curiosity. Her face brightened into a smile, the first time for many days, and she ran towards him with her arms extended.

He caught her up, and covered her face with kisses, saying, "My darling little sister, let us love one another."

It was the first time in all her neglected existence that Clara had been kissed for love.

Lionel and Clara went to the funeral together. Lionel found that the child was so utterly ignorant that she knew nothing of a future state at all. Lionel explained to her that their mother was now free from all the troubles of this wicked world, and was gone away to be an angel in heaven. She inquired about angels, and when he described them she shook her head dolefully, and said that her mother would not like it, and would be sure to come back again, a prospect which the poor ill-treated little heathen seemed to regard with something like terror.

CHAPTER VIII.

LIONEL had done splendidly at Harrow; better indeed than Wotherston, who had not such brilliant talents, though far more influence over others. After the funeral Lionel had a short interview with his father, and informed him that he had gained in competition an open scholarship at a great college in Cambridge, and wished to proceed there.

"I've heard of it, sir!" said Mr. Branscombe angrily. "Your head master has written to me about it. You have degraded your family. You are going to eat the bread of charity."

"I am very sorry if I have displeased you, sir; but my papers were much the best, and I could not decline the honour."

"*Honour!*" shouted the terrible old man. "You are the first of your family who has ever taken up with that system of sapping, studying,

grinding, or whatever you call it in your school slang. And I know all about your associates, sir."

"Speaking humbly to you, sir, they have been eminently respectable."

"My family never was respectable, sir," said the old man, knowing what he meant, but expressing it wrongly. "I hate respectable people. Tullevant the banker was a most respectable man, but he dropped me down for fifteen thousand. You have been consorting with young Wotherston and his gang. Why, that man's father, with twelve thousand a year, was converted, and took holy orders at thirty-two. He presented himself to his own worst living, one of £50 a year, and died when he was forty-three, from a fever caught in attending some poor people. And as far as I can hear, his precious son is following in his father's footsteps."

"I am afraid he is, sir."

"Well, boy, I won't quarrel with you. You are a handsome boy, and may earn a reputation. Come here, and let me look at you."

Lionel knelt down between his father's knees. The old man looked at him fixedly. Lionel used to say that he hoped he would have kissed him; but nothing of the kind took place. Mr. Branscombe only pushed him away after a time, and whatever grain of tenderness towards him was concealed in that heart was buried in the grave.

Still he was gentler than usual. He said,—

"You will never want for money, boy. Take that money for the scholarship, but give it in charity. I will provide for you amply. Go."

Lionel never saw his father again. He went to Cambridge at the same time as James Wotherston. He found a credit there of £200, and received a letter from the steward, Mr. Gordon, informing him that he was to have an allowance of £500 a year.

He wrote a most respectful letter to his father; and in thanking him for his generosity, Lionel dared to hope that he would have his sister Clara educated; but he got no answer, and could not satisfy himself that anything of the kind was being done.

Lionel had met Lady Madeleine Howard, his mother's sister, but much younger than his mother. She was ugly, poor, and not popular; but he liked her more and more as he became better acquainted with her. She was a terribly outspoken woman, but gentle and kind to those whom she loved, and she loved him from the first. He determined to take her into his confidence, and consult her on the subject; she said nothing, except that she would write to her brother-in-law.

The letter must have been a pretty vigorous one; for although not the ghost of an answer was returned to it, Clara was most promptly sent to school.

CHAPTER IX.

IN all the various disputes which Mr. Branscombe had with his family, he had always respected ugly Lady Madeleine. He sent for her on his death-bed, and she went promptly to him. He requested to be left alone with her, and every one else retired. In twenty minutes she came to the door very quietly, and said, "Your master is dead ; you had better send at once for Mr. Edwin." In the confusion which followed it was discovered that Lady Madeleine had coolly driven away, and had no apparent intention of coming back. If the old man told her anything, she certainly kept her own counsel.

Lionel was left extremely well off by his strange old father,—so well that his brothers grumbled. He went on from one success to another, until he found himself at twenty-eight in Parliament, and in a junior office. He had married his cousin, a Miss Branscombe, young, beautiful, and penniless. They had but one child, who died ;—how much better had it never been born !

Clara, growing in every grace, accomplishment, and virtue, had come to live with them. There were not three happier people in England than they were during Clara's first season. Then the crash came ; and the rich, elegant, successful Lionel Branscombe became the ruin of humanity which was carried into Grange Garden, and the world saw him no more.

Clara fled the world with him, as we have seen ; her beauty gone in a few days, and only a look of hopeless terror on her face, which did not pass away for years. Before Lionel left Brussels, he had entered the Order of the Broken Heart, for seven years' probation, not so much from any sudden change of religious conviction, but in simple despair. He was merely saved from entering a Trappist monastery by the accident of the other Order getting hold of him first.

He would have had his sister go into a nunnery, but she had her wits about her, and thought that her duty lay with the first person who had ever been kind to her. She appealed to Lady Madeleine, now in her tenth year of seclusion, and the appeal was not in vain.

At first Clara told her kind hostesses that she was afraid her mind would go, for the ghost of the child was always before her ; it is possible that in the cloister she might have become a confirmed hypochondriac, but her duties were so incessant, and the two good ladies were so kind, that she preserved the balance of her intellect, and got quietly contented, though nothing would ever induce her to show her face to the world. The existence of both brother and sister

was so carefully kept secret in that lonely and primitive neighbourhood, that the story of the ghosts got about, and was purposely encouraged by the ladies and Mr. Wotherston, Lionel's old friend at Harrow. Farmer Jenner assisted in the delusion ; for whenever any outsider questioned the existence of the ghost, he would stop them by saying,—

"I tell you that I looked into that garden, and I sin un myself standing up among the flowers in the sunshine ; and it was as black from head to foot as the devil, and had eyes like saucers, with a white rim round 'em, and that I'd swear on the book."

Mrs. Morgan was the only other person who had seen the ghost ; what had happened to her was simply this, Lady Madeleine had taken her into the garden, firmly believing that Lionel was asleep upstairs : he had got restless, and had gone out into the garden in the sun, with his hood off, and was walking there. Lady Madeleine suddenly caught Mrs. Morgan by the arm, and pulled her behind a yew hedge while Lionel passed within three feet of them bare-headed. Mrs. Morgan had seen quite enough ; and though little by little the truth leaked out to her husband, it never went any further, and Lionel never had the remotest idea of her presence. This happened in the second year of Lionel's seclusion, and after that no other strangers were admitted into the garden.

If you are not too much frightened, perhaps you will step in with me and see the ghost yourself.

CHAPTER X.

It happened in the fourth year of Lionel's seclusion that Mr. Wotherston came tearing down from town by the express, and not finding his carriage at Pulverbach, took a fly, and ordered the driver to go straight to Weston. There was some great news, the people about the station said, for the squire was in such a mortal hurry.

Wotherston pitched himself into the fly, and his valet packed him in with papers and blue books enough to prevent his being hurt if the fly were overturned. He told the man to drive fast, and the man obeyed his orders ; for Squire Wotherston was a good man to drive, being free with his money. When they got to Weston, the valet said, "To the Grange," and very soon the fly was pulled up before the door of that ghostly establishment.

Mr. Wotherston said to his valet, "Wait here, and be ready to bring all these papers in : we shall want them all."

He rang at the door in the wall, not the door through which Farmer

Jenner saw the ghost, but the front entrance, in another road. No one was ever admitted beyond that door for the last three years; but when it was cautiously opened to Wotherston, he stepped in, and the fly-man and the valet saw a glimpse of a small flower-garden neatly kept, and the old Grange lying dark at the other end of it.

Mr. Wotherston ran quickly as he was able up to the front door, the old woman who had opened the gate to him following as fast as she could. He went into the drawing-room, but found no one there, and the old woman overtook him.

"They be all out, Squire—all out," she said; "why didn't you come by the postern?"

"Because I was in a hurry, Martha," he said. "I want to see Mr. Lionel immediately."

"He be in his room, sir," she said; "you know the way by this time."

"I know," said James Wotherston. "But do you mean to say that Miss Clara has gone out?"

"No; she's a-bed. Sat up half the night with him writing. It's only the ladies as is gone out."

"I'll go up to his room by myself, then," said the Squire, and took his way accordingly.

The old oak stairs were very broad and silent, with deep-piled carpets: at the top of the stairs was a large gallery or landing, which the astounding taste of a previous occupant had decorated with glass cases full of stuffed birds, and animals without the protection of a glass case, such as deer and others, staggering insanely about, with glass eyes devoid of all speculation.

"This landing ought to be made the purgatory of sportsmen," thought Wotherston; but he was anxious, and opened the broad oak door before him without knocking.

A large room, piled with books in shelves and on the floor, was before him. In a mullioned window at the other end of the room sat a man with his back towards Wotherston, writing busily; between him and the man in the window lay a black dress thrown on the floor. James Wotherston paused and shuddered. He was going to see his handsome old schoolfellow in his horrible ruin. He had met him often and for long hours together in the religious dress which hid his deformity; now he was going to see him for the first time without it; but he never flinched.

"Lionel, my boy, is that you?" he said.

Lionel was forced to turn towards James Wotherston at last. He merely said "Yes," and faced his old friend the first time for four years. Lionel expected to see a look of horror and repugnance come over

Wotherston's face : nothing of the kind occurred ; James Wotherston was too leal and trusty a soul to show what he felt at the utter ruin of his old friend's beauty ; he gave him no time to think ; he held out his hands toward him, and cried out excitedly, "Victory, victory, dear old fellow ! Majority of thirty, and all your doing. I gave your argument to —, and he used it bravely ; then I came in with my own statistics (and yours), and the end of it was that we had eighteen Tories with us ; say 'Hurrah !'"

"Not I," said Lionel ; "the Lords will reverse your decision."

"Hang the Lords !" said the irreverent Wotherston. "I have come to consult you about that. Where is Vacher ? Let us go through them all together. Ah ! here is the book ; let us sit down, and let me put my arm round your neck, as I used to do at Harrow."

"But, James—do you feel no repugnance to me ?"

"I did to the dress you have worn, certainly," said Wotherston ; "it made you look like the devil ; but now I have caught you without it, you're my own old boy again. Let's begin at the A's : Arundel, he won't go with us ; cross him."

"But, James, tell me—am I not horribly hideous ?"

"Well, you are not so handsome as you were at one time, but you speak perfectly plain, and your brain is sharper than ever. I hope that this will be a warning to you about duelling, Lionel. A scoundrel is as good as an honest man at that work."

"I was utterly mad. He comes to me at night with the child in his arms."

"He will not come long ; come to the light with me, my boy, and let me see what that fellow did to you."

It was easily seen. A large portion of the right jaw-bone had been carried away, and the teeth were showing ; the sight was not so terrible as it had been when Mrs. Morgan saw him, but it was terrible still.

"And about the other wound," said Wotherston ; "you have only hinted at that to me."

"He put the first bullet into me close to the femoral artery," said Lionel. "That will never trouble me."

James Wotherston passed his hand gently several times over his friend's face.

"You are very smooth," he said ; "why do you shave ?"

"It is one of the rules of our order," said Lionel.

"I see," said Wotherston ; "you must be kept aware of your affliction every time you see a looking-glass. I'll go bail they supply that article. But this is not business : my time is short : let's get through the House of Lords together."

And so they began, and they were a long time at it. If my Lords had heard themselves discussed by a monk and a Liberal member, they would have thought very little of themselves, but monks and Liberal members may err like the rest of us. Lionel and Wotherston were in hot secular debate over one spiritual lord, Lionel arguing that he could be trusted, and the atrocious Wotherston saying that he was a rat, when both of them became aware of a presence in the room. James Wotherston suddenly remembered the ghost, and, forgetting that he was lame, jumped up and at once fell down; he was assisted to his legs by Clara.

CHAPTER XI.

"THIS is so good of you," she said. "He has often said that you made a man of him once; perhaps you may do so a second time."

"My dear ghost," said Wotherston, "you have alarmed me."

"That is the effect of your evil conscience," said Clara.

She was still beautiful, though her pallor was excessive, and the wan terrified look was more strongly on her face than ever, and her nerve was evidently not good; for when Wotherston accidentally threw down the chair which he was offering to her, she started and jerked up her hands. He marked this and many other things, one of which was that during his stay Lionel made no offer to conceal his features in his monastic dress.

"What have you two been talking about?" she asked.

"We have been abusing the House of Lords," said Wotherston.

"A pretty pair you would be without them," she replied. "Foolish people like Lionel and yourself require a House of Lords to keep you in order. I am a violent Conservative, and am always quarrelling with my brother on the subject of politics."

"You are a violent Radical," said Lionel, and he began to laugh.

It was not agreeable to see him laugh.

"Are you coming?" said Clara to James Wotherston.

"Whither?"

"Did I not tell you—no, by-the-bye I did not—Lady Madeleine wants to see you."

"Well then, good-bye, Lionel, I will come again to-morrow."

So he went out into the garden with Clara. When they were alone together, she began suddenly—

"Did you find him without his dress, or did he take it off before you?"

"I found him without it," said Wotherston.

"Well, thank God, the ice is broken at last! Did you flinch when you saw him?"

"I was shocked, but I did not show it."

"Good. Is it irremediable?"

"You mean his personal appearance?"

"Yes."

"Certainly not. You can't give him a new jaw-bone; but if they allowed him to grow his beard, no one could see it. It is not half so bad as I expected. But tell me: will he keep to his monastic vows—has he made any attempt to bring her to reason?"

"I can't say, James; he never speaks about it. The priest comes here and goes away again once a week; further than that I know nothing whatever."

"Why on earth did he leave our Church so suddenly?"

"Despair, nothing else," she replied. "Now, James, I have something very serious to tell you, and I need not say that it must not pass your lips. It is a dreadful thing to say."

"Well, Clara—you can surely trust to me."

"In spite of his asceticism, in spite of his religious observances, he has never repented his intention to kill that man: what he tells the priest I know not, but he tells me he would do the same thing again: he says that honest, innocent, and gallant Russians are being killed every day in fair fight, and that he does not see that he has done any harm trying to rid the world of a monster. His remorse at having killed the wrong man is unceasing, but if he could get hold of the real one he would kill him to-morrow, and he says that he is right."

"I can understand it, Clara," said Wotherston promptly.

"I can't bear to hear him speak so. I wish he was sorry for the man; but his heart is like iron about it; he will go to his grave unrepenting, and then——"

"And then what?" said James Wotherston calmly. "I tell you that he will outlive all this."

Clara did not reply, and there was silence for a few minutes.

"Clara," said James Wotherston after a time, "I am going to approach a subject again of which you once forbade me to speak."

"You will only get the same answer, James. You know well that I love you, but that I will neither leave my brother, whom next to you I love best in the world; nor will I marry you until the truth is proved. I have really nothing more to say."

"But if the lie could be disproved?"

"Then, if you still loved this poor wreck of what was once a woman, I would fly to your bosom, and nestle there until I died."

"But why not come now, Clara? How much better we could care for him together than apart!"

"He, had I no scruples, would never permit it," said Clara.

"Lady Madeleine says that he has ceased to believe in it."

"In the daytime yes, to a certain extent. But at night—can you hear me whisper?—he believes it as strongly as ever, and then—Oh, James! James! I hope I shall not go mad after all."

"But do you believe in it, my darling?"

"Oh, yes; there is no hope in disbelief: he did do it! I have accepted my fate, but I fear he has not."

"Is he morose?"

"Not to me; in his worst fits of anger he is kind to me."

"Thank God for that. I can tell you, Clara, what you well know yourself, that he is more interested in the world and in politics than ever."

"Yes; and on the whole I am glad of it. Though he chafes like a caged lion, yet he feels that he has you for his——"

"Mouthpiece," said James Wotherston laughing.

"Well, I could not have said it," said Clara.

"I can, however. I perfectly acknowledge it. His abilities are far greater than my own: I am proud of my pupil, who I hope will one day be my brother. Whenever I make a hit in the House, I am always amused by thinking that the words I utter are not practically mine, but those of a solitary monk."

"The world has utterly forgotten him, I suppose?" said Clara.

"Completely. His old friend and mine, Lord Sandrey, alluded to him the other day, and said that his death was a great loss to the party. I did not undeceive him."

"Have you seen or heard anything of our brothers?" said Clara.

"They seem to have subsided into chronic blackguardism—that is all I know about them."

"Is either of them married?"

"Oh, no; I should say that was the last thing which could happen to either of them. Here are Lady Madeleine and Lady Alice; let us go to them."

Although time had passed lightly over these two ladies for many years, their anxiety about the presence of Lionel and Clara had aged them a little, and the square-faced Lady Alice was getting rather gray, while Lady Madeleine was wholly so. They were both dressed in blue suits of Welsh flannel, with aprons; one carried a hoe, the other an enormous mass of cut flowers and a knife; both were bare-headed, it being a cloudy day, and it seemed strange to James Wotherston that these

two sunburnt and very plain women came of two families so singularly remarkable for beauty.

They had certainly none of the famous beauty of the main branches of the families to which they were only distantly related: Norfolk and Oranmore would scarcely have acknowledged them, yet they had in James Wotherston's eyes a beauty of their own. There was a calm, good-humoured self-possession about them, which was reflected upon their faces: he thought, "Shall I ever see that look of peace upon Clara's face? It shall not be my fault if I do not."

"Well, you two," began Lady Alice, "and what have you been talking about? Madeleine and I have been quarrelling as usual. Madeleine is getting old and foolish, and I am afraid that we must dissolve partnership. What is to be said of the intellect of a woman who proposes to leave strawberries after the fourth year?"

"And you said," growled Lady Madeleine, "that you wanted the five-acre pasture broken up; so there are, at all events, a pair of us. Clara, my love, have you been crying?"

"I have had no such happiness," said Clara. "I have been telling James about Lionel."

"And he has been asking you to leave us, and go away with him?"

"Yes."

"And you have said no?"

"I have given him the old answer."

"Well! well!" said Lady Alice, taking up the conversation, "you are neither of you too old to wait until this falsehood is cleared. Leave her with us a little longer, James, for we have got to love her dearly."

He took one kiss from her in the presence of the ladies, and then he passed out into the lane, through the door which could only be opened from within; before he closed the door behind him he looked back. Lionel had come out and joined the three ladies; they were talking eagerly together, and he guessed of what they were talking. Lionel was telling them that he had been seen by his old friend for the first time, and Lady Alice and Lady Madeleine had their arms round Clara's neck. He heard them laughing, as he held the door ajar; and he being a man without a grain of selfishness in his disposition, said,—

"Should I be justified in removing her from her asylum? She has faced her troubles there, and if I persuaded her to come away with me now, it might kill him, and it would possibly make her no happier. She shall stay where she is, as far as I am concerned, for the present. I will go my own way to work, but I will win her to my home."

(To be continued.)



THE MAIDEN AND HER GUITAR.

By S. H. BRADBURY.



H! play no more that light guitar,
But sit and sing to me
Here, where the dewy flowerets are,
Where blithely hums the bee.
The eve is waning, but I'd hear
Thy voice before it dies ;
For when the charm we love is near,
Time like an angel flies.

Each zephyr from the new-mown hay
A dainty perfume brings ;
So sweetly loitering on its way
To where the brooklet sings.
To thy dear voice I'll listen long,
Pleased with each silvery strain :
My heart will open to thy song,
Like roses to the rain.

More sweet than music in the dells
From birds when morning wakes,
And dearer tones than golden bells
Thy voice at even makes.
Then lay thy light guitar aside ;
Sing,—I shall only hear ;
I'll listen till each note has died—
Lost like a fallen tear.

Sing, sing of love, the oldest theme,
And next to Heaven the best,
For in its light our pleasures seem
To bloom in perfect rest.
Then play no more that light guitar,
But softly sing to me ;
And I, still as yon lonely star,
Will listen unto thee !



IS AN ANGLO-RUSSIAN ALLIANCE POSSIBLE?

By JOHN C. PAGET,

AUTHOR OF "KHIVA AND THE EASTERN QUESTION," "NAVAL POWERS AND THEIR POLICY," ETC.

THE appearance of an article in the *Golos*, a semi-official journal in Russia, advocating an alliance between that country and our own, has naturally directed public opinion once more to the Eastern Question. The publication of Sir Henry Rawlinson's suggestions as to the measures which in his opinion should be adopted in view of a Russian expedition to Merv, has stimulated the general interest in the subject; and there is now some hope that the educated opinion of England will support, and if necessary guide, the Government in an endeavour to place the relationship of the two empires in Asia upon a firm and permanent footing. Whether such an endeavour shall succeed or fail,—whether the future relations of the two powers shall be those not only of peace but of confidence, or return to the old condition of perpetual mistrust, will depend very much upon the views expressed by persons in England unconnected either with Government or the legislature. Had a firmer tone been adopted twenty years ago, the Crimean war might possibly have been avoided; it needs nothing now but clearness of aim and firmness in expressing ourselves to come to an understanding, at least for a considerable term of years, respecting Central Asia. But if we waver—if there be hesitation and doubt in our policy—the opportunity of effecting a settlement may pass away for ever.

Eastern questions having long shared in that sentence of ostracism from discussion which, unhappily for their own interests, the people of this country have passed upon "foreign affairs," dealing with the fortunes of princes and states whose very names are unfamiliar, and not likely to be made clearer by the new mode of spelling them, have come to be regarded as the province of a select circle of authors, politicians, and travellers. They are not, however, so obscure or so difficult as they

appear, and we do not despair of setting before our readers a few leading points in the history of our dealings with the states whose territories lie between India and the continually advancing frontier of Russia. When this is done, it will not be difficult to point out the stipulations upon which an English minister should insist in dealing with the representative of Russia.

Upon the firmness with which England adheres to these will depend the possibility of a cordial understanding between herself and Russia in Central Asia. Should that understanding be arrived at, the still larger question of a genuine alliance with Russia remains to be discussed (and upon this we have something to say); but it is futile even to mention it unless some genuine guarantees be afforded us that Russian advances towards India shall cease to be a perennial source of uneasiness at home and of real anxiety in India.

The objects held steadily in view by the successive viceroys of India in their intercourse with the Central Asian States are best set forth in their own words, and in those of official documents. The motive which led Lord Auckland to undertake the Afghan war nearly forty years ago was "the establishment of a strong, friendly, and independent power in Afghanistan as a permanent barrier against schemes of aggression on our north-west frontier."

Lord Mayo's policy is described by Sir Henry Rawlinson (whose position at the India Office for a long time past enables him to speak, not indeed officially, but certainly with great authority upon the matter) as one of surrounding India with a "cordon" of strong friendly and independent states. In a despatch of June 3rd, 1870, Lord Mayo says:—

"We believe that as it is for the interests of both countries that a wide border of independent states should exist between the British frontier and the Russian boundary, it would be desirable that Russia should be invited to adopt the policy with regard to Khiva and other kindred states (Bokhara and Kokand), that we are willing to pledge ourselves to adopt towards Kelat, Afghanistan, and the districts round Yarkand."

And in a private letter to Sir Henry Rawlinson, dated June 10th of the previous year, he says:—

"If Russia would only consent to place herself in the same position as regards Khiva, the unconquered part of Bokhara, and the independent tribes along her frontier (if she has a frontier), as we are willing to do as regards Kelat, Afghanistan, and the territories of the Kushbegi,*—that is to say, to recognise and secure their indepen-

* Yarkand and Kashgar.

"dence, but to continue to exercise over them friendly influence with
"an *unquestioned* power of punishing them or their subjects if they mis-
"behaved ;—if Russia would consent to this, and agree to a joint
"solemn public declaration with us to that effect, binding on the honour
"and the good faith of the two governments, I am inclined to believe
"that the ' Central Asian Question ' would cease to exist for your time
"and mine."

These words deserve to be very carefully weighed. It will be seen clearly that the last thing present to the minds of our Indian Government has been annexation of territory. The word "independent" occurs again and again. The Indian authorities have, though under strong provocation to act otherwise, for years past stedfastly set their faces against further annexation. Unquestionably if the second Afghan expedition had been Russian instead of English, Afghanistan would at this moment be a province of the Russian Empire : and within the boundaries of India proper forbearance and generosity have been the rule. For instance, we have shown—to the lasting honour of British statesmen be it said—as scrupulous a respect for the Treaty rights of the rulers of Baroda, as though these rulers had been the sovereigns of great European states. So far then as England is concerned, our "record" (to use an Americanism) is clear.

With Russia—and here is the one great difficulty of the question—with Russia it is very different. The history of that power in Central Asia, and especially in her dealings with ourselves, has been one of perpetual aggression and perpetual deceit. The most solemn "assurances," one after another, have been disregarded. It seems as if Russia were determined to prove her Asiatic origin by a mixture of truculence and cunning worthy of some tenth-rate Indian rajah. In regard to Khiva, we were told that the Emperor of Russia being an autocrat, his word alone would be as effectual as a treaty, and his most trusted and intimate counsellor was sent over with full "assurances" to the effect that, the Khivans once punished, the country should not be annexed. But the country was annexed, the word of an autocrat to the contrary notwithstanding. It has been much the same with respect to all her recent acquisitions. And now to crown all comes the report of an expedition to Merv. This brings us at once to the very last phase of the question. If this expedition take place, and if Merv become incorporated with Russia, it must be obvious (to any one possessing a map) that Herát, "the key of India," is immediately threatened.

In reference to Herát it will be well that we should quote the recorded utterances of public men of very varying opinions, but who seem to be unanimous in regard to the political importance of this city.

Mr. Grant Duff has said that if we suffer Herát to fall into the hands of any other power we shall deserve the worst that can befall us. Sir Henry Rawlinson puts the case even more strongly :—"There is one point, indeed, the pivot of the whole Eastern Question, which must never be lost sight of—we cannot afford to expose Herát to the risk of being taken by a Russian coup-de-main. If a Russian force is sufficiently near to threaten the safety of the key of India, we must also have a British force sufficiently near to protect it."

Sir Henry Rawlinson's suggestions as to our future policy in this respect, and as to the establishment of what he calls the "limitary relationship" which should be set up between the two powers, are so important that they must be considered with more than ordinary care. Before considering them, however, it will be necessary to state briefly the policy which the Indian Government have adopted for some years past in dealing with the affairs of Afghanistan. It is an axiom of our Eastern policy that England cannot afford to be indifferent to the political fortunes of that country. The past history of India demonstrates this. But we have to deal with recent times. In 1867, Sir John Lawrence consulted the Imperial Government as to the propriety of subsidising the *de facto* ruler of Afghanistan for the time being, and providing him with arms. Sir Stafford Northcote in reply, whilst approving of intervention, should occasion require it, "would not consent to the proposal that we should subsidise first one and then the other, according as accident brought up Shir Ali or Abdur Rahmán to the head of affairs." Sir John Lawrence thereupon opened a correspondence with Cabul, and on the 9th January, 1869, it was announced to the Ameer that twelve lakhs of rupees (£120,000) would be forwarded to Cabul, together with a considerable supply of arms; and that in future years, at the discretion of the Government, he would receive further "practical assistance in the shape of money and materials of war," in return for which the Viceroy expected "abiding confidence, sincerity, and goodwill." This was almost Lord Lawrence's last public act. Lord Mayo landed at Calcutta on the 13th of January, 1869, and within three months took place the famous meeting at Umballa. From this interview Shir Ali returned to Cabul, thoroughly impressed with the importance of securing the goodwill of England, resolved to maintain it, and fortified in his resolution by the fulfilment of the promises of Lord Lawrence and Lord Mayo in the shape of ten thousand stand of arms and two batteries of guns.

The day that witnessed the Umballa meeting saw also the commencement of the correspondence between Lord Clarendon and Prince Gortschakoff, which resulted in the slippery arrangement known as the "neutral zone." It will be necessary to refer for a moment to this

correspondence. In the closing days of Mr. Gladstone's administration Lord Granville wrote to Lord Augustus Loftus at St. Petersburg, acknowledging the receipt of a translation of the treaty between General Kaufmann and the Khan of Khiva, and took the opportunity of reviewing the whole Central Asian correspondence from its commencement. The despatch is dated 7th January, 1874. If the Russian court or cabinet understand the meaning of words, they ought to have winced under Lord Granville's contemptuous record of the breach of a solemn "assurance" on the part of an Autocrat :—

"Her Majesty's Government sees no practical advantage in examining too minutely how far these arrangements are in strict accordance with the assurances given to me in January last by Count Schouvaloff, as to the intentions with which the expedition against Khiva was undertaken." *

In reference to the "neutral zone," Lord Granville describes the commencement of the negotiation, and recalls Prince Gortschakoff's statement that "the idea of maintaining between the possessions of the two empires in Asia a zone to preserve them from any contact, had always been shared by the Emperor, and he authorized Baron Brunnow to repeat to Her Britannic Majesty's Principal Secretary of State the positive assurance that His Imperial Majesty looks upon Afghanistan as completely outside the sphere within which Russia may be called upon to exercise her influence."

The fact that Russia would by this arrangement bring the "sphere within which she might be called upon to exercise her influence" up to the very borders of Shir Ali's territory, and the possible complications which might arise along his frontier, did not escape the notice of those to whom Indian dangers are more real than they are to "gentlemen of England who sit at home at ease."

Lord Clarendon, in answering this communication, observed that "the Secretary of State for India, having consulted those members of his council who were well acquainted with the countries in question, had arrived at a decided opinion that Afghanistan would not fulfil those conditions of a neutral territory that it was the object of the two Governments to establish, and that it was therefore thought advisable to propose that the Upper Oxus should be the boundary-line which neither power should permit its forces to cross."

Of course, as in every negotiation in these days between England and

* For the text of this despatch at greater length and a *précis* of the treaty concluded between General Kaufmann and the Khan of Khiva, see ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE AND UNITED EMPIRE REVIEW for February, 1875, art. "Khiva and the Eastern Question," p. 535, *et seq.*

a foreign power, England gave way, and Shir Ali's territories became the "neutral zone." As if to show the unsubstantial and illusory nature of the agreement, this very despatch alludes to the uneasiness of Shir Ali at the reported intention to send a *Russian expedition to capture Merv and reduce the Turcoman tribes of those parts*. The danger to the "neutral zone" on this score is as great now as it was last year. An impression undoubtedly prevails that Merv, before very long, in spite of all "assurances," is to share the fate of Khiva. An expedition against the Turcomans in its neighbourhood is certainly in contemplation, and "military necessity" or some other plea drawn from the copious vocabulary of the Foreign Office at St. Petersburg can hardly be wanting for its annexation.

Here, then, we are at the heart of this Anglo-Russian question. If Merv be occupied, the "neutral zone" arrangement can hardly stand. It is 250 miles south of Khiva, and only 200 from Herát. From Shir Ali's territories it is but fifty miles, and the pursuit of any Turcoman tribe even for a few yards beyond that line involves a rupture of the "neutral zone" arrangement. Should any such tribe call upon some neighbouring horde for help, and an engagement of any consequence be fought on Afghan soil, the "neutral zone" will be at an end. If we look forward then to any such complication, would it not be wise to be forearmed?

The geographical position of Merv at a point where the highroad from Khiva to Herát crosses the highroad from Persia to Bokhara, its situation in an oasis of great fertility, and its unlimited supply of water, give this city, in the opinion of Sir Henry Rawlinson, "a strategical value superior probably to that of any other city between the Caspian and the Indus." There can be no doubt that, with Merv in the hands of Russia, another forward movement may at any moment be made against Herát. In any case the "neutral zone" would be scarcely tenable. Should Afghanistan be seriously threatened, even Lord Derby, the most cautious of men, admits that the matter would wear a very ugly aspect. In his speech in the House of Lords on the 8th May, 1874, he said that "any interference with the national independence of Afghanistan would be regarded by Her Majesty's Government as a very grave matter, requiring their most careful and serious consideration; and as one which might involve serious danger to the peace of India. I think, if such an interference occurred, to put the matter mildly, it is highly probable that this country would interfere."

Sir Henry Rawlinson's suggestions to meet this state of affairs are very briefly told in his own words. He says,—

"The facility of taking Herát by a *coup-de-main* from Merv is so

“patent, while the consequences of that movement to British India might be so fatal, that it seems a fair matter for consideration whether the Russian occupation of the one city should not be immediately followed by the British occupation of the other.”

In support of this proposal we are reminded that if the Ameer concurred—as there seems a very strong probability he would, both as a measure for the defence of his own dominions and as relieving him once for all from the necessity of choosing between England and Russia—a British force moving by Quetta and Candahar to Herát would simply have to execute a military promenade. Under no circumstances need the strength of the column exceed 10,000 men, the greater part being Europeans. Sir Henry Rawlinson would thus distribute them: 5,000 to garrison Herát; 3,000 at Candahar; while 1,000 men might occupy Quetta and Pishin, keeping up communications below Candahar. The remaining 1,000 would be engaged in keeping open the line from Candahar to Herát.

Of course such an arrangement as this implies the disappearance of a “neutral zone” for ever. But if that arrangement be insufficient to restrain the zeal of Russian officers, whose Government censures them but takes good care never to give back any territory they have annexed even in disobedience to express instructions, it seems better once for all to bring the two empires into contact. The whole course of Central Asian affairs might thus be changed; but perhaps this would be the most peaceful course after all. If the frontiers are to be continuous, it is certainly far better that the boundary-line should be a long way outside India; that enterprising Russian officers should know that before reaching Peshawur they would have to encounter masses of native irregulars, led by English officers, not Khivans but formidable warriors, themselves the descendants of conquerors; above all, that the native mind in India should be rid of the idea which for a long time events have tended to foster, that Russia will steadily advance, whenever and wherever she pleases, up to the very gates of Hindostan. Such an impression must be dispelled without delay. It ought to be remembered that as regards the spreading of this idea amongst the native races of India, there exists all over that Empire a most potent agent for mischief in the shape of the native Press.

A frequent argument in deprecation of any vigorous action in Eastern policy is that Russia does not meditate an invasion of India. Probably not. But even if we could be sure that no influential persons in military circles entertained the idea, there are other points to be considered. By keeping us perpetually on the alert along our Indian frontier she can at any time compel us largely to reinforce our Indian army. To

do this we must draw upon our scanty and rapidly diminishing military resources at home. The main strength of every army is its infantry. Including the Guards, our nominal strength of infantry at home is 53,465. But at a recent review at Aldershot, out of a nominal strength of 10,000, there were in round numbers only 7,000 men present. Applying this test to the whole army, it is quite obvious that any substantial reinforcements sent to India would reduce our home forces to a figure at which it would be impossible for us to send a single corps even to Antwerp, should Belgium be threatened.

Everybody admits that it would be desirable for England and Russia to be thoroughly at one in the East. But every one acquainted with the recent history of Russian movements in Asia sees the enormous difficulty of binding Russia to any definite and permanent arrangement.

The cause of this difficulty is very simple, and, once removed, a durable relationship of peace and confidence between the two powers may easily be established. They have not, for years past, conducted their negotiations on a footing of equality. Every one knows the difficulty of arguing with a man who commences by quietly assuming the truth of some huge theory (embracing, perhaps, a great deal more than the actual field of controversy) which is in reality quite a matter of opinion. It is a very usual weapon in these days with journalists. There is, in fact, no level ground upon which the argument may be carried on. Our diplomatic proceedings with the great powers present a somewhat analogous case. Our representative attends a Conference with the chilling consciousness that he is sent there to register a foregone conclusion. In the latter part of Lord Palmerston's long rule we gave way to France. It was mainly for the sake of our disinterested ally that we threw away our maritime rights in 1856. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli now seem to vie with each other in servile and abject truckling to Germany and Russia. Let a different tone be adopted, and we are convinced that there would be a corresponding change on the part of Russia. But this change must be supported by adequate measures at home and abroad. What are those measures?

In the first place, should Russia send an expedition against the Tekkeh Turcomans in the neighbourhood of Merv, the neutral zone arrangement would almost certainly be at an end by the pursuit being carried beyond Shir Ali's frontier. But we must not wait for this. If the future relations of the two powers are to be those of peace, they must be those of equality. We should therefore, without delay, declare the "neutral zone" at an end, and occupy Herát. The "key of India" is well worth the trouble, and we have already shown our appreciation of its value by the Persian war of 1856, which was fought for Herát, and for

Herát only. The frontiers of the two countries would then touch, and Russia, for the first time in many years, would find herself faced by a power determined to suffer no encroachment. The advance to Herát need not be a matter of great expense. No reinforcements on the scale to which we have alluded would be needed in India. Herát already possesses fortifications which with a very little European skill might be rendered impregnable to anything but a regular siege train, and to conduct the materials for the latter through Central Asia would be an enterprise of enormous magnitude. Without an English garrison, the city is incapable of offering a serious resistance to a *coup-de-main*. After the inevitable outburst of indignation on the part of the Russian press had subsided, the "limitary relationship" between England and Russia in the East would rest upon a firm basis, and there is no reason why it should not endure for centuries. After the forward movement had been carried out, our advanced post (Herát) would still be within the boundaries of Afghanistan, which the Czar declares to be "completely outside the sphere within which Russia may be called upon to exercise her influence." And to call the occupation of Herát anything but a measure of defence would be absurd. The idea of England embarking on a career of conquest through Central Asia, with Herát for a base of operations, would, we should think, be a spectre beyond even M. Katkoff's ingenuity to call up.

There is another measure which, whether we go to Herát or not, should be initiated at once. This is the Euphrates Valley Railway. The project, however, of which the Select Committee of the House of Commons spoke so favourably a couple of years ago—to build a railway, that is to say, from Seleucia,* on the Mediterranean coast, to Grain, near the head of the Persian Gulf, effecting a saving of a thousand miles in the journey to India—might be extended, and the line continued along the coasts of Persia and Beloochistan to India, the port of Kurrachee being the terminus. If this railway were constructed, there would be an end to all danger in the East. Persia, which has been gradually slipping out of our control, would once more be brought under our influence; and the trade of provinces whose industries have been decaying for centuries, would revive immediately, were means of communication established in the country. The more distant part of the line, as it approached India, would no doubt be unremunerative, except in a military or political sense. But its advantages are so obvious that it seems absolutely incomprehensible that financial scruples should have so long prevented its accomplishment. The estimated cost of the

* Seleucia, the ancient port of Antioch, is just in the bend of the coast below Asia Minor, and about north-east of Cyprus.

original project is eight millions sterling: It has been proposed that Turkey should raise that sum as a loan, the interest being guaranteed by England. If we call this interest four hundred thousand pounds per annum, we can scarcely say that we have undertaken a very serious responsibility. Moreover, a loan brought out under such circumstances would be very favourably received, and nothing short of the total dissolution of the Ottoman Empire would endanger the interest. But the dissolution of that Empire would probably bring about a crisis in which half a million, more or less, would not attract much attention. To continue the railway to India would of course largely increase the estimated cost. But the expense of constructing the line from the head of the Persian Gulf to Kurrachee should certainly be borne by the Imperial and Indian exchequers. The mother-country, India, and the Empire at large would all benefit by it, not only in trade but in the guarantee of peace which it would afford.

The third measure we would advocate is the complete reconstruction of our military system. At present it is not only useless, but dangerous; and the regular army, upon whose ranks in the hour of danger would come the most pressing calls from every part of the Empire, is only equal to two continental *corps d'armée*.

England and Russia, speaking to each other as equals, would be in a fair position to establish an alliance affording some better guarantee for the peace of the world than is secured by the meetings of the three Emperors. No more perfect satire upon the complacent self-satisfaction of an "age of progress" could well be devised than the annual interviews between these potentates. The words peace, liberty, and progress are used so often, that English people have at last persuaded themselves that these things exist on the Continent as they do here. All that we can see with distinctness in the affairs of Europe is this, that three men hold in their hands the absolute disposal of the lives and fortunes of a hundred and sixty millions of human beings. By a word they can deluge all Europe with blood. To put an end to a state of things so revolting to the mind of the citizens of every free country is a national duty. It can only be effected by a restoration of that Balance of Power which preserved unbroken the peace of Europe for forty years. An understanding, or if necessary an alliance, between England and Russia would accomplish this at once, and would be a cause of rejoicing for the whole world. But in entering upon any negotiations to this end, the utmost care and vigilance will have to be exercised.

A Russian alliance is quite possible, and presents from our side no difficulties. All that we ask is that Russia shall honestly meet us half-way, and be prepared to concede something. We have already made

more than our share of concessions ; it is now her turn to be liberal, if she cares for our alliance. But perhaps the best way to obtain those concessions from a power whose history has been one of continual expansion of territory, is to show by unmistakable measures that we are not prepared to see the process of expansion extended indefinitely. The more formidable we are, the more we shall be respected ; and a Russian alliance will only become a reality when England shows that she is in earnest in maintaining and consolidating her Empire, and in her determination to preserve the peace of the world.





EDGAR ALLAN POE.

By JOHN WATSON DALBY,

AUTHOR OF "TALES, SONGS, AND SONNETS," ETC., ETC.

SIMPLE faith "undoubtedly warrants what Tennyson has said of it, but "Norman blood" is not without its claims to respect, and no one will deny the subtlety of its influences. The boy Byron felt them, and boasted of the feeling; Edgar Allan Poe was no boaster on this score, nor, indeed, on any other; yet he had a right, scarcely inferior to that of the aristocratic poet, to be proud of his descent; and passages of his life prove that the chivalrous instinct was strong within him. He could trace his line to the twelfth century, his family having settled in Ireland in the reign of Henry II. That family was founded by Sir Roger le Poer, a companion in arms of Strongbow; and of Sir Roger, Geraldus Cambrensis pointedly observes, "It might be said without offence that there was not a man who did more valiant acts than "Roger le Poer." Adventurous and brave, he was the founder of a race as courageous as himself, contemners of conventionality, and—probably without much nicety of conscience as to the mode of acquisition—recklessly generous in outlay. A wild irregularity, often rendered respectable by high-spirited impulses, seems to have been the distinguishing feature of the race from Sir Roger le Poer down to Edgar Allan Poe.

General Poe, the poet's grandfather, married a Miss Cairnes, of Pennsylvania, a woman, it is said, of remarkable personal attractions. Their fourth son, David, was placed in a lawyer's office at Baltimore; but love, which laughs at law as freely as at locksmiths, soon drew him from his desk. He met a young English actress—Elizabeth Arnold—eloped with and married her. Cast off by his parents, who naturally resented the imprudence of the boy of eighteen, he tried the stage, apparently without success. The birth of a child to the youthful couple awakened relenting feelings at home, whither David returned; and he and his wife, said to be "a lovely little creature" of great talent, were kindly and forgivingly welcomed. Soon after this re-union, however,

both died, within a few weeks of each other, at Richmond, Virginia, of consumption, leaving three children—Henry, Edgar Allan, and Rosalie.

The confusion and uncertainty which attended Edgar throughout his whole career seem to have commenced with his birth, about the date of which no two biographers are agreed. Mr. James Hannay says January, 1811; biographical dictionaries which we have consulted, among them Haydn's "Universal Index of Biography," give the same year; Mr. Ingram has printed the date February 19th, 1809. We have his authority, however, now to say January, and that Poe's birth-place was not Baltimore, as has been sometimes stated, and is so printed in Mr. Ingram's memoir,* but Boston, and that 1809 was the actual year of his birth. It is of more importance to know that at six years of age he was an orphan, adopted by his godfather, Mr. Allan, a wealthy friend of Poe's family, long married, but childless. Edgar's earliest experiences were those of a child indulged to an injurious extreme. Beautiful in person, precocious in intellect, he was of course an infant prodigy, the little orator and oracle of the drawing-room; and Mr. Ingram well remarks, "Gratifying as those exhibitions may have been "to the godfather's vanity, the probable consequence of such a system "of recurring excitements on the boy's morbidly nervous organisation "could scarcely fail to be disastrous." Poe himself had furnished the text for his biographer's comment. He said, "I am the descendant "of a race whose imaginative and easily excitable temperament has at "all times rendered them remarkable, and in my earliest infancy I gave "evidence of having fully inherited the family character. As I advanced in years, it was more strongly developed, becoming, for many "reasons, a cause of serious disquietude to my friends, and of positive "injury to myself. . . . My voice was a household law, and at an age "when few children have abandoned their leading-strings, I was left to "the guidance of my own will, and became, in all but name, the master "of my own actions."

Thus, it is scarcely paradoxical to say, the romance of Poe's life commenced before and with his birth. The past seemed to chalk out the distempered disjointed future of the foregone victim of an evil destiny. His adopted parents, having come to England in 1816, left him at the Manor House School, in Church Street, Stoke Newington. Here he remained for five years, dreaming much, but clearly not shrinking from study, as Mr. Ingram traces to this school the acquisition of the groundwork of "that curious superstructure of classic lore which in after-years

* "The Works of Edgar Allan Poe." Edited by John H. Ingram. 4 vols. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black, 1874-5.

"was one of the chief ornaments of his weird and wonderful works." The Manor House School and its proprietor, Dr. Bransby, are quaintly described by Poe in his "Reminiscences of William Wilson."

Returning to America in 1821, Mr. Allan sent him to a school in Richmond, Virginia. Here he was remarked for his love of pets, which Mr. Ingram, by a curiously forced inference, attributes to a revulsion of feeling from his cold unsympathetic patron—as if home-indulgences could be extended to a boy away at school. It was whilst here that he first saw Mrs. Helen Stannard, whose son, a schoolmate, had taken him to her residence. She was kind, and he was grateful. It was to this lady that he afterwards addressed the verses, "To Helen," included in "Poems written in Youth." Mr. Hannay writes of the poem with rapturous praise, adding, "I do not believe what is asserted, that this 'was written when Poe was fourteen ; but it was undoubtedly written 'in his earliest youth. Now, Poe may have done this and done that. 'Youths brought up by fine good-natured Micios, particularly if their 'veins run wine,' as is believed of some, will do many strange things. 'There are hundreds of youths as 'wild' as Poe ; but this one wrote 'the above poem. *That* is the interesting fact. A fragment of song 'like this comes out of the inner being of a man, and the capability of 'producing it is *the* fact of his nature." Mrs. Stannard became, says Mrs. Whitman, "the confidante of all Poe's boyish sorrows ;" and it was her death a few years later which tinged all the fancies of his after-life with melancholy. "Like his contemporary, Petöfi, at the 'grave of his girl-love Etelka," says Mr. Ingram, "Poe would go nightly 'to visit the tomb of his revered friend,—'the one idolatrous and "'purely ideal love' of his tempest-tossed boyhood." It was to her Poe inscribed his juvenile poem, "The Pæan," which he subsequently republished as "Lenore ;" indeed, "Helen" and "Lenore" and "lost "Lenore" run through and strike that melancholy note in many of his poems, to which we have now the key.

From Richmond Poe went to the university at Charlottesville, where, contrary to the assertions of the Rev. Rufus Griswold, he is proved to have been a successful student, obtaining distinctions in Latin and French at the closing examinations of 1826. This implies a tenacity of purpose and steadiness of character, at this time at all events, for which his reverend calumniator would refuse him credit at any period. "At the university," says Dr. Griswold, "he led a very dissipated life ; the manners which then prevailed there were extremely 'dissolute, and he was known as the wildest and most reckless student 'of his class. . . . He would have graduated with the highest honours, 'had not his gambling, intemperance, and *other vices* induced his expul-

"sion from the university." Pity that Griswold did not consult his own dates, the inaccuracy of which is as palpable as the *animus* of the writer. These would have shown the incompatibility of his statement with the age of Poe, and the impossibility of intemperance and "*other vices*" in a mere child! But the looseness of his accusations is further exhibited in what he says about "graduating with the highest honours," no provision for conferring degrees of any kind having been made at the university at the time Poe was a student there. This we have on the authority of Mr. Wertenbaker, Secretary of the Faculty, who also says, "He spent but one session at the university, and *at no time* *'did he fall under the censure of the Faculty.'*" Mr. Wertenbaker, however, sustains Griswold's imputation as to the propensity for gambling. He says, "He was not at that time addicted to drinking, but had an 'ungovernable passion for card-playing.'"

In 1827, when every generous heart was throbbing with the hope of the restoration of the independence of Greece, if not of her "glory"—when Byron had fired every intellectual boy in both continents with emulation, and an enthusiasm more poetical than practical—a sympathy much more prolific of words than deeds,—Poe started for Europe with the idea of giving his personal assistance to the heroic work. He was absent for more than a year, and the story of that year has never been told; its history is a complete blank. But many malicious stories were built on that absence, which, though known to and uncontradicted by Poe in his lifetime, are now exploded. The American minister at St. Petersburg did not relieve the youth from "temporary embarrassment," and enable him to return to his native land; for the mysterious wanderer never reached that city, nor the scene of war, "which," says Mr. Hannay drily, "was doubtless a great loss to the Greeks." Mr. Ingram seems to think it probable that Poe did not get farther on his expedition than England; and therefore Mr. Hannay's eloquent rhapsody about Poe in the Mediterranean, who—"with his passionate love of the "Beautiful, in the 'years of April blood,' in a climate which has the "perpetual luxury of a bath, must have had all his perceptions of "the lovely intensified wonderfully"—is also baseless.

Poe returned in 1829, reaching Richmond the day after the funeral of his adopted mother. Whatsoever the feeling with which Mr. Allan regarded the conduct of his *protégé*, he does not seem to have relaxed in his efforts to forward Poe's views. The latter having expressed a readiness to devote himself to the military profession, Mr. Allan exercised his influence and got him entered as a cadet at the Military Academy. According to the rules of this institution, no candidate can be appointed after he is twenty-one, and Poe was barely in time to

secure his nomination. He had just privately printed his first little volume of poems, according to Hannay; but, says Mr. Ingram, "Lowell "and others of the poet's reviewers speak of an earlier edition of this "book* as published in 1827, and from it the delicate little lyric 'To "Helen' is professedly extracted." In 1831, whilst still a cadet, he published an enlarged edition of his early rhymes, under the title of "Poems by Edgar A. Poe," and dedicated it to "The United States "Corps of Cadets." His fellow-students did not appreciate the compliment, thought the verses doggerel, and their writer cracked. It is unquestionable that the volume contained much of juvenile ineptitude; but it is doubtful if these young gentlemen were at all qualified to sit in judgment on it.

In the short space of eighteen months the martial ardour which had "high-mettled the blood in his veins" cooled down. Poe found that he had made a mistake. Drill was disagreeable, and discipline intolerable. If he was dissatisfied with his position, the authorities were equally weary of him. On the 7th January, 1831, he was tried by a general court-martial "for various neglects of duty and disobedience of "orders," to which he pleaded guilty, and was "dismissed the service "of the United States." It is idle to grow sentimental over this matter, to ejaculate "Poor fellow!" and talk of "Pegasus at the plough." "Pegasus" had sought the "plough," and should have stood honourably by it. There was a "ploughman" of a different kind who ought to have been his model—one as much his equal in pride and compeer in occasional excess, as he was his superior in principle and in poetical power—

"One who walked in glory and in pride
Behind his plough upon the mountain side,"

and did not disobey the orders, hard though they were, of his official masters.

Discharged from the Military Academy at West Point, Poe sought his old asylum at Richmond. He had not been long at home when he fell in love with a Miss Royster, whom he would have married, but Mr. Allan had insuperable objections to the match. A serious quarrel ensued, and Poe went off to aid the Poles against Russia! This time it is conjectured that he never left America,—learning on his way that Warsaw had fallen, and in its fall had buried the last hopes of the Polish patriots. Worse intelligence, as regarded his own prospects, quickly reached him—Mr. Allan had married "the beautiful Miss "Paterson," and the faithless Miss Royster had become Mrs. Shelton.

* The title of which was "Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and other Poems" (Baltimore), 81 pp.

Now comes an interval of two years, during which nothing is recorded of Poe's work or wanderings. In 1833 he is found in Baltimore, competing for prizes offered by the proprietor of the *Saturday Visitor* for the best prose story and the best poem; the palm was awarded to Poe for both. The subject of the poem was the "Coliseum;" and six prose stories which he sent in so pleased the adjudicators that they drew up and published a statement that they had awarded the premiums to the author of "MS. found in a Bottle," and strongly urged the publication of all the stories, which were called by Poe "Tales of the "Folio Club." This event brought him into connection with Mr. John P. Kennedy, who found him completely out-at-elbows, and almost starving. Mr. Kennedy gave him generous assistance and useful patronage, and strongly recommended him to Mr. White, the spirited projector of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, in Richmond, Virginia. This was a most opportune turn in Poe's affairs; for in the spring of 1834 Mr. Allan had died, leaving nothing to the godson, who at one time entertained just expectations of being the rich merchant's heir. Mr. Allan's marriage and the birth of a son naturally affected the disposition of his property, apart from any feeling of resentment which Poe's conduct might have created. It is possible that a vague hope clung to Poe to the last; but with its utter extinction must have come the conviction that his sole reliance must be on himself. He was now fairly sailing on the broad ocean of literary enterprise; and if he had possessed that staying power on which Mr. Carlyle has so impressively dwelt, and of which the sage's own course has been a noble illustration, he would never have supplied his enthusiastic biographer, Mr. Ingram, with occasion for the lachrymose comment on the dismissal from the Military Academy: "Better for him, poor fellow, and better for the "credit of his countrymen, if he had then and there accepted the fiat "of the Academy officials as that of his nation, and sought on some "foreign shore the hospitality denied him by his own countrymen." Mr. White had engaged Poe exclusively for his magazine, which was profiting greatly by contributions so original and startling as the new writer's; and he says, in a letter to Mr. Kennedy dated Richmond, September 11th, 1835, "Mr. White has been induced, through your "influence, to employ me in assisting him with the editorial duties of "his magazine, at a salary of 520 dollars per annum." The letter in which this fact is announced is written in a style of pitiable prostration, and drew from his friend what Mr. Ingram calls a "kindly if "commonplace reply," but which seems to us admirable in spirit and sound sense: "I am sorry to see you in such plight as your letter "shows you in. It is strange that just at this time, when everybody is

"praising you, and when fortune is beginning to smile upon your hitherto wretched circumstances, you should be invaded by those blue devils. It belongs, however, to your age and temper to be thus buffeted; but be assured it only wants a little resolution to master the adversary for ever. You will doubtless do well henceforth in literature, and add to your *comforts*, as well as to your reputation, which it gives me great pleasure to assure you is everywhere rising in popular esteem."

In little more than a twelvemonth Poe raised the circulation of the *Messenger* from seven hundred to nearly five thousand. In connection with his labour at this time, Mr. Ingram enters a curious protest against Poe's "crucial dissection of bookmaking mediocrities. . . . Why could he not have left the work of crushing or *puffing* his Liliputian contemporaries to the ordinary disappointed authors?" We were told just before, that Poe "could not be made, either by flattery or abuse, a respecter of persons," yet here is his admiring biographer accusing him of the mean artifice of "puffing." The profuse reviewing was, Mr. Ingram shrewdly suggests, done at the instance of Mr. White, who probably found his account in it; but the *Messenger* must have owed its marvellous success to Poe's sensational tales, his brilliant bursts of lyrical beauty, and his profoundly thoughtful essays.

It should not be overlooked that the peculiar hold Poe exercised over his readers, and the distinctive position he took in American literature, were due, not only to his abnormally rich and fantastic imagination, but to the scientific attainments he pressed into its service, and the faculty—so rarely combined with it—of minute and painstaking elaboration. His mind attained a precocious maturity; and the studies in which he most delighted—the classics, mathematics, botany, and astronomy—were turned to such account in his weird romances as to give to the wildest of them a seemingly truthful circumstantiality. So far was this carried, that in many cases (we may instance the "Mærenic Revelation," the "Balloon Hoax," "The Adventures of Hans Pfaall," the "Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar," and the "Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym,") the public took Poe's clever fictions for records of facts, and were proportionately irate with the author when they discovered that he had deluded them, or rather that his genius had led them to delude themselves. How nearly such literary hoaxes as Poe's *jeu d'esprit* recounting the "Signal Triumph of Mr. Monck Mason's Flying Machine," approach downright imposition and a fraud upon newspaper readers, we will not stop to inquire. In a humble way Poe has his English imitators,—the concoctor of the "Waterloo Bridge Tragedy;" Mr. David Ker, the inventor of the "Old Savage;"

and Mr. Greenwood, whose imaginative but monstrously clever "Dog and Man Fight at Hanley" created such a sensation and aroused much genuine indignation a little while ago.

In 1836, Poe married his cousin Virginia, the daughter of his father's sister Maria. Miss Clemm was very young, and symptoms of consumption, the hereditary disease of the family, were already perceptible in her. But neither this nor his restricted means was allowed to bar the union, which, whilst it made the young lovers happy, afforded Poe the inestimable blessing of maternal care in his aunt, Mrs. Clemm.

Abundant testimony exists to the absolute devotion both mother and daughter felt for Edgar Poe, and Mr. Ingram quotes many contemporary sketches of his domestic life at this period, all speaking highly of his industry, his regular and simple habits, and his passionate affection for his "most amiable, loveable, and lovely" young wife. To illustrate the reckless absurdity of the calumnies invented against Poe, we may mention that he was said to have "caused the death of his wife, that he might have a fitting theme for 'The Raven'"—a poem published two years before her decease! We have already pointed out that the Lenore of "The Raven," and many of Poe's elegiac poems, was really Mrs. Stannard. Indeed, all the circumstances of Poe's marriage seem to refute the obloquy heaped on his character. A girl who only met him occasionally in society might have been sufficiently dazzled by his powers and fascinations to rashly risk her happiness with him; but his aunt and cousin must have been well acquainted with his disposition and course of life, and his mother-in-law assuredly would not have shown such faithful affection as she did for one who had been a cold or cruel husband.

Until January, 1837, Poe remained with Mr. White, whom he left for the more lucrative employment of assisting Professors Anthon, Hawks, and Henry, in the *New York Quarterly Review*. Mr. White parted with him most unwillingly, and whilst complimenting the retiring editor on the great ability with which he had conducted the *Messenger*, gave his readers the consolatory assurance that Mr. Poe would still occasionally contribute to its columns. That he had resigned for other employment was more than once stated by Mr. White, and is a sufficient refutation of Griswold's very characteristic calumny that he was dismissed for drunkenness.

The reviewing department of the *New York Quarterly* does not seem to have been very engrossing; for in the first two months of 1837, Poe contributed portions of the "Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym" to his old friend the *Messenger*. Encouraged by the interest excited, he completed it; and in July of the following year it appeared in book form,

and was, Mr. Ingram says, even more successful in England than in America. Contradicting Griswold, he adds that it was several times reprinted in England.

Poe's expectation of improving his pecuniary position at New York was not realized, and a prospect of constant employment offering itself in Philadelphia, he removed thither in 1838. In Philadelphia, Poe attached himself to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which, whilst it assured him a tolerable income, afforded him leisure for contributing to other publications. About this period Poe was charged with having represented Captain Brown's work on Conchology as his own, and taken out a copyright for the American edition, omitting all mention of the original. Mr. Ingram disposes of this charge satisfactorily. In 1839 appeared two volumes of Poe's stories, under the title of "Tales of the Arabesque and the Grotesque." Among them was "The Fall of the House of Usher," containing a poem called "The Haunted Palace," for the idea of which Griswold asserted that Poe was indebted to Longfellow's "Beleaguered City." Mr. Ingram asserts that Poe's poem was "published long prior to Longfellow's," but admits that "Tennyson had worked out the same idea many years previous to either in 'The Deserted House,' published in 1830."

In 1840, Mr. George R. Graham blended his *Casket* with the *Gentleman's Magazine*, under the name of *Graham's Magazine*; and retaining Poe's editorial services, and being a liberal paymaster to other contributors, in little more than two years the number of subscribers rose from five to fifty-two thousand. In this magazine Poe's papers on "Autography" and "Cryptology" attracted notice, and were much criticised.

In 1841, the appearance (in *Graham's Magazine*) of "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" gave the author a Parisian reputation. French periodicals of repute praised him, Madame Mennier translated several of his stories, and Baudelaire reproduced with surprising *vraisemblance* many of them. In 1842 he published the "Descent into a Maelstrom" and the "Mystery of Marie Rogêt." About this time occurred Poe's severance from Mr. Graham, for what reason is not known, unless it were that he had conceived the notion of starting a magazine of his own, to be called *The Stylus*,—a project which met with no encouragement, and was dropped. In 1843, Poe obtained the one hundred dollar prize, offered by the *Dollar Magazine*, by an ingenious tale illustrating his theory of ciphers, called "The Gold Bug." In 1844 he moved to New York, whither his fame had preceded him, and where he found literary companionship of a genial kind. Towards the end of the year Poe became sub-editor and critic on the *Mirror*, a daily paper of which

N. P. Willis and General George Morris were proprietors. This engagement lasted only six months; but during that period (in Feb. 1845) the production of Poe's genius that most captivated the world came to the light—"The Raven" contributed by him to *Colton's American Review*, under the signature of "Quarles." Willis was the first to republish it with the author's name; but very soon afterwards Poe prefixed it to a volume entitled "The Raven, and other Poems," dedicated to Elizabeth Barrett Barrett, "the noblest of her sex."

This dedication is in itself sufficient to set aside the charge of *conscious* plagiarism in "The Raven" from "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," for certainly the last thing done by even the most artless of poets would be, after deliberately imitating a lady, to inscribe the imitation to her! But that "The Raven" *unconsciously* owed something of its sentiment, its rhythm, and even its actual rhyme, to the deep impression made on Poe by "Lady Geraldine," no one who compares the two poems can doubt, and two or three passages will serve to show. In "Lady Geraldine" we have:

"With a murmurous stir *uncertain*, in the eve the *purple curtain*
Swelleth in and swelleth out around her motionless pale brows."

In "The Raven":

"And the silken, sad, *uncertain* rustling of each *purple curtain*
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before."

Mrs. Browning makes Lady Geraldine's despairing lover speak of—

"The *desolate sand desert* of my heart and life undone:"

while Lenore's lover apostrophises the Raven as—

"*Desolate*, yet all undaunted, on this *desert* land enchanted."

The instances of mere verbal correspondence in the two poems, such as "silken murmur," "silken stirring," "within the inner chamber," "she *fluttered* like a tame bird," "eyes now throbbing through me . . . are ye ever burning torrid o'er . . . my heart," from "Lady Geraldine:" and "silken . . . rustling," "into the chamber turning," "not a feather" "then he *fluttered*," "fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core," from "The Raven," are numerous; and the more singularly noticeable from the fact that in a minute, and on the whole appreciative, critique of Miss Barrett's poetry, contributed by Poe to the *Broadway Journal*, in the very year in which he wrote "The Raven" (1845), he said that "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" was "a very palpable imitation" of Tennyson's "Locksley Hall." This only confirms what we have said before, that poets should be chary of accusing each other of "imitation;" unconscious reproduction being to a certain extent inevi-

where sympathy and admiration are strong, and the current of thought sets in the same direction.

Mrs. Browning herself either did not observe, or generously refrained from drawing attention to, these striking resemblances. She had great admiration for Poe's unquestionable genius, and wrote as follows of "The Raven," in a letter to a friend, shortly after its publication:

"This vivid writing—this power which is *felt*—has produced a sensation here in England. Some of my friends are taken by the fear of it, and some by the music. I hear of persons who are haunted by the 'Nevermore.' It seems probable that she herself came under that spell, and that the refrain of the grand, though un-fanciful poem, addressed by her to Napoleon III., "Emperor—evermore," was a reminiscence of Poe's "Nevermore."

In 1845, Poe became possessor of the *Broadway Journal*, only to see it die in the January of the following year. During the summer of 1846, Poe moved his wife, for quiet and fresh air, to Fordham near New York, where they occupied "a little cottage at the top of a hill," with "an acre or two of greensward, fenced in about the house, as smooth as velvet, and as clean as the best kept carpet." "So neat, so poor, so unfurnished, yet so charming a dwelling I never saw," writes a literary friend who often visited there, and wrote in the most glowing terms of the fascinations of Mrs. Poe—then dying of her insidious and deceptive disease—and of the tender solicitude with which her husband nursed her. The representations made by the same writer of the depth of poverty to which, chiefly from his wife's and his own protracted illness, Poe was then reduced, occasioned a generous appeal to be made for him by Willis, and a public subscription raised by a lady relieved his immediate wants.

In January, 1847, Mrs. Poe died, and her husband and mother remained at Fordham, in seclusion and the deepest grief. Here, in memory of Virginia, he wrote "Ulalume," and devoted himself to the completion of his "Eureka," a work embodying his theory of "the cosmogony of the universe," which Mr. Ingram calls "the last and grandest monument of his genius."

The romance of Poe's life was not buried in Virginia's grave. In the autumn of 1848 he obtained an introduction to Mrs. Whitman, a beautiful young widow, called by Mr. Ingram "the finest female poet New York has produced," whom Poe had first seen in 1846, on his way from Boston, where he had been reciting "Al Aaraaf" and "The Raven," at the Lyceum. "Restless, near midnight," says Griswold, "he wandered from his hotel near where she lived, until he saw her walking in a garden. He related the incident afterwards in one of his most exqui-

"site poems." This poem, the second "To Helen," († is a curious coincidence that Mrs. Whitman was the second Helen, young, beautiful, and widowed, whom Poe had loved,) beginning—

"I saw thee once—once only—years ago,"

Poe sent to Mrs. Whitman in 1848, anonymously; but she knew the writing, and thus identified the writer. Though long interested in each other, the poet and poetess did not meet till September, 1848, but having once met, they speedily became engaged, in spite of determined opposition from the lady's friends. The engagement only lasted two or three months, and was broken off because, according to the version of Griswold, Poe found his way to Helen's house, on the eve of what was to have been their wedding-day, in a state of such mad intoxication that he had to be forcibly expelled. Mr. Ingram does not believe this; but, we are compelled to ask, if the estrangement is, as he supposes, susceptible of an explanation honourable to both parties, why did not Mrs. Whitman afford that explanation, since her zeal for Poe's reputation enabled her so far to brave painful memories as to publish a little book in his defence,* from which Mr. Ingram makes copious and valuable extracts. We must echo Mr. Ingram's hope that, in justice to the dead, if Griswold's story is really false, Mrs. Whitman may some day tell the true one. Mr. Pabodie, a friend of both parties, denied the slander "on authority." But denials in general terms fail to set at rest specific charges; Griswold in his turn gave Pabodie the lie; Pabodie retaliated by proving *other* statements of Griswold's to have been incorrect; Griswold was silenced, but the public were not convinced. After the termination of his engagement to Mrs. Whitman, Poe returned to Fordham for a time, revisiting Richmond in the summer of 1849, and renewing his acquaintance with the lady to whom, when Miss Royster, he had first proposed marriage, but who jilted him for Mr. Shelton. She had become a widow, and it is said that Poe renewed his proposals to her, and was accepted; at all events, she wore mourning for his death.

During this last visit to Richmond, Poe delivered two lectures on "The Poetic Principle." "When in that town," says Mr. Thompson, "he made the office of the *Messenger* his frequent resort. His conversation was always attractive, and at times very brilliant. Among "modern authors his favourite was Tennyson, and he delighted to recite "from 'The Princess' the song, 'Tears, idle tears,' a fragment of "which—

'When unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square,'

"he pronounced unsurpassed by any image expressed in writing."

* "Edgar Poe and his Critics."

On the 4th of October, Mr. Ingram tells us, "he left Richmond by train, with the intention, it is supposed, of going to Fordham to fetch Mrs. Clemm. Before his departure he complained to a friend of indisposition, of chilliness and exhaustion, but, notwithstanding, determined to undertake the journey. He left the train at Baltimore, and some hours later was discovered in the street insensible. How he had been taken ill, no one really knows, and all the absurd reports circulated about his last moments were absolute inventions. He was dying when found, and being unknown, was taken at once to the hospital, where he died on Sunday the 7th of October, 1849, of inflammation of the brain, insensible, it is supposed, to the last. The following day he was buried in the burial-ground of Westminster Church, close by the grave of his grandfather, General David Poe. No stone marks the spot where he lies."

In the essay on the "Life and Genius of Edgar Poe," by James Hannay, before referred to, and written within a year or two after Poe's death in no unfriendly spirit, we read—"In the autumn of 1849 he had, after a sad fit of insane debauchery, made one vigorous effort to emerge. He joined a Temperance society—he led a quiet life—and his marriage was talked of. But on the evening of the 6th October, 1849—a Saturday evening—passing through Baltimore on his way to New York, accident threw him among some old acquaintances. He plunged into intoxication : and on the Sunday morning he was carried to an hospital, where he died that same evening at the age of thirty-eight years. No details have been given of this last scene ; let us be thankful that we bear not that pain in our memory."

How are these two statements to be reconciled ? Mr. Ingram, whose object in writing his biography is avowedly to clear Poe's character from injurious aspersions (an excellent motive, so far as he can support his vindication with facts) would say, by the simple method of disbelieving Mr. Hannay. But at statements so circumstantial it is not sufficient to level the simple assertion that they are "ill-judged and misplaced calumnies." Facts must be placed against facts, details against details. While sympathising entirely with Mr. Ingram in his generous aim, we should wish to see him endeavour to attain it with more fulness and precision as to dates, places, and authorities. It is not that we question the truth of his charitable view ; we only want it to carry the same weight as the old accusations did, by being equally elaborate and outspoken.

At present all Mr. Ingram's friendly endeavours have achieved no reversal of judgment in Poe's case. They only bring into relief the middle period of steady industry and happy domesticity which intersected the wild commencement and tragic end of his career, and throw a

brighter, stronger light on those extenuating circumstances which every impartial reader of Poe's sad and stormy life and his luridly brilliant writings must always have admitted. Poe's temperament, gloomy from the first—hereditarily disposed to morbid influences—no doubt required to be stimulated to activity by methods which in themselves he loathed. Some months before his death, he wrote to a dear friend who tried to save him, "I have absolutely *no* pleasure in the stimulants in which I "sometimes so madly indulge." One glass of wine, it is said, would "madden him." It is a painful picture; and we gladly turn from the errors and woes of the man to the abiding triumphs of his genius. The bitter *animus* and exaggeration of Griswold's narrative we rejoice to see exposed; but unfortunately the failings on which he based his charges did exist—we read them here in the deep regrets of Poe himself, and the pitting extenuation of his friends.

Notwithstanding these inherent difficulties of subject, we are grateful to Mr. Ingram for the zeal and industry he has displayed in these four handsome volumes; we are glad to see Poe's character portrayed in a more favourable light—through testimony inaccessible to English readers while scattered over Transatlantic magazines and papers and welcome as enabling us to do more ample justice to a maligned and misunderstood man; and we are sensible of the value to literature of a reliable collection of Poe's works.

English readers, already tolerably familiar with the most important of Poe's tales and poems, will turn with curiosity to his criticisms, in which he appraises the work of contemporaries on both continents. We must confess to a little amusement at his glorification of the "illustrious unknown" when describing certain of his fellow-countrymen and women, presenting them in a strain of eulogy by no means justified by the quotations from their works. But this is amiable, if weak; and Poe is not always the one, nor often the other. When he treats of English writers, his hearty and ungrudging admiration is refreshing. Dickens, Mrs. Browning, Hood, and R. H. Horne (with the saving clause that we join issue with Poe as to the philosophy of "Orion") are especially discriminating.

The usefulness of this standard edition, as its merits entitle it to be considered, would have been materially increased by chronological arrangement, enabling readers to watch the growth of the author's mind, and by reference to the publication in which each review, story, or poem originally appeared. This may generally be dug out of the memoir by painstaking search; but the simpler plan, wherever practicable, would be infinitely more advantageous to students. We do not exactly understand on what principle Mr. Ingram has altered Poe's arrangement of

the "Poems." From what 'American edition issued during Poe's lifetime did he reprint? On what authority does he place "The City in the Sea," "The Valley of Unrest," "Israfel," and the "Bridal Ballad," amongst the "Poems written in Youth," when we believe Poe himself regarded them as mature productions? Then again, a complete edition of Poe's works should, we think, have included *all* the poems extant, and also, as a curiosity of literature, the controversy with "Outis" on Plagiarism. The index is an excellent feature, but we could wish it amplified as regards the Memoir.

We make these suggestions for Mr. Ingram's consideration when he issues the second edition of his book, which we hope the public will soon call for. It is a worthy tribute to the powers of one who stood alone both in talent and misfortune; and a fitting record of the love which attended his erratic course in life, and watches over his memory after death.





ALGERIAN COLONISATION.

(*Second Article.*)

By EDWARD T. BRIDGES,

AUTHOR OF "EMIGRATION TO NEW ZEALAND," ETC., ETC.

UP to the year 1863, there were three powerful conflicting interests in Algeria,—those of the army, the colonists, or perhaps the civil population generally, and the natives. The partisans of the army, who shared the opinions, more or less modified, of Marshal Bugeaud, as set forth in the *brochure* to which I referred in my previous article,* held that the military power should be supreme in Algeria. They evidently thought, though perhaps few of them ventured openly to express the opinion, that in that colony was to be found, ready to their hand, an admirable training-school for the army; and that the disturbed and anarchical state of the country, rendering impossible all progress towards civilisation, was of small account when set against the military glory which might thereby accrue to France. The experience of the Franco-German war has, it is probable, finally disposed of this theory, and the military partisans of Marshal Bugeaud's views have found that the guerilla warfare waged by the French army against the imperfectly-armed and ill-disciplined tribes of Algeria—usually in the event of a battle decided by the first charge—was but a poor training for resistance to the steady advance of ponderous European battalions. But long before the last war the question had been to a great extent settled, and the military interest, so far as concerned its supremacy in the colony, had been relegated to its proper place. The Emperor Napoleon had always manifested a keen interest in the welfare of Algeria; and though every attempt was made, on the occasion of his first visit to the colony in 1860, to hoodwink him as to the real relative position of these three parties, yet it is probable that the *senatus-consultus* of the 22nd April, 1863, which has, however modified, formed the basis of all subsequent dealings with the part of the soil of the colony formerly enjoyed by the natives, was to some extent

* ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE AND UNITED EMPIRE REVIEW, June 1875, Vol. I, N.S., pp. 262-3.

the result of that visit. On his return from a second and more prolonged visit to Algeria in 1865, the Emperor published an important letter to the present President of the Republic, then Governor-General of Algeria, setting forth his views at great length, and in particular insisting on the importance of maintaining the *senatus-consultus* of 1863.

It may be as well to give here a short *resumé* of the laws relating to landed property in Algeria, at the time of, and since, the French occupation.

The terms of the capitulation signed on the surrender of Algiers expressly provided that the property of the vanquished should be respected. This unconditional disclaimer of all the rights of a conqueror was perhaps a little premature. Had the French Government been better acquainted with the laws and customs of the country, and had it taken more into consideration the probable feelings of prospective colonists, it is possible that it would have reserved to itself the right of acquiring land for the purpose of resale to the future European population. This course, however, was not adopted, and the ill-defined state in which the property of the natives was found and left, opened the door to reckless and disastrous European speculation. Although most of the property of the Arabs in and near the large towns was held on individual (as opposed to tribal or collective) tenure, and was in consequence freely transmissible, yet in practice it was found that from various causes, of which one perhaps was the natural apathy of the natives, it had for many generations remained in an almost stationary condition,—descending from father to son, without registry, or any legal documents to prove either title or boundaries, the determining of these two very important questions being left to the vague decision of tradition and public notoriety. The crowd of speculators who followed the army, taking advantage of this undefined condition of property, set about seeking for land in every direction. The cupidity of the natives became aroused, and it often occurred that one of several co-proprietors of a considerable estate would represent himself as the owner of the whole, and sometimes the entire property would be sold several times over to different purchasers, by persons who possessed a title to a very small portion only; whilst others had the audacity to sell lands which only existed in their own imagination. A fictitious certificate of title, sufficient to satisfy the purchaser, could always be obtained for a consideration from the *kadi*, and these irregular transactions were all the more readily entered into by the natives, from the conviction that the French tenure of Algeria would be short, after which all these acts of alienation would be set aside. The purchasers, on their part, who had with few exceptions bought as a mere speculation, and with no idea of settling on the

land, were anxious to avoid the exposure of the flaws in their titles, which would follow an investigation, and hence they were well content to accept the property on the bare word of the vendors, feeling confident that they could easily sell with at least as good a title as that with which they bought, and probably at a considerable profit, without being at any trouble or expense in improving the land. But a great check was given to this spirit of speculation by a decree of the Government calling on all owners or occupiers of land to produce their titles within three days, on pain of forfeiture to the State. This action was followed up by a more arbitrary measure, empowering the Government, in the case of dispossession for public purposes, to seize property at twenty-four hours' notice, without making compensation, the Government further reserving to itself the assessment of damages to the dispossessed owners.

This unsettled state of affairs continued up to the ordinance of the 1st October, 1844, which substituted a mode of procedure not unlike that of our own Lands Clauses Consolidation Act, in the case of forcible dispossession of lands. This ordinance, however, contained a provision of a more questionable nature, prohibiting all Government officials, without special permission, from acquiring land, whether in fee-simple or on long lease. The clause was doubtless dictated by a laudable anxiety to guard against the reckless speculations already referred to, and in which too many of the Government officials had taken part; but the end might have been obtained by less circuitous means; and the immediate result was to hinder colonisation, by preventing many industrious families from settling on, and becoming permanently attached to, the soil of the colony. Another clause levied an annual tax of five francs per hectare upon all lands remaining uncultivated in any district wherein cultivation should have been decreed, with the additional penalty of forfeiture to the State if the tax should not be paid, or should be six months in arrear. By the ordinance of the 21st July, 1846, this tax was increased to ten francs per hectare, and the fact of the lands remaining uncultivated was of itself held to be a sufficient reason for forcible dispossession for public purposes. The principle on which this last clause was based was embodied in the report prefixed to the ordinance, which enunciated that "labour constituted the best title to "the possession of the soil;" and proceeded to push that proposition to its extreme logical consequence, namely, that the owner of land who did not labour on it, either personally or by his agents, deserved to be dispossessed. This was a practical injustice towards men who might have spent all their available capital in the purchase of land, and who were thereby compelled to decide between paying a heavy tax upon it, with the additional chance of being forcibly ejected at the will of the

Government, and working the land at a ruinous loss to themselves. Such was not the way to attract colonists. A provision better adapted to that end was found in a clause compelling an official verification of all private property held on individual tenure. This plan was found to work so well, that it was continued by Article 22 of the law of the 16th June, 1851. By Article 14 of this law, the free right of alienation was admitted, with the restriction that tribal property could not be alienated to private persons, strangers to the tribe, but reserving to the State the right to acquire such property in the interests of the public service or of colonisation, and to render it capable of free alienation. The two last clauses of this article were inserted to guard against the dangers which it was thought might arise from the too close contact of isolated European settlers with the members of hostile tribes; but they were repealed by the 6th article of the *senatus-consultus* of 1863.

I now come to the systems of concession and cantonment, both of which have been since abandoned; in fact, the history of colonisation in this country seems little else than a history of schemes taken up and laid aside one after another.

In 1841 concessions of State lands became the order of the day. The Government endeavoured to create new centres of population, in the shape of sites for villages, with a defined district surrounding them, granted out of the State reserve, in allotments, to a fixed number of families selected at its own discretion, on conditions obliging the colonists to clear and cultivate the land. Few of these agricultural villages succeeded, after years of struggles and privations. Their history "is only one proof the more," to use the words of the writer on Algerian law to whom I am indebted for the above sketch of the system, "that it is the liberty of individual enterprise, and not official regulations, that produces colonisation."* After a trial of nearly twenty years, the system of concessions was found open to many objections, the principal of which was that the concessions, being granted at the sole discretion of the State, were not open to all alike, but were made a matter of favour and interest. In the report by the Colonial Minister on the decree of the 25th July, 1860, abolishing concessions, this was stated as one difficulty, whilst the impossibility of judging fairly between a crowd of applicants of equal merits, without going into evidence needing years to collect, was pointed out as another. The conditions, intended to be of universal application, were found too onerous in many instances, and in some wholly inapplicable. The decree of 1860 substituted for the old system one resembling, in principle at least, that in practice in our own

* "Les Lois de la Propriété Immobilière en Algérie, par M. Eug. Robe, avocat à la cour impériale d'Alger." Alger, 1864.

Australasian colonies, namely, sale at a fixed price, or in certain cases by public auction.

The plan of cantonment was based on the proposition that the immense areas of land occupied by the Arab tribes were out of all proportion to their requirements ; and that it was possible, without inflicting serious injury upon them, to limit their possessions to a certain amount per head, the surplus land being annexed by the Government for the growing needs of colonisation, in exchange for which sacrifice they were to be held absolute owners of what was left, instead of mere usufructuaries. One significant result followed wherever this system of cantonment was applied. Whenever the lands thus obtained were sold to the colonists, the natives manifested every desire to repurchase them ; while in the event of the lands being offered for sale by public auction, the Arabs would attend the sale, and, if they could, outbid the Europeans—those who were too poor to buy obtaining the privilege of farming the land from the colonists. Such was the love of the Arabs for their native soil. These facts showed that forcible dispossession under the name of cantonment would have little permanent result unless the natives were prevented from repurchasing the lands ; and that it would not only become a fruitful source of disturbance amongst the tribes, but seriously reduce the *impôt Arabe*, or tax levied on the lands, flocks, and herds of the natives. A further reason for the abolition of the system was found in the fact that at this time the State possessed an abundance of land available for colonisation, of which but a very small part had been utilised.

The *senatus-consultus* of 1863 legislated chiefly in the interests of the natives. By it the tribes of Algeria were declared absolute owners of the soil which they had formerly enjoyed, under whatever title. The 2nd and 3rd articles provided for marking out the territories of each tribe, their division between the different *douars* or *communes*, and the constitution of private property in the members of the *douars*. These provisions were amended by the law of the 26th July, 1873, which enacted that the property of the tribes, up to that time held collectively, should be thenceforth enjoyed individually, on the delivery of titles to lots proportionate in size to the rights of enjoyment of the several occupants, and provision was made by the same Act for the verification and delivery of titles. By the 5th article of the *senatus-consultus* all State rights were reserved ; and by the 6th (as before stated) the clauses in the law of the 16th June, 1851, prohibiting alienation of tribal property to strangers, were repealed, with the single restriction that private property should not be transferred to strangers until after the vendor had received his title.

This enactment, as might be imagined, roused the vehement opposi-

tion of the colonist party, who urged that the area available for colonising purposes would be thereby diminished ; and had not the free alienation of property been authorised by the 6th article, they would have had too much reason for their opposition. It appears probable however that the area at present possessed by the State will be sufficient for the requirements of colonisation for many years to come, while, should the native population continue to decrease at the present rate, more territory will become available. They hit a more evident blot in the scheme when they pointed out that no provision had been made, by way of reserve, for prospective roads, railways, and centres of population, and consequently the State had in some instances found itself in the strange position of being obliged to repurchase from the natives the land it had given them.

The war of 1870, resulting as it did indirectly in the Kabyle insurrection of 1871, gave a double impulse to colonisation. The annexation of Alsace and Lorraine brought about a considerable immigration of those inhabitants who elected to remain French citizens; and the sequestration of the property of the revolted Kabyle tribes furnished fresh lands available for these colonists at just the time that they were required.

Only since this last flood of immigration has the Government thought well to take steps to prevent the repurchase of the land by the natives. By a law passed in June, 1871, 100,000 hectares of the best land in Algeria were conceded for the use of the immigrants from Alsace and Lorraine. By a subsequent law, passed in September of the same year, commissions were appointed to receive applications, and satisfy themselves on the merit of applicants. Free passages were granted, land was to be allotted on the arrival of the immigrants, and the necessary public buildings erected. But these Acts were only preliminary to the law of the 16th October, 1871, which, as since modified, is that at present regulating colonisation in Algeria. This law recognised two kinds of title. Under the first, lands were restricted to immigrants from the annexed provinces, to whom they were granted at once and absolutely, on their guaranteeing a capital of not less than 5,000 francs. Under the second, leases for nine years were granted to all French immigrants or to old Algerian settlers at a nominal rent, subject to the condition of residence by the lessee, or the person to whom he might make his assignee after two years' residence. At the end of the nine years the lease became converted into an absolute estate in fee-simple. This period of nine years was found in practice to check colonisation, consequently a decree* has been recently passed repealing the clauses

* I take these particulars of recent legislation from the official reports, the

of the law of October, 1871, relating to Title II., and substituting the following provisions: That the lease be for five, instead of nine, years, and subject to the condition of residence; that the lessee bring with him the means of subsistence for one year (at the end of five years he was to become the absolute owner, on condition that for a further period of five years he did not sell to the natives); that the concessions vary with the size of the family, and do not exceed forty hectares per family, nor be less than twenty, except in the case of outlying farms, where the area may reach one hundred hectares; that land allotted for the latter purpose be sold by public auction, the natives being excluded from the sale, and the purchaser not at liberty to resell to the natives until after the expiration of ten years from the date of his purchase. The reasons which have led to the slow increase of population in France are absent in Algeria, where population is one of the first necessities. Marriage was therefore encouraged amongst the colonists by a clause of the decree limiting the concession to unmarried men to ten hectares, the complement, making a total of not less than twenty hectares, to be delivered to them upon their marriage within five years from the date of installation. In default of marriage, this complement was to be at the disposal of the State.

Most Englishmen will think that these efforts of a "paternal government" to legislate for colonists had done every practicable thing in the way of interference with them, and that thenceforth they might have been fairly left to their own resources; but the paternal idea seems to be deeply rooted in the French mind, and this action of the Government was energetically seconded by private efforts. The reports of the "*Société de protection des Alsaciens-Lorrains demeurés Français*," formed in Paris, after the war, to assist the poorer emigrants from the annexed provinces, show how strong is the idea among Frenchmen generally that successful colonisation is best promoted by efforts from without and above. Up to March, 1873, the date of the first report, rather more than 3,200 Alsacien-Lorrain emigrants had been planted out in forty different centres in various parts of Algeria. A little before that date, a member of the committee, M. Guynemer, visited nearly all these villages, examined carefully their moral, mental, and sanitary condition, and assisted the more necessitous with gifts of money and clothes,—proceedings which are narrated in his exhaustive report. M. Guynemer appears sanguine as to the success of some of the villages: less so as to others—one obvious reason for probable failure being that many of the immigrants

"*Statistique Générale de l'Algérie, 1867—1872*;" to which is added an Appendix, bringing it down to the middle of 1874. This Appendix contains the decree in question, but, curiously enough, omits the date.

were town artisans, knowing nothing of agriculture, and requiring to be instructed in the rudiments by the Arabs. To any one who has seen the natives of Algeria scratching the surface of the ground with their primitive wooden ploughs, drawn by one horse or a couple of oxen, this will not appear a very hopeful school. But the main reason, M. Guynemer thinks, is the want of proper houses. These mistakes have been rectified in a village of more recent creation, Azib-Zamoun, in Western Kabylia, in the province of Algiers, of which only the expenses of the public works and buildings, and the surveying and allotment of lands, were borne by the Government. The transport and installation of the immigrants, the construction of the houses, purchase of beasts, agricultural implements and seeds, and, finally, the rations of the immigrants till after the harvest, were all at the expense of the Society, who also took pains to select only such families as were skilled in agriculture. These families were sent over from Marseilles in batches of twelve or fifteen persons, received in Algiers by an agent of the Society, and after a few hours' rest, during which they were kept strictly "within bounds," not being allowed to walk in the streets lest they should become demoralised, were sent on the same afternoon to the new village. Could school-children have been cared for more paternally?

Whatever one may think of the merits of the system adopted, it is impossible not to admire the earnestness of its promoters. But the success of even this village of Azib-Zamoun, where the system has been carried out to its utmost, seems very problematical. Of the forty villages referred to in the first report of the Society, but a very few have achieved success. The new colonists, possessed with the idea that everything was to be done for them, were not prepared for any struggle; and when it happened that everything was not ready for them beforehand, they became discouraged, and preferred returning to France. Was it matter of surprise that they should think lightly of what had cost them so little?

It will thus be seen that the systems of colonisation from time to time adopted in Algeria are almost the direct opposite of that which obtains in our colonies of Australia and New Zealand. There, the initiative, with the exception of the grants of free or assisted passages to the colony, has been almost entirely left to the private enterprise of individuals; and a civilisation and a society have gradually sprung up, unaided in their growth by any efforts of paternal legislation. The first pioneers went out from England, furnished with capital, which they invested in the purchase from Government of large tracts of uncleared land, and sheep and cattle to stock them. They cleared the land with their own hands, erected their own rude dwellings, and after years of privations and perseverance at last saw their way to success. By-and-by new

comers bought land not many miles away from the first, and thus by degrees a little society would be created, scattered at first, but containing within itself the seeds of increase. As time went on, the necessities of business rendered concentration necessary, and little villages would arise, with two or three shops, a post-office, and perhaps a church and a school—villages here and there developing into towns. At length, when the little settlement had proved its vitality, Government would step in, and confer upon it the requisite municipal institutions. It was a hard struggle for existence during those early years, and many perished in the fight ; but the unquestioned success of our Australasian colonies is to be attributed to the courage and endurance of those who survived the struggle, and not to any Government interference on their behalf.

In Algeria, on the other hand, not only did the State take the initiative, but the individual was left as little freedom of action as possible. A Government commission selected a site where it was thought a new centre of population was required ; houses sufficient for a certain number of families were built ; land, so many hectares per family, was marked out and allotted, and, where it required clearing, was cleared by a *corps d'armée* ; roads, drains, and waterworks were constructed, and the usual public buildings required by a *commune en plein exercice*,—*mairie*, school, and the rest,—were erected ; and not till then was a single colonist allowed to set foot on the soil. Such at least was the theory ; in practice, it happened not unfrequently that the contractors to whom the works were entrusted failed in their duty : the colonists arrived before the necessary works were completed, and much grumbling was the result.

Another great hindrance to success may be found in the close proximity of the colony to the mother-country. That this has been a serious obstacle, appears from the provisions in the various Acts cited, enforcing residence for a certain period as a condition of ownership. Were Algeria some thousand miles away, instead of being barely two days' sail from France, it is possible these failures might not have to be recorded. At such a distance, greater difficulties might have been successfully encountered, and greater privations borne, than any which have met Algerian colonists ; for in choosing their lot, they would have chosen it for life ; and the love of life, and wish for better things, would have compelled a more lasting success than could result from any amount of State interference. This is not mere theory. The French Canadians succeeded as colonists ; the French have succeeded in their little settlement at Akaroa, in the province of Canterbury, New Zealand, —not perhaps in the way that we look at colonial success, with runs of hundreds of thousands of acres, and countless flocks of sheep ; but they

have created for themselves a *home*, that word so dear to every Frenchman ; they themselves have laboured on the land, and they love it. In Algeria they have had no such tie ; and it is no subject for wonder, that, with their old home so near at hand, they should regard the colony as a mere place to make money in, and should be ever looking forward to returning to their beloved France. Probably our own colonies would have been less successful had they been nearer England. But there is no need to aggravate the natural difficulties by artificial ones. State interference with the economical laws which regulate colonisation has now been tried for more than thirty years in Algeria, and has proved an almost utter failure. The experience of our own colonies seems to show that it is to individual effort we must look for the future success of colonisation in Algeria.





THE DEFAMATION OF THE DEAD.

By HORACE ST. JOHN.

IT is among the fables not mentioned by *Æsop* or *La Fontaine*, nor even moralized over by *Hans Christian Andersen*, that a little girl, seeing upon the floor, motionless, a beetle by which she had been frightened, put the question, "Is he dead, and may I stamp on him?" This cautious though vindictive philosopher had studied neither *Plutarch* nor *Suetonius*, and did not subscribe to the library of modern memoirs; but, for all that, the biographical spirit was strong within her, as it was in the German Professor, *Ingerhonz*, who, hearing that *Fritz I.* of Prussia was no more, went about asking, "Sure? quite sure? Very, very sure? Vell, now he is dead, I vill say he was the greatest tyrant that ever lived." These, and many similar *ana*, are brought to recollection by a late suggestion in Parliament concerning the law relative to posthumous defamation. That an Act bearing upon it exists is, of course, unquestionable; but that it was ever brought to bear with effect may be doubted. In the great *Topham* case, the family of *Earl Cowper* obtained a verdict, on the principle enunciated by *Lord Coke*, in his comments on the scandalous *Wraynham* affair, that "Justice lives, though the person be dead;" yet the decision was reversed by *Lord Kenyon*, on appeal. One argument in its favour was that such a calumny constituted, virtually, a breach of the peace, provoking the descendants of the deceased to retaliation. The example of the two archbishops is not in point, however, because one of them was alive at the date of the libel. But, notwithstanding the authority of that fearful and wonderful folio, "*Hawkins' Pleas of the Crown*," the English code does not run parallel in this respect with the German or the French: the former hold it criminal, and punishable by fine or imprisonment, to say of an individual in the grave that which would have marked him as an object of contempt during his life, while the latter is even more severe. The world, however, is often more just than its tribunals, and has from time to time reversed those sentences of perpetual infamy against which the elder *Lacretelle* so powerfully

pleaded. The signal instance of all was the celebrated Calas tragedy. It is unnecessary to recall more than the most conspicuous facts of it. There lived at Toulouse in 1761 a draper named Jean Calas, sixty-three years old, a citizen of forty years' standing, unblemished in character, and the father of six children—four sons, and two daughters. So good was his repute that the *petite noblesse* tolerated him, and even became his kinsmen by marriage. But he and his were Protestants—a circumstance which, in those days of evil, led to the desolation of a home long as peaceful and prosperous as any in the wide valley of the Garonne. A maid-servant in the house happened to be a Catholic, with an intense love of proselytising, and she won over to her faith the third son, Louis, and it was supposed, though never known, that she had tampered with the eldest, Mark Anthony. Now this young man had taken his degree as a Bachelor-at-Law, but could not be admitted to practise without a certificate of Catholicity, signed by the curé of his parish, who—pious man—refused it unless he saw a priest's certificate of confession. For Toulouse bore a reputation for sanctity beyond any of its sister cities in the valley. It was styled "The Holy;" *non est, in toto sanctior orbe locus*, its monkish Latin legend ran. It claimed to possess, in its crypt, seven at least of the skeletons of the Twelve Apostles—a statement verified by an inscription above the archway of the vault. Hence, from A.D. 1203, when the local genius inspired St. Dominic with that admirable idea which afterwards brought forth fruit in the form of the Inquisition, down to the murder of General Ramel in 1815, Toulouse was always a theatre of fanaticism, accompanied by crimes and cruelties. Mark Anthony Calas, prejudiced in his interests by the Church decree, was observed to become sour and morose, pondered over Montaigne on Suicide, and yet displayed a boundless affection for his parents. The mother of the briefless barrister was wont to send him on domestic errands, and, on the very day which ended so deplorably, he had been buying for her some Roquefort cheese. The tradesman inquired whether he felt cold: "No," he answered, "in a burning fever." The next seen of him was hanging from a door, dead. His father, seeming frenzied with alarm and grief, cut the body down, slipped the knot, invoked at once science and the law—the one in a vain hope, the other with a fatal result to himself, brought about partly by his own sudden cry, intended to save the honour of the house, "Let no one know that he died by his own hand!" Instantly, the whisper went forth, "These Protestants have murdered their eldest son, lest he should follow in the footsteps of the younger!" It was enough: Jean Calas was arrested, with his wife, some others of the family, and two casual visitors. The Eight Councillors assembled. He, his wife, and

a son were condemned to "the question," though he alone suffered—the rack, the wheel, and ultimate strangulation. Five persons had been seized: "the Procureur of Beelzebub," says a local record, "acquitted "three;" and one, sentenced to banishment, carried his appeal into the desert, never ceasing to cry aloud against the judges of his father. A disinterested person, for whom the brilliant romance of Clemence Robert and the partizan version of De Coquerel had not yet been written, told the story to Voltaire. It needs not to describe the ingenuities by means of which the recluse of Verney reached the truth. He made a task of collecting information, sparing nor toil, nor time, nor money; he wrote in all directions; he startled people into giving evidence; he assumed the theory of guilt, and defied proofs of innocence. The family was ruined; the estate confiscated; the shop pillaged; the house burned down. "Ah, the official difficulty of getting anything done, or, worse, of getting anything undone." "I demanded the grounds of the "sentence," wrote Voltaire; "they replied that Jean Calas was broken "on the wheel, and he must, therefore, have been an infernal male-factor!" However, the case, at length, was ordered to be reviewed; the judgment was quashed; the dead man was solemnly tried over again, and on the third anniversary of his condemnation forty judges unanimously affirmed the innocence of the man whom they had tortured until his limbs no longer held together. The widow's costs were paid; a great fund was raised, to which the Empress of Russia, the Queen of England, and the Archbishop of Canterbury contributed; the coffin of the suicide, Mark Anthony, was given up, though that of the martyr himself had been dispersed in ashes, and thus was consummated an act of posthumous "rehabilitation."

A similar episode is described by the accomplished author of "The Court of Anna Carafa." A Cardinal of that illustrious house, charged with treason, and worse, was condemned to death, and his memory declared infamous. The fifth Pope Pius, convinced of his innocence, was at inconceivable pains to demonstrate it; he succeeded; the documents relied upon by the informer were shown to be forgeries; "the "original copy of the famous process was burnt," and "the sentence "declared contrary to all justice." There is a coincidence in what afterwards occurred. The accuser of Jean Calas hanged himself; the accuser of the Cardinal died the death of a thief by the hands of the common executioner. But here, again, posterity was engaged in clearing, and not in blackening, personal character, and it by no means follows that its efforts have always been so triumphant. At any rate, not as yet. It is possible that an hour may strike when Robespierre shall occupy the niche assigned to him by an English biographer; Marat have a

friend; the unknown hand be applauded which laid a flower on Nero's grave; the third Richard enjoy the benefit of Horace Walpole's doubts; and the Reign of Terror—including the slaughter of Mademoiselle de Lamballe, and the ravishing of Mademoiselle de Sombreuil—be taken out of the historical jurisdiction of M. Thiers, and given over unreservedly to that of M. Louis Blanc. Our English Henry, it appears, considered critically, was rather an affectionate husband than otherwise; and all the cruelties imputed to Mary of England, the naughtinesses attributed to Mary of Scotland, the poisonings associated with the fame of Catherine de Medici by M. Dumas, the treacheries laid to the charge of Napoleon by Sir Walter Scott, and the posterity of Jeffreys himself, or even Scroggs, may hope for a reversal of the historical attainder—a thing all the more possible in an age which denies that Joan of Arc was ever burnt at all, that William Tell ever existed, that an Emperor ever picked up Titian's pencil, that Ravaillac assassinated Henry IV., and that our Queen Eleanor ever poisoned any Rosamond Clifford. Allowing all this, it must be asked whether no statute of limitations, with reference to the dead, is to be recognized? Whether special damage should be proved? Thus, is it libellous to quote Junius *in re*, “a too powerful and infamous Minister,” Swift in his universal slanders on mankind, an American authoress on Byron, Shelley on Shelley, Haydon on Hazlitt—whom he called “a singular mixture of friend and fiend,”—or Macaulay on Sir Elijah Impey? Thus, again, is the injury pleaded to be limited to cases like these? Sir Nathaniel Wraxall insinuated, in his Memoirs, that the Empress Catherine of Russia, and the Duke of Wurtemberg—both being dead when the second edition of the calumny appeared—of conspiring to poison the Duke's first wife, Augusta of Brunswick. The offence was expiated in Newgate. Were the representatives of George Nassau Clavering disparaged, in name or position, by the posthumous assertion that he was a man “viciously depraved”? A jury said yes—*de libellis famosis*, as the Clerk of the Court put it. The article, it was declared, published in *The World* of that day, “incited to retribution.” The *affaires* Abbeville and Vevay belong to a category altogether different. In the one, the Chevalier de la Barre was convicted, innocently, of mutilating a crucifix under circumstances of blasphemous brutality, and his memory was, after many years, exonerated. The sisters of Vevay, stigmatized as murderesses, had the confession of their innocence engraved upon their tombstones. In their case, none lived to suffer or to benefit from either the slander or its revocation. Turning to a different class, however, we find an attack on King William IV. construed as one on his surviving ministers, just as when it was said of a particular gentleman whom, in fear of his grandchildren, we dare not

name, that he had obtained a knighthood "by vile and perfidious means." But now, are epitaph-writers exempt? or caricaturists? Is it not posthumous defamation in the rankest degree, and cowardly, like every other kind of pelting at a *caput mortuum*, as though it were that of a regicide on Temple Bar, to chisel upon a gravestone, "in this tombe "all villainie doth lye"? or, as in the memorial of the astrologer Lilly, "ye infamie of ye English nation"? Holt, in his work on the law, declares that to erect a miniature gallows over a grave is libel. But what would that far-searching jurist have said to the wholesale denunciation quoted by Horace Walpole, who had no mind to let darkness be the burier of the dead, anent a royal prince and his relatives?—

" Here lies Fred,
Who was alive, and is dead.
Had it been his brother—
As good as any other.
Had it been his father,
We had much rather.
Had it been his sister,
Nobody would have missed her.
But since it's only Fred,
Who was alive, and is dead,
There's nothing to be said."

Or that other rhyme to be found in Mr. Thackeray's papers—

" George the First most vile was reckoned ;
Viler still was George the Second ;
And what mortal ever heard
Any good of George the Third ?
When, from earth, the Fourth descended,
Heaven be praised ! the Georges ended !"

Truth was unquestionably sacrificed to epigram in this instance, as it is in so many memoirs such as those which, the Duke of Wellington said, ought to be buried in the same vault with their authors until the passing away of two generations at least. It is not the present purpose to notice any recent publications ; but they belong to a family of a strongly-marked type, from whatever shelf of the library you take them down—from Pepys to Croker, Campbell to Cockburn, Richardson to Boswell himself. In England we have a law called the Caroline, intended to prevent intemperance on the Sabbath day ; in Germany they had once another, under the same title, to protect the memory of the dead from those who, as the elder Disraeli said of the biographers of James I., take all their materials from the *chroniques scandaleuses* of the period. But, as already suggested, a limit must be drawn, though posthumous personalities have, ere now, been made the cause of actions at law, and

"coffee and pistols for two." Who remembers not that son of Alderman Sawbridge who, "with a Roman piety," vowed vengeance to the death against the man who had asserted that his father was "almost hideous of aspect, and very like the portraits of Tiberius"? "In maligning my parents, you degrade their children!" wrote a gentleman whose filial susceptibilities had been cruelly wounded in this respect by Sir Nathaniel Wraxall. And yet we are assured that nothing is so pleasant to the *fames accipetrina* of the public as these slurs upon the reputations of the past. This is a defamatory doctrine in itself. Who would be gratified by an argument designed to demonstrate that Admiral Byng was a coward, William Penn a recipient of bribes, or William Pitt a drunkard? Is not the fame of Burns patriotically championed by Scotchmen? In an unaccountable way, the custom was to stigmatize the late King of Prussia as a sot, because some caricaturist had labelled him with the nickname of "Clicquot." These are points upon which a certain degree of asperity is justifiable; but it was rather too much to bring an action against Lady Douglas, who told a Lord Mayor that, "of the three," she preferred his late father to either Gog or Magog, though Haydon made the matter worse by adding, "the man squinted fearfully;" to do as Goldsmith did, consult a lawyer when some one had accused his grandmother of yawning; or to threaten a case of judge and jury because Christopher North had impaled some Irishman's great-grand-uncle upon his trident spear. Between the two extremes, however, what shall be the golden mean? Must it be *nisi bonum*, or *nisi verum*? Or the law of Plato, which enjoins, not merely respect for the ashes of the just, but "pity for the parents, and children of criminals"?—a principle most wantonly violated, not many years ago, in reference to an actor or actress—we do not say which—who was driven from the stage by the discovery that an assumed name disguised the posterity of a murderer? Lastly, is it posthumous defamation to be made a wax-work of in the Baker Street Chamber of Horrors?





THE BATTLE OF THE STANDARD.

BY WILLIAM ALFRED GIBBS,

AUTHOR OF "HAROLD ERLE," "ARLON GRANGE," "THE STORY OF A LIFE," ETC.

Part the Third.

Count D'Auray's Quest.

A STUTE D'Auray—his mother's southern blood
Mingled its influence, swiftly passionate,
With the strong Norman's cold and hard self-will ;
Subtle in council, savage in revenge,
Graceful in person, smoothly treacherous,
Insatiable and cruel e'en in love ;
And "love," I ween, was now Count D'Auray's quest.
The trumpeters had scarce proclaimed the morn
When forth from ancient hostelry out-rode,—
Splendidly mounted and but slightly armed,—
The Count attended by three trusty squires.
The sturdy 'prentices stood all agape,
With their half-opened shutters in their hands,
To watch the gallant horses as they passed,
Bounding with morning freshness in their limbs,
Snorting with pleasure at the glad escape
From stifling stable into open air
And scenting grassy pastures far away.
Over the bridge the horsemen rode amain
And clattered gaily on through rough-paved streets,
Thence gained the open fields and thickening woods.
The winter frosts and thaws and heavy rains
Had sorely broken up the country roads,
But stout and staunch their steeds, and well they bore
These light-armed horsemen thro' the clay-like sloughs ;
Gladly and oft they left the miry track,
Whene'er a well-known steeple came in sight,
To take a cross-way over brook or fence ;

Thus riding on for many a weary hour,
The knight and squires came gladly to a halt
At a rude farmstead on a lonely plain.
Meantime Montresse at morning council missed
The Count D'Auray, and hearing of this quest,
With jealous instinct shrewdly guessed its aim ;
Hence he, too, craved and gained the King's assent
To leave the court, and mounting in hot haste
Set forth alone, like sleuth-hound in pursuit.
First from the warders, afterward from serfs,
Whom here and there he met upon the road,
He gained enow of guidance to the track
Of his suspected rival,—and rode on
With lowering brow and anger in his spurs.
Two days he followed but o'ertook him not,
But on the third, tow'rd eventide, it chanced
The Count's horse plunging thro' a deep morass
Strained itself hopelessly ;—a trusty squire
Dismounting gave his charger to his lord,
And led the lamed steed after as he might ;
Now this delay enabled Hugh Montresse
To gain upon his rival in such wise
That as D'Auray wound horn at Sigbert's gate
And asked a shelter for the coming night,
Montresse just caught the echoes from afar.
Sir Hugh drew rein, and pondered on what plea
He also could claim shelter for the night ;
And being but a blunt, slow-witted man,
Immense in body, but not great in craft,
He could bethink him of nought else to say,
Save an outright, big, burly, stalwart lie ;
So he too wound his horn at Sigbert's gate
And loudly asked if Count D'Auray were there.
Much marvelled Sigbert why two Norman knights
Should follow thus each other, but Montresse,
Having rehearsed his part, now blurted out
That he had followed by the King's command
To summon back, with haste, the Count D'Auray ;
And having thus plunged deep in falsehood's slough,
He floundered on and on with reasons why :
“Rumours of war in Scotland ;” and “the Queen
Landed at Arundel ;” “treason in the camp,”

And doubts and dangers lurking everywhere.”
The Count flushed angrily and bit his lip,—
For once outwitted ;—he could nought gainsay
But what such things might be ; howe’er to-night,
Come Queen or Scots for England’s woe or weal,
The rival knights were feasted—and the maid,
The fair young Saxon girl, was there again,
More beautiful than ever to their eyes.

Lesser in stature, slighter far in form
Than the large Norman women of that age,
She would have seemed yet scarce more than child,
But for the flowing undulating lines,
The delicately-rounded shape and arm,
And wondrous grace of early womanhood.
Her movements,—when at last she dared advance
To meet and greet the scarcely-welcome guests,—
Showed native gentleness and soft repose.
Death’s shadowed hand and sorrow-mingled fear
Had pressed already on that fair young brow,
Giving a tender pensiveness of glance
To eyes that still betrayed bright latent fire ;
Hers was the type of beauty which had won
E’en from the stern lips of the Roman Saint
The exclamation of “Sed Angeli !”
’Twas therefore little marvel, tho’ foul wrong,
That Norman sinners sought to seize such prize.
Aye, had she known,—poor, weak, defenceless dove,—
What wild, self-willed, hot passions raged beneath
The surface-courtesies of these two knights
As each in turn addressed himself to her
And strove to win a smiling answer back,
She would have fled the hall ; but, serpent-like,
By slow degrees the courtier Count D’Auray
Won on her confidence, and with the charm
Of subtly-chosen tales of courts and camps
And strange adventures both by land and sea,—
Told with bright mirth and flashing gaiety,—
He led her to and fro through fairy-land
Until her young eyes sparkled with delight
And the sweet fountains of her silvery speech
Came rippling forth with voice most musical ;

E'en the old grandsire felt this potent charm
And caught faint echoes of their gaiety.
Poor huge Montresse was worsted in this war
And sate in gloomy silence ; sullen wrath
Gathering within him like a thunder-cloud ;
This spurred D'Auray to foil him more and more,
And oft a pointed arrow of keen wit
He shot at him with shrewd and stinging aim
To force a smile, which scarce could be repressed,
From gentle Elfrid, who would droop the fringe
Of long dark eyelashes o'er merry eyes,
Pretending not to mark the arrow's flight.
But Montresse marked it well ; and lest his wrath
Might suddenly burst forth, with words abrupt
He bade " Good night," and strode from out the hall.
Soon the old grandsire nodded as the hours
Grew long past curfew. Then D'Auray with skill
Charmed Elfrid's ear with love-*tales* ; tender scenes
Of knights and ladies parting, ne'er to meet ;—
True noble knights, faithful to love in death,
Wearing their ladies' favours on their crests,
And giving to their beauty world-renown :
Then as the blush was followed by the tear,
Like raindrops falling from a rose-hued cloud,—
The Count grew bolder, and with whisper soft
Said, " Lovely Elfrid, let me be thy knight !
The fame of thy sweet beauty shall be known
In every court in Europe. Far and wide
I'll bear thy favours proudly on my crest ;
Wherever war and tourney lead me forth,
Thee I'll proclaim the Lady of my Love ! "
Like as when timid fawn beside a lake
Flies in wild fear when startled by the horn
And the fierce staghound's bay, tho' faint and far,—
So, with like terror, Elfrid rose and fled ;
For at these ardent, unexpected words,
The timid nature of the lonely girl
Returned upon her with redoubled force ;
Nor failed her woman's instinct in that hour
To warn her with a swift and sudden fear
Of the steel hand beneath the velvet glove
Of this smooth, subtle courtier, Count D'Auray.

The grandsire wakened at the rustling robe,
And marvelled why his Elfrid thus had gone ;
But D'Auray, ever-ready, said she feared
To rouse him, yet was weary and o'erspent,
And he, too, fain would seek much-needed rest.
"Good night !" but not to slumber went the Count ;
Like eagle balked of quarry, high in air
Went his strong-wingèd thoughts and hot desires
Circling and poising oft to mark some point
For other, surer swoop upon his prey.
Long ere the dawn he roused his sleeping squires,
And bade them deftly change his lamèd steed
For Hugh Montresse's charger, and prepare
With speed for instant flight at signal given.
Iachimo, the Count's Italian squire,
His crafty aide in many a wild intrigue,—
Had well fulfilled his old accustomed part
Of winning to their purpose Elfrid's maid ;
By her then roused, with sudden false alarm,
The Saxon beauty donned her robes in haste,
And, issuing from her chamber, was borne off
By traitorous D'Auray, who scrupled not
To stifle back her cry with ruthless hand ;
But ere they could to horse, Sir Hugh Montresse,
Who had but laid aside his lance and helm,
And flung himself upon his couch, nor slept,
Except at intervals, throughout the night,
Seizing his sword, rushed out to seek the cause
Of heavy footsteps and the muffled cry ;
His pent-up rage now burst into a fire
Of maddest passion. "Traitor ! recreant knight !"
Three words of scorn intensified by wrath
Came with his sword-blow aimed at D'Auray's head ;
The blow missed aim,—else had it been the last,—
But glancing past the head, struck on his arm
With wound so deep, as forced him to release
His fainting captive ; but the sturdy squires
Guarded their master whilst he drew his sword,
Then all the four attacked the stalwart knight ;
Count D'Auray fought not well, shame more than pain
Made his sword heavy and his blows most weak,
Whilst rage and joy conspired to nerve Montresse

With more than all his well-known giant strength :
His huge two-handed weapon, whirled like flail,
Kept all his four assailants well at bay,
Until old Sigbert and his servants, roused
By all this hurlyburly, arming came
To join him in the fray.—Then Count and squires
O'ermatched, outnumbered, fought their passage out,
And strove to get to horse ; scarce had they 'scaped
But that Iachimo, with leopard-spring,
Fastened on Hugh, and stabbed him in the back ;
Then in hot haste they mounted and spurred off.

Montresse's wound, tho' deep, yet slowly healed
Beneath the influence of fair Elfrid's care,
Who, in mere gratitude for rescue, bent
Her utmost skill to save her rescuer.
"Wound ! who would not be wounded," thought Sir Hugh,
With such fair hands to tend, such eyes to shine
With brighter pleasure as my wound doth heal ?
But deeper than stiletto ever pierced,
'Those eyes go through and through me like a dart !
Shall I dare ask her healing for that wound ?"
Long time the burly knight, timid in love,
Pondered irresolute. At length one day—
Choosing, alas ! the least propitious hour—
He thundered out with awkward stammered words
The blundering avowal of his love ;
Poor Elfrid shuddered : deepest gratitude
She owned for his brave rescue ; but then, love
Means not to maiden's heart mere "gratitude" !
Yet how refuse, and why ?—An outer horn
Betokened an arrival ; ere Sir Hugh
Could claim her answer, an approaching step
Brought welcome interruption to his suit ;
'Twas the young knight De Bohun, now in truth
Sent on such errand as Montresse had feigned.

Matilda had not yet left Normandy,
But Baldwin Earl of Devon, in the South,
Held Exeter and other castles there
On her behoof, and many gallant knights—
Fitzalan, Geoffrey Talbot, Paganel—

Had fled from Stephen, and espoused her cause ;
 Whilst Adelaïs with her woman's wit
 Was plotting for her still at Arundel ;
 Meantime King David and the young Scots' prince,
 With Bruce and Baliol, gath'ring in the North,
 Threatened invasion ; making frequent raids
 Across the Border : ne'ertheless the King,
 Ere setting forth to meet the Northern hosts,
 Was coming South to seize on Exeter
 And counted on Montresse to meet him there.
 The baffled knight could scarce refrain a smile,—
 A grim smile much distorted by chagrin,—
 To find his " lie " inopportunately " true " !
 But forth he must, for now his wound was healed
 No longer plea for dalliance might he urge ;
 Yet once again, at eventide, he sought,
 Roughly, abruptly, answer to his suit
 From fair Elfrida. And she ? how changed !
 That morning, a poor trembling, timid child,
 An easy prey, it seemed, for any hand
 That dared with huntsman's boldness seize and hold !
 This evening, gentle, patient, very kind,
 But calmly firm and fixt in clear resolve.

" Forgive me, brave protector ! noble knight !
 And oh ! I pray you think me not ingrate
 If I do say, as say indeed I must,
 I cannot, must not, dare not be your bride !
 Oh ! if you love me as you say you do
 Ask me no more,—forgive me,—say farewell ! "
 Whence came this courage and this clear resolve ?
 Whence ? from the talisman of Love's first glance !
 Gervase and Elfrid's eyes had met but once,
 But in that once an eloquence most sweet—
 Most deep, mysteriously musical—
 Had wakened harmonies within their souls,
 Unknown, unfelt, unheard before that glance :
 Then maiden resolution roused itself
 To that calm bravery that springs from love—
 Love, deep, devoted, pure, unselfish love,
 Eager to show its strength in sacrifice,
 Longing to brave all harms, all perils, griefs—

To prove itself more worthy of itself
 Such was the master-passion that assumed
 Its first high pow'r in these two bright young hearts—
 Brave, bright young hearts, most nobly, fairly matched !
 She, the most lovely maiden of that land—
 Gentle and meek, yet full of hidden fire—
 With deep affections flowing from a source
 Whose fountains are in heaven first unsealed
 He, gaily brave, with strength and grace endowed,
 With princely visage, not unlike the King's,
 But all unclouded yet by manhood's cares
 And lighted up by quicker sympathies—
 Chivalric, kindly, gentle to the weak,
 An eager champion of the right 'gainst wrong,
 A knight indeed "sans peur et sans reproche."
 His, too, the early prime of manhood's years,
 When with fresh consciousness of crescent powers
 The gaiety of youth commingling still
 Oft sparkles out with happy unfeigned mirth ;
 And hers the silvern age of sweet seventeen,
 When Meditation like a May-day cloud
 Would often gather o'er her morning sky,
 And yet was ever glad to be illumed
 By the warm sunshine of bright gaiety.

Pure hearts are aye attracted by pure hearts,
 Yet, blinded by their own sweet purity,
 Each is but conscious that itself doth love,
 Nor dares to dream its love can be returned.
 Thus on the morrow, when the knights set forth,
 Elfrid retirèd to her chamber lone
 To weep and muse o'er unrequited love,
 Whilst Gervase rode right moodily along,
 Knowing his own heart pledged and lost for aye,
 But little dreaming Elfrid's was his own.
 But with the storm of Battle in the air,
 The tramp of archers, clank of knightly steel,
 And all the spirit-rousing sights and sounds
 That stir the blood of warriors on the march,
 He roused him, and shook off his moodiness ;
 Then, as they rode, he questioned Hugh Montresse
 Concerning his adventure with D'Auray,

Strange tales of which, much coloured by the Count,
On rumour's wings had buzzed about the court.
With a fierce eagerness and flashing scorn
He listened to the story, bursting in
With "Dastard ! base, dishonourable knight !
How dared the recreant do such deed of shame ?
To break the sacred, ever-sacred laws
Of hospitality were foul enough ;
But to lay hands on that fair tender flower,
That gentle maiden, beautiful as pure,
And pure as angel ;—out on the foul fiend !
I would I had been with thee at that hour !"
"Ho ! Ho !" thought Hugh Montresse, "so full of rage,
What may this mean, Sir Gervase de Bohun ?
Have I but beaten off the Count D'Auray
To find a shrewder rival in thyself ?"
And then aloud to him,—

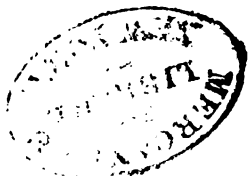
" 'Tis best I tell
That since I rescued Elfrid, by her care
One wound was healed, but by my knightly word
A keener one has struck me to her feet.
Tell me, Gervase, is she not rightly mine ?
I rescued her from peril of deep shame,
Yea, risked my life against long odds for her,
And now forsooth my lady doffs me off
With pretty sarsnet speeches and false tears !"
De Bohun felt a shock, as tho' from heaven,—
A seventh heav'n of high tho' cloud-hid hope,—
His soul had fallen heavily to earth :
The spider webs of dim perplexity
Confused his sight. For was it not most true
That Hugh Montresse indeed had earned the right
To claim fair Elfrid—having rescued her ?
Hence it would be a false, unknighly deed
To seek to steal this jewel from his friend :
"I must not, cannot, strive to do this wrong"—
He sadly mused as they rode slowly on :
"But oh ! to see the gates of heaven oped
By that bright angel, whose soft tender eyes
Gazed into mine, as though they fain would say
Arise and win me ! Now, to have those gates
Closed, aye for ever, barred and double-locked

“By friendship, honour, knightly faith, and troth!”
Whilst he thus mused, Montresse in sullen mood
Mistook his silence, and with jealous heat
Broke forth into loud words of rough reproach
Glancing at Elfrid first, then flying wide,
Like ill-shot arrows, hitting Gervase too.

“Inconstant, fickle women, treach’rous friends!
These are the curses of our knighthood now;
Time was when friend meant friend, not secret foe—
Out on such hollow-hearted treacheries!”

De Bohun flushed; young manhood brooketh ill
To have its noblest motives wrenched awry,
And all misprized: men learn to bear that well
Only at ripest age. When year by year
Hath brought Detraction in all forms and hues,
We then detect her, come she how she may,
Smile at her wicked leer, and pass her by
With pity, mingled largely with contempt.

De Bohun flushed, but kept his passion down,
And with forced calmness said, “Sir Hugh Montresse,
When have I done to thee or other men
Aught that could breed suspect of treachery?
Keep thy fierce choler for the Count D’Auray,
Who, if he ’scape thy vengeful lance, be sure
Shall answer me—aye to the uttermost—
For this foul insult to that ladye fair.”
The free, frank pledge, to hold himself aloof,
Nor seek to win fair Elfrid from his friend,
Was thus checked back by Hugh’s ungenerous rage
And changed to hint of future rivalry.
’Tis thus “Suspicion,” bungling counsellor!
Doth oft make false, what else had been most true.
Mean-hearted hag! let all men hate thy name!
Thou blight of generous deeds, thou clinging burr,
Fouling the spotless robe of Innocence;
Thou quarrel-maker, breeder of slow feuds,
That grow and grow like toadstools in the dark,
Still thriving best on foul and rotten things;
Thou narrow-visioned monster, whose small eyes,



Keen, very sharp, deep-sunken in the head,
Gloat over garbage, missing all life's pearls !
Thus the two knights, estranging day by day,
From former friends cooled down to covert foes :
Save for the imminence of larger war
Their passions had blazed forth in instant strife.

The weary siege dragged slowly to its end,
And when the foe by thirst was forced to yield,
The King, like fabled Paladin of old,
Allowed his haughty, bitter enemy
To pass unransomed from the castle gates,
With leave to go where'er it pleased him best.
Noble, chivalric, but not politic ;
Kings should be made of sterner stuff than this !
Then to fair Normandy he took his arms,
And crushed his plotting foes ; anon returned
In triumph to his faithful citizens
And ever-loyal London. But no rest !
For whilst the King—still harassed and perplex
With widespread treacheries and jealousies,
And daily hearing tidings from the North
Of ever-growing powers of the Scots—
Was yearning for the battle, suddenly
Sir Hugh Montresse, with stubborn dogged brows,
Demanded fight *à outrance* with D'Auray ;
And Gervase, hot and hasty with pent rage,
Craved after-fight with D'Auray or Montresse.
Wroth was the King ; yet showed not all his wrath,
But spake these words of well-deserved reproof :
“ Rash, thoughtless, foolish warriors, know ye not
That ye and I, and all we hold most dear
In love and honour, stand upon the edge
Of a steep precipice ? Why choose this hour
To push each other o'er the beetling cliffs ?
Have we not foes enough ? ferocious Scots
Thick swarming o'er the borders, laying waste,
And slaying all before them ? Oh, most wise
To cut each other's throats at such a time,
And leave your demoiselles to savage kernes !
Is this your vaunted knightly chivalry ?
Is this your loyalty to England's King ? ”

With sullen half-obedience Hugh Montresse
Received the King's rebuke ; the Count D'Auray
In haughty acquiescence bent his head ;
But Bohun frankly pledged his loyal word
To fight, if need should be, e'en side by side
With these his foes, and aid them faithfully,
Until this war was ended ;—thus the three
Took each his charge and pre-assigned command.





THE RUGBY REBELLION.

By MORTIMER COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE SECRET OF LONG LIFE," ETC., ETC.



LOYALTY is a principle which runs through the whole of English life, and has helped to make England the world's foremost nation. Our greatest Radicals revere the Queen. Probably no man is more thoroughly and intensely loyal than John Bright—in all things thorough and intense. He has scorned with the strong indignation of an electric eloquence men who have dared to talk impertinently of the Queen of England. And in other ways the natural loyalty of our English folk, old as their crystallization into a people under Alfred, is very manifest. The loyalty of party—though there have been strong philosophic arguments against the existence of party—is a thing unknown except in England. Why, it may be asked, should Mr. Disraeli make up his mind on a question, and be immediately followed by between three and four hundred members of the House of Commons? The reply is clear enough, to those who regard the matter impartially—Mr. Disraeli is a master in politics, having studied that profound science all his life; and, being a master in politics, he is master of his party. It would be childish for an independent member, who is perhaps a country squire and a fine judge of shorthorns, or a kid-gloved swell whom the ladies admire, or a millionaire who has been "something in the City" all his life, to set up his opinion against that of the leader of his party. As a fact, this kind of thing is never done, except as a matter of parliamentary strategy, or by given order of the Government Whip. The essence of party is loyalty to the leader. Even in that microcosm, a public school, we see the same. The boys are loyal to the Captain of the Boats or of the Eleven. They accept his autocratic *dictum* as a Medo-Persian edict. This is the principle which becomes a victorious force in a rowing or a cricket match.

Lately, in certain cases, the *odium theologicum* has been too strong for loyalty. It seems strange that those whose duty it is to teach us to love God and honour the King should be recalcitrant; but modern

ecclesiastical movement has been so eccentric, that one scarcely knows what next to anticipate. The bifurcate tendency is amazing. Dr. Manning has become a Cardinal, and Dean Stanley ought to become a distinguished Nonconformist. From quite opposite points of view, Archdeacon Denison and Mr. Richard advocate the separation of Church and State. It required a long and costly litigation to vindicate the right of religion to use art as its handmaiden—in *re* the Exeter reredos. Everywhere (save where quiet and erudite clergy do their work wisely in minsters and parish churches) there is a free fight among the opponent sects. This is encouraged by a sectarian press, which spurs on the combatants for trade reasons. It would take some time to count the journals which exist in London simply as exponents of ecclesiastical controversy. They are mostly illiterate, and always uncharitable; but the clergy who read backward the sayings of Christ have no time to be loving or wise. Of course the editors of these polemic journals care nothing for the matter in hand, and would advocate sheer Atheism, were it paying. But between the stern and logical contempt of the thinking few, and the superstitious horror of the unthinking many, Atheism is not likely to take root in England. It is a weakly French exotic.

These cross-currents of ecclesiastical controversy must of necessity in time influence our public schools, whose Head Masters are in holy orders. Now in a public school loyalty is specially needed. The vast majority of English boys are by nature loyal—to each other, and to their masters. They may be mischievous, or idle, or careless; but they hate a sneak. This character of the English schoolboy should be maintained, seeing that it founds the character of the English man. But if ingenuous youth discovers that the sneak is successful in tutorial, and even in Episcopal, position, is it not likely in some degree to injure the rude yet hardly despicable virtue of our English schoolboys? They have been loyal hitherto; it seems a pity they should be taught disloyalty by Episcopal example.

Dr. Hayman's appointment to the Head Mastership of Rugby, the cabal against him, his unjustifiable dismissal, the expression of widespread public sympathy with, and Vice-Chancellor Sir Richard Malins's strong condemnation of the Governing Body's treatment of, him and their method of meeting his appeal for legal redress, are now matters of history. No need exists to vindicate Dr. Hayman. He is a distinguished scholar and an experienced Head Master. But—and in this lies the germ of the rebellion—his views were not those of his chilly unimaginative predecessor, then just made a bishop, and very pretentious thereon. In the "*Speculum Episcopi*," an amusing tractate

published twenty years ago, Bishops were divided into three classes—Schoolmaster Bishops, Pamphleteer Bishops, and Drawing-room Bishops. Whether a fourth class has since been invented, we know not. Dr. Temple was an episcopal *plagosus Orbilius*, and evidently would have liked to flog out of his successor his sad leaven of orthodoxy before he took charge of Rugby. The position was a melancholy one. Arnold had made something of Rugby, though Arnold was a much overrated man, whose literary reputation is only great to those who know nothing of Niebuhr. Still he was, up to 1869, Rugby's greatest master; and it shows the dense stupidity of the Liberal party that they made neither him nor Sydney Smith a bishop. They could make his duller successors bishops, and his pretentious pupil a dean, but for him there was nothing. It is impossible not to feel some indignation at this neglect of a man who, with all his crotchets, turned out some first-class men, and who did his best to perform an impossibility—unite Liberalism with Orthodoxy.

The twenty Assistant Masters of Rugby, who, seven days after Dr. Hayman's appointment by the Trustees and before he entered upon his duties, remonstrated with him in an illogical and indeed ungrammatical letter, urging him not to accept the post of Head Master, and implying that he had obtained his appointment by the unfair use of old testimonials, were guilty of an act of gross insubordination to the superior placed over them, and of a direct insult to the Trustees—men of high station and great ability. They proposed that he should reject his appointment on grounds of the most absurd and puerile character. The very first sentence of their remarkable document, the joint composition of a score of (supposed) scholars and gentlemen, is really maudlin in its expressions of "grief and anxiety and sorrow," which might have been written by a set of schoolgirls afraid of punishment for some naughtiness. The letter is lachrymose throughout. In the second sentence it tells us that "the most cherished traditions of the place" are "established and respected because they are just and right, and because we feel that they are so." So "we,"—direct descendants of Tooley Street's three illustrious tailors—claim to decide by our feelings on the great question of justice and right! The reasons given for their dislike to Dr. Hayman were, as we have said, absurd and puerile from beginning to end:—He was not preceded by a "unanimous burst of praise" from his former pupils and subordinates, who, let us hope, were not such gushing creatures as a Rugby Assistant Master seems to be; he used testimonials which had been before used for King's College and the Cheltenham Grammar School—which are, of course, dreadfully inferior to Rugby in the eyes of the twenty tutors. These two points are iterated and

reiterated in a letter which reads not unlike the rough draught of a speech by Dr. Kenealy. What was Dr. Hayman to do? Withdraw, to oblige these twenty rebels? It would have been even a greater insult to the Trustees, among whom were three peers of the realm and four county members, than that inflicted on them by the Tutors. He had been chosen out of ten candidates, all men of mark, and to have retired for such inadequate reasons as those assigned by the twenty Assistant Masters and their leader, Dr. Temple, would have been a Quixotic, nay, an ungentlemanly act. Wherefore he, being a gentleman and no coward, determined to perform his duty, although it was of course clear to him that he was going into the midst of a conspiracy. He attacked the treason as Cicero attacked that of Catiline. He could not have guessed who was the true Catiline of the plot. That his antecessor, an elect Bishop of the Church, should be his concealed enemy, never occurred to him. What would the verdict be on a general, an admiral, or a parish priest, who, on promotion, privately depreciated, and abetted his late subordinates to rebel against, the legitimate authority of his successor? There has probably never been so gross a case of discourtesy and disloyalty as Dr. Temple's conduct to Dr. Hayman after the latter's first visit to Rugby. The most barbarous tribes have a reverence for hospitality, and consider a guest sacred. No such feeling seems to exist in Dr. Temple's mind. Dr. Hayman was three days at Rugby; his amiable host took an early occasion to tell him that he quite agreed with the Twenty, and meant to inform the Trustees he was unfit for the office to which they had appointed him. Here was the second insult to these gentlemen! Dr. Temple, with inordinate self-conceit, says, in effect: "You chose me, and I approve your choice, but in choosing 'this fellow you stultified yourselves!" Amazing audacity! Dr. Hayman took the matter philosophically, and did not reply, nor had he sent any answer to the insolent letter of the Assistant Masters, wisely, preferring to speak to them during his visit to Dr. Temple, when he addressed a few words to them collectively, and invited any who could not work cordially with him to let him know in time, so that the school might not suffer. This loyal frankness of his met no response: secure of Dr. Temple's co-operation, the twenty insubordinates calculated on making Rugby too hot for Dr. Hayman, and getting eventually a Head Master after their own heart. Let us hope they are content with the result of their machinations!

Dr. Temple's letter to the Trustees, written the day after his guest left him, is unique. Dr. Temple, it should be remarked *in limine*, writes just as indifferent English as the Twenty, and reminds one of what Albany Fonblanque said of another Head Master—that he had been

digging so long in the graves of the dead languages, he had forgotten the living. Dr. Temple's charges against Dr. Hayman may be thus formulated :

(1.) He had not, in 1845, made any impression on the University of Oxford.

(2.) If he had been capable of taking such a post as the Head Mastership of Rugby, he would not have reached the age of forty-five without being much better known than he was.

(3.) His testimonials contained many of old dates.

(4.) "I have been compelled to see much of Mr. Hayman"—in three days!—"and he is quite incompetent to perform some of the most important duties of this place. . . . In that true insight into character, which alone will enable a man to deal justly with the older boys, or to govern able and high-minded men, he is absolutely deficient. . . . It would be natural on leaving I should recommend my successor to the parents who consult me confidentially, but as an honest man (*sic*), I am unable to do so. I can only be silent, and silence in such cases is condemnation."

(5.) "I write all this with deep grief."

Grand tableau: the Bishop-elect of Exeter sealing his letter with the arms of the see,—"*Gules*, two canes endorsed in saltire, *or*, surmounted by a birch-rod erect in pale, *argent*"—and tearing his hair in "deep grief" with his disengaged hand!

Now for a word or two on these points:

(1.) Are the men who make "an impression" on the University always the greatest? There were a good many brothers of the brilliant Denison family, most of whom have made their mark in life—notably the late Speaker of the House of Commons, and the gallant and loyal Archdeacon—yet of one brother, who was a Senior Wrangler, no public achievement is recorded. In the present day, "impression on the University" is made by various processes which would disgust a thoughtful self-respecting student. Dr. Temple is open to a *tu quoque*. What sort of an impression did he make on the University?

(2.) Many a man has reached the age of forty-five without that "tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune," giving him a chance. The present Premier was never in office till he was forty-seven. Sir Walter Scott took the world by storm with his first novel at forty-three. It is perfectly well known, and the thesis has been worked out by two men so widely different as Brougham and Carlyle, that the intellect which ripens most slowly is the strongest. The oak, says Carlyle, grows more slowly than the cabbage.

(3.) Why should not his testimonials contain old dates? Is a man

who is a candidate for scholastic promotion to worry his friends over and over again for testimonials? If you give a gentleman and scholar a testimonial, you trust him to use it aright. If you cannot so trust him, you have no right to give the testimonial at all. To urge that Rugby is a school demanding special testimonials, by reason of its isolated greatness, is laughable.

(4.) If Dr. Hayman has no "insight into character," clearly Dr. Temple has a miraculous quantity. In three days, during which, of course, much time was occupied in technical business, he discovered that Dr. Hayman must ruin Rugby. Never was so terrible a discovery so rapidly made. And if confidential parents ask him about his successor, this Christian Bishop-elect,

"Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,"

will be silent—and silence is "condemnation"! The Bishop of Exeter has a high opinion of himself: let us hope it pervades his diocese. A recent article in the *World*, by a writer who evidently well knows the locality, seems to show that the west-country folk hardly take him at his own valuation. But then his predecessor was a great Chieftain of the Church Militant.

(5.) Dr. Temple's deep grief is akin to the grief and sorrow of the Twenty. The weeping at Rugby seems done by the Head and Assistant Masters. Let us hope the boys shed no tears when they are swished, else the rivers Avon and Swift will surely overflow their banks and drown the good old London grocer's school, with all its "traditions."

Dr. Bradley of Marlborough came next to the front in this attack, complaining to the Trustees that Dr. Hayman had used a testimonial given by him in 1866. Not content with this step, he writes also to the *Times*, clearly desiring to enlist the public against Dr. Hayman: and in this letter he stultifies himself by saying that it would "be inconsistent "with the respect due" to the Trustees "to make a premature appeal to "any other quarter." These Head Masters write queer English, and use queer logic. How can you appeal to a *quarter*? Is it a "fourth part," or a "remission of life," or a "measure of eight bushels"? And if a letter to the leading journal of England is not an appeal to the whole nation, will Dr. Bradley tell us what he means by "an appeal to any "quarter"? The Trustees held a special meeting to consider Dr. Temple's and Dr. Bradley's appeals, and unanimously decided that Dr. Hayman had acted throughout "with perfect good faith;"—and so collapsed utterly this miserable charge about testimonials.

However, the reptile of conspiracy, though scotched, was not killed. Dr. Hayman found himself without cordial aid from his Masters. His

two House Tutors, who were also Masters of Forms, and who had been appointed by his predecessor, were his avowed antagonists. It was impossible to carry on the tuition of the School House under such conditions. Dr. Hayman wrote to the Trustees, stating his intention of dismissing these House Tutors, and suggesting that they ought at the same time to lose their Masterships in the school. As he epigrammatically put it in this letter of November 10, 1870, "they tolerate as "an irremediable evil the fact of my holding my present post, but they "hold to their own present posts through regarding their presence and "influence as some mitigation of what they think the mischief of mine." The Trustees quite agreed with Dr. Hayman in this matter; but Mr. Scott was a Foundation Master, and there was some doubt as to the Head Master's power of dismissing him. At any rate, it might prove impossible to enforce such dismissal without making the breach public, and postponing indefinitely the hope of peace.

But it was clearly the duty of the Trustees thus appealed to, and having on record the conspiracy of the twenty Masters and the Bishop of Exeter, to make Dr. Hayman's position tolerable, and to strengthen his hands for the work which they had appointed him to do. It should not be forgotten that he had now tried for about a year the experiment of a magnanimous amnesty. Of course this experiment had failed; and therefore he appealed to the Trustees, saying in effect—"This state of "things cannot go on: you must make an example somewhere"—urging particularly that one of the conspirators was abusing an office of special and intimate confidence, and declaring—"that is the man you ought to "dismiss." But the Trustees had now entered on their last year of office, and the palsy of dissolution seems to have infected their counsels. At first they declined to dismiss "on the statements brought before "them," as if, beyond the facts of the conspiracy already "before" them, some legal evidence of delinquency were necessary!

Tardily apprehending the situation, they passed the required resolution of dismissal. No sooner had they done so, than they were seized with qualms concerning technicalities—*Could* a Foundation Master be dismissed, except at an Annual Meeting? Unable to solve this problem, they tacked again, and took what they deemed a safe course—for themselves—but one fraught with peril to the Head Master. The resolution dismissing Mr. Scott was rescinded, and the whole question was postponed. The Annual Meeting—for which they seemed to have been waiting—came at last, and even then they did *nothing*!

This was at the beginning of the Long Vacation; at the end—a few months later—the government of the school passed out of their hands. They were superseded by the New Governing Body. The Trustees, by

their irresolution, had let slip the opportunity of striking a decisive blow. They merely lectured the Under Masters on the duty of giving the Head Master "not only a nominal, but [also] a cordial co-operation "and support,"—a course in which their own example would have been worth volumes of exhortation—leaving untouched the root of the evil, which grew apace under the auspices of the New Governing Body.

In this new body, although some of the old Trustees were to be found, the country gentlemen were less fully represented. Dr. Temple was its ruling spirit ; Dr. Bradley was his coadjutor ; and another member, Mr. Lingen, was elected by the Assistant Masters of Rugby. It may easily be guessed what sort of feeling would pervade this new Board in regard to Dr. Hayman, especially as both Dr. Temple and Dr. Bradley had family connections among the Under Masters, and Mr. Lingen had been an Under Master himself. To follow step by step the annoyances which ensued, and the vexatious interference with the undoubted powers of the Head Master, which met Dr. Hayman at every turn, would be impossible here and, even if possible, unedifying. The Trustees had on the whole treated Dr. Hayman with gentlemanly consideration, as a man holding high responsibility under difficulty without precedent ; the Governing Body—to use the Vice-Chancellor's words—" never gave him "a chance," but in a partisan spirit aided the Assistant Masters in their rebellion. Could it be otherwise, with Dr. Temple and Dr. Bradley, both his professed enemies, on the committee? It is contrary to English law for a man to be at once an accuser and judge in his own cause ; it is a canon of honour with English gentlemen when engaged in public affairs, to withdraw from the consideration of all cases in which prejudice is imaginable. But the Bishop of Exeter and the Master of University College, having first unsuccessfully accused Dr. Hayman of dishonourable conduct and incapacity, and then publicly prejudged the case against him, became members of the Governing Body, were his active persecutors, and finally sat in judgment on him. They were fortunate in finding a tool in their chairman, the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Worcester, whose conduct throughout the matter suggests a combination of the characters of Mr. Pecksniff and Mrs. Gamp. He was, let us hope, only a puppet in the hands of the energetic Dr. Temple, who had determined *ab initio* that Dr. Hayman should not continue to occupy the post of Head Master of Rugby. When Dr. Hayman received formal notice of dismissal (because Dr. Temple's "insight into character" had discovered that he could not manage Rugby), the Bishop of Worcester wrote, "I cannot tell you "how much pain and grief the occurrences of the last two years "at Rugby have caused me." More pain and grief! Was Dr.

Philpott educated at Rugby, that he weeps like an assistant master? Men of courage and candour are not given to these crocodile's tears about a disagreeable duty honourably done. The Earl of Warwick showed his opinion of the two bishops and their fellow-conspirators by summarily resigning his seat in the Governing Body. The verdict against Dr. Hayman being a foregone conclusion in the minds of Dr. Temple and Dr. Bradley from the moment of their becoming members of the Governing Body, his dismissal was only a question of time; therefore, after vigorous efforts carried on with a pertinacity and ability which would have been commendable in a good cause, Dr. Temple and Dr. Bradley, on the 19th of December, 1873, carried their point, and notice of dismissal was given to the victim. A month previously they had tried to cajole him into resigning; but being strongly conscious of his own integrity, and the injustice with which he had been treated by them for more than two years, he bravely determined to stand his ground, and throw on their shoulders the *onus* of his removal. The wisdom of this course has been over and over again demonstrated; and we trust the example he set will not be lost on other head masters, present and future. With the notice of dismissal ended what we may call the first phase of the Rugby Rebellion.*

Of that rebellion we have related the broad facts as they were known to the public: for the under-current of bad faith, intrigue, and petty persecution carried on by the rebels we have no room—the details are so nauseous, that, out of consideration for our readers, we would not give them even if space permitted. We will therefore proceed to record and comment on the immediate results of that conspiracy.

No sooner was notice of dismissal given to Dr. Hayman, than public feeling was aroused, and condemnation of the conduct of the Governing Body was loudly expressed throughout the three kingdoms. Many hoped that the step was not irrevocable, especially when Dr. Hayman, who had up to that time maintained a dignified silence, although frequently attacked in the *Times* and other influential journals, came into the arena with *his* side of the question. In the course of a few days a memorial expressing sympathy with him under the treatment he had

* A complete record of the details of this remarkable case will be found in two pamphlets recently published: (1) *Remarks and Judgment of Vice-Chancellor Sir R. Malins, with a Preface by J. Marshall Hayman*; and (2) *Extracts from the Minute Book of the Governing Body, with a Preface by S. R. Townshend Mayer*. These pamphlets expose a system of disloyalty and treachery unparalleled in the annals of public-school life; and afford such startling evidence of duplicity and injustice on the part of the Governing Body towards Dr. Hayman as to appear almost incredible, did it not rest on the authority of their own Minute Book, kept by their own clerks and signed by their own chairman.

received since his election to the Head Mastership, and requesting the Governing Body to reconsider their decision and reinstate him in his office, was circulated privately, and signed by several hundred peers, members of Parliament, and persons of influence in Church and State. It was presented to the Governing Body by Canon Collis, D.D., the Rev. E. J. Rhoades, and Col. Forbes Macbean, but failed in its effect, the Governing Body declaring their decision to be final; upon which Dr. Hayman was advised to file a Bill in Chancery to set it aside, or at least to compel his persecutors, in cross-examination, to discover the causes for his dismissal. A Bill was accordingly filed by the Doctor against the Governing Body and Dr. Temple as defendants. A Defence Fund was opened, and donations to the amount of £1,500 were voluntarily contributed to enable him to obtain justice in a court of law. Now, it was thought, the truth will be ascertained. But it was not the policy of the Governing Body and Dr. Temple that the truth should be known; and instead of joining issue on the facts set forth in Dr. Hayman's Bill, and leaving the cause to be decided on its merits, they entered a demurrer to the jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery. It is unnecessary to do more than indicate the cowardice of the Governing Body in not meeting Dr. Hayman on the merits of the case. When a public body thus shelters itself behind technicalities it is an implicit confession of wrong-doing.

However, from the 13th to the 19th of March, Counsel argued the case before Vice-Chancellor Malins, eliciting from that judge remarks on the conduct of the defendants, which found echo in the breasts of millions throughout the country. For instance, referring to the letter of the twenty Assistant Masters, he said:

"I cannot characterise all this otherwise than that it was rebellion against the Head Master and the Governing Body. The Governing Body had the duty of selecting the Head Master. It is an act of gross insubordination on the part of the subordinates to the Governing Body."

Mr. Cotton (defendants' counsel): "It was an act by inferior officers against a superior which one cannot justify."

Again the Vice-Chancellor, referring to the Minute of 20th December, 1869, as to use of testimonials, said:

"After the Trustees had completely exonerated Dr. Hayman, as they had by this resolution, Dr. Temple, of course, was out of the field. The Under Masters ought to have been required unconditionally to withdraw their letter, or retire. If they would not serve loyally under him, they ought to have gone."

Again:

"I understand that the case of the defendants is, that a Head Master of a

Public School is a tenant-at-will of the Governing Body, and that they can, whether justly or unjustly, dismiss him without assigning any reason. If that is so, then the Under Masters must be absolutely at the will of the Head Master. Yet, in all these proceedings, when the Head Master proceeds to exercise his power, he is thwarted at every step by the Governing Body."

Mr. Pearson: "They torture him into giving these reasons, in order that they may avail themselves of them, to find some reasons for dismissing him."

Mr. Pearson next referred to the resolution of the 10th of December, calling upon Dr. Hayman to resign, and to which he replied by letter, refusing to do so.

The Vice-Chancellor: "He wrote a very proper letter."

* * * *

The Vice-Chancellor: "I have very little doubt as to what ought to be done here. Some members of the Governing Body ought to retire, and then a reconciliation should be come to, if possible, between Dr. Hayman and the Under Masters. Those Under Masters who then refused to be reconciled ought to go, and Dr. Hayman should be continued as Head Master, subject to the control of the newly-constituted Governing Body. The present constitution of the Governing Body is most objectionable, and I decidedly think that Dr. Temple and Dr. Bradley ought to retire from it. I say this, not with any special reference to Dr. Hayman, but with reference to the future government of the school. My impression is that their feelings and prejudices are far too strong to make them fit members of the Governing Body."

* * * *

The Vice-Chancellor: "These charges are so distinct and positive, that I wonder the defendants did not wish to put in an answer, rather than come here upon a demurrer."

Mr. Pearson: "If an answer had been put in, the case would have been treated differently. As the Bill stands, I have wasted my time if I have not satisfied the Court that Dr. Hayman has not been guilty of a single fault."

The Vice-Chancellor: "Upon the allegations I find nothing against him."

For six days the cause was argued; each day Dr. Hayman's conduct as a Head Master and as a gentleman being more fully vindicated, and the injustice with which he had been treated being made clearer. Yet in the face of that everywhere-admitted fact, and of the Vice-Chancellor's own strongly expressed sympathy with Dr. Hayman, and censure of his opponents, judgment was given in favour of the oppressors; or, to use Dr. Hayman's words, "The Court of Chancery decided that it could not interfere with a sentence of dismissal which was repugnant to justice, "but had the force of law;" an additional demonstration, if any were needed, that moral and legal justice are not always synonymous. Dr.

Hayman did not appeal against this decision, although strongly urged to do so. In bowing to the decision of the Court, he said :

"During the four years of my tenure of office I have upheld the just rights of a Head Master, and the religious character of the School. Had I consented to sacrifice either of these paramount objects, I believe I might have continued, for as long as I chose, a safe and inglorious career as Head Master of Rugby. I preferred, at whatever personal risk, to maintain them both. I would not hold the office, and disregard its most solemn duties.

"But it is more pleasant to dwell upon the flood of sympathy, conveying both moral and material support, which my persecution has called forth, both from those who knew me before, and from others whose chivalrous feelings in my favour date from the public discussion of my case. I shall never cease to cherish the memory of their kindness.

"I commend the future of our higher education to the wisdom of Parliament, who alone can interpose where a grievous wrong lies without a remedy, and where a machinery has become subversive of the very principles on which it was called into existence. My own personal injury I am content to leave to the sense of justice of my countrymen."

The justice of his countrymen was not appealed to in vain. Within ten days of Dr. Hayman's leaving Rugby, the Prime Minister presented him to the first Crown living that fell vacant. Lord Chelmsford, and the Bishops of London, Rochester, and Gloucester and Bristol, set on foot a Testimonial Fund, and it is pleasant to refer to the ceremony which took place at the residence of the latter, on the 8th of February last, when his Lordship presented to Dr. Hayman a silver vase, inscribed in English and Latin as follows :

"A gift of sympathy and admiration from many sincere friends, both public and private, to the Rev. Henry Hayman, D.D., on his quitting his post as Head Master at Rugby, Easter, 1874, with all good wishes for his success, and God's blessing in his new career." "*Viro Reverendo Henrico Hayman, S.T.P., doctissimo olim Scholæ Rugbeiensis Archididasculo, D.D. amici quidam et publici et privati, patientiam ejus fidelitatemque et constantiam admirati, fausta omina et feliciora in novo curriculo precantes. MDCCLXXIV.*"

Upwards of £2,000 was subscribed towards the Defence and Testimonial funds, of which £560 had been available for the Testimonial. With this the handsome classic silver-gilt vase had been purchased, and the remainder of the amount his Lordship was requested to hand to Dr. Hayman in a purse. The Testimonial and Defence funds were influentially supported by men of all opinions and classes, including Bishop Abraham, Canon Liddon, "Several Rugby Boys," "A Scotch Free Kirkite," Lord Beauchamp, Colonel Beresford, M.P., Lord Chelmsford, Mr. V. K. Cooper (Bradfield College), Sir A. H.

Elton, Sir Thomas Gladstone, Mr. Beresford Hope, M.P., the Earl of Dartmouth, the Bishop of London, Mr. L. Majendie, M.P., Earl Manvers, the Marquis of Ormond, Sir G. E. Moon, General Lord H. Percy, Lord Reidhaven, the Head and Assistant Masters of several Public Schools, General Lord Sandhurst, the Earl of Sandwich, Mr. J. A. Shaw Stewart, Mr. G. E. Street, R.A., General Sir Charles Trollope, Dr. Vaughan (Master of the Temple), Sir Thomas White, etc.

We do not propose to give anything like even a summary of the speeches made on the occasion; but as some things said answer many misrepresentations made respecting Dr. Hayman, it will be useful to record that the Bishop, in welcoming the deputation, said he supposed they had selected him to present the testimonial on account of the former happy connection Dr. Hayman had with him in his diocese, and because they knew him willing to do honour to one of the most distinguished working Greek scholars of the day, whom he was glad to recognize as doing honour to the country, as the author of a remarkable and erudite work. He thought Dr. Hayman had not had English fair play.

The Rev. Dr. Collis, on behalf of the deputation, said that they felt that his Lordship, as a Churchman, an Englishman, and a scholar, had great sympathy with Dr. Hayman during the years Dr. Hayman was at Rugby. His Lordship had touched the salient point when he said Dr. Hayman had not met with fair play; for, as Englishmen, they did not like to see a man unfairly pulled down. Dr. Hayman, during his four years at Rugby, had done his duty manfully by the School, and honestly by the Masters. The position of Head Master of a large School was always a most difficult one; but in Dr. Hayman's case his difficulties had been greatly increased by the opposition he received from the Under Masters. He (Dr. Collis) admired Dr. Hayman's Christian patience under his troubles, and he was sure that Mrs. Hayman's kind and motherly treatment of the boys was a matter which especially called for recognition from their parents. The committee, before breaking up, had passed the following resolutions:—

“The Committee, in concluding their functions, wish emphatically to call public attention to the dictum of Vice-Chancellor Malins in reference to the conduct of the Governing Body of Rugby School towards Dr. Hayman. ‘That he never saw conduct that more strongly required explanation.’

“That the Committee regard the array of numerous influential names of donors to the Defence and Testimonial funds as a public protest of great moral weight against the conduct which the Vice-Chancellor [so strongly condemned.

"The Committee wish, however, to urge that a man of Dr. Hayman's eminent scholarship, ability, and energy, is at a great disadvantage in a remote and sequestered situation like Aldingham, and that he is entitled to some preferment in a more central position, with a wider sphere of usefulness than that which he now occupies; and

"The Committee also think that the time has arrived for a review of Dr. Hayman's career as Head Master of Rugby School, in order that the systematic persecution to which he was exposed in the discharge of his duty may be permanently recorded."

Dr. Hayman, in acknowledging the testimonial, thanked his Lordship for his kindness in recollecting the period during which he was in his diocese, for the gratifying reference which his Lordship had made to his scholarship, and particularly to his edition of the "*Odyssey*." Whilst he had the responsibility of office on his shoulders, he had not condescended to meet the anonymous writers in the press; but now the end had come, and cheered and supported to that end by the kindness of which this testimonial was the expression, he felt with the Committee that the time had also come when a full and complete record should be placed before the public of the whole facts of the case, for it was always his wish that the most extreme and utter publicity should be given to the matter. The machinery of the law had baffled his attempt to compel a "discovery," and since then a great deal had come to his knowledge of which he had previously been ignorant. His work at Aldingham was of importance, for all spiritual work was important, but the distance of the sphere of his labours from the seats of learning caused him naturally some regret. He could only continue at considerable disadvantage his researches and studies.

Of course Dr. Hayman's preferment by the Prime Minister, and the presentation just recorded, were gratifying to him at the moment. Banishment is, however, an inadequate compensation for such injustice and injury as he has suffered at the hands of the Governing Body.

Hitherto the recommendations of the Committee have been unavailing. Dr. Hayman is still at Aldingham, far removed from the great central libraries, frequent reference to which is necessary to the completion of that work for which he is most famous. All lovers of Homer must long to see that work done as Dr. Hayman alone can do it.

An eminent scholar has a claim on his country. As such Dr. Hayman has claims, apart from those arising from the Rugby events. It is possible, however, that Dr. Hayman will remain where he is until a Parliamentary inquiry into all the circumstances of his case is moved for. A resolution calling for such inquiry should have taken the place of that extremely

vague one with which the Committee wound up. But the logical result of this wretched imbroglio is a Royal Commission to inquire into the working of the Public Schools Act. Moody and Sankey have invaded Eton lately, and the Governing Body showed no capacity of interference. They were in a state of paralysis; while both Provost and Head Master showed that under the new *régime* they dared not have a will of their own.

Dr. Hayman is too strong a man to be extinguished, even by that rather truculent dignitary, the Bishop of Exeter. But how about Rugby? Will that School continue to flourish as of old? Will it hold, as it used, the sixth rank among the great Schools of England? When its Governing Body and Assistant Masters imitate its brutal football "scrummage," the School is doomed. Dr. Hayman has been succeeded by a mediocre gentleman commonly known as the brother of his aggressive sister. If the Head Masters of Rugby are to be mere negativists with a dash of heterodoxy, one cannot hope much for the School whose most illustrious alumnus, before Arnold made it a hothouse of prigs, was Walter Savage Landor. There is an Eton story that Dr. Keate objected to umbrellas, and when he saw a boy carrying one, said he was turning Eton into a girls' school. Next morning the first thing the Doctor saw in the quadrangle was a huge board with the legend, "Seminary for Young Ladies," gorgeous in blue and gold, which the fellows had annexed from some school in the neighbourhood, and fixed over the gateway. If the Governing Body and the Assistant Masters do not purge themselves of the faults which infect them, there will be no inscription fit for Rugby gateway except "School for Sneaks."

Finally, it is certain that grievous wrong has been done, not to Dr. Hayman alone, but also to the Public Schools of England.

There is no position in English social life more important than that of a Head Master. The lives of thousands of men depend on the way in which their Master treats them when boys. It is notable that our greatest men remember their school days with most satisfaction. The Marquis Wellesley, elder brother of our greatest soldier, was buried in the chapel at Eton, with a beautiful Latin epitaph of his own writing; and the weeping willows in the playing fields remain as a green monument to the memory of our finest Latin poet since Gray. Canning, at a dinner of old Etonians in London, said that "whatever might be the success in after-life, whatever gratification of ambition might be realized, whatever triumphs might be achieved, no one is ever again so great a man as when he was a sixth-form boy at Eton." Præd, the Laureat of Eton, has crystallized the notion into charming verse :

“ For hours and hours I think and talk
Of each remembered hobby :
I long to lounge in Poet's Walk,
To shiver in the lobby ;

I wish that I could run away
From House and Court and Levée,
Where bearded men appear to-day
Just Eton boys grown heavy.”

A great school is in a healthy state when it leaves noble impressions on its pupils ; and the actual governing and influencing power of its Head Master is of paramount importance. But Head Masters will be in a strange perplexity if Assistant Masters are strong enough to form a cabal against them, and Governing Bodies are too weak to check such cabals. What Dr. Hayman has suffered by the unjust conspiracy against him is of infinitesimal importance as compared to the injury that will be done to the public schools in England, and therefore to the youth of our aristocracy and plutocracy, if Assistant Masters are to organize rebellion, if Governing Bodies are to be made up of *mis-governing nobodies*.





ACROSS THE CHANNEL WITH CAPTAIN BOYTON.

BY S. R. TOWNSHEND MAYER,
AUTHOR OF "ACROSS THE ANDES," "AMONG THE MAORIS," ETC.

PART I.—Going to Fetch Him.

ACCOMPANYING a polite note from Mr. Michael Boyton, which expressed a hope that he would have the pleasure of receiving us at the Pavilion Hotel, Folkestone, in the evening, Mr. John C. Paget and I received tickets of which the following is a copy:—

SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.

CAPTAIN BOYTON'S SEA-TRIP.
Cape Grisnez to Folkestone.

Friday, 28th May, 1875.

Attended by the South-Eastern Railway Company's Steamer
"ERNEST." Pass the bearer from London to Folkestone
and back by any train, and on board the Steamer to
leave Folkestone about 1 a.m.

JOHN SHAW, Manager and Secretary.

Accordingly, on Thursday the 27th, we quitted Charing Cross Station by the 2.50 p.m. train. The sky was lowering, and the wind fresh; but we soon left behind these presages of dirty weather on the Channel. Skirting Lewisham and Lee with their pretty villas and winding stream, stopping briefly at Chislehurst to set down Prince Louis of Hesse and H.R.H. Princess Alice, who were received on the platform with truly French courtesy by the Prince Imperial,—the latter standing good-naturedly, hat in hand, at the station gateway after his guests had passed through, ostensibly to look at the occupants of the train, but really to let them have a good look at *him*,—the train moved on for

Orpington, as the Imperial carriages drove up the road bordered on each side by luxuriant woods.

On we sped, through the long tunnel under historic Knole Park, past Sevenoaks beloved of artists, between chalk cuttings embroidered on each side for miles with gorse in golden bloom, with but one stoppage until we reached Tunbridge Junction, its station covered with richly-blossoming Wistaria creeper. On again, through the level country, straight as an arrow flies, hops and hop-poles extending on either hand. Ashford and the Downs came next, their turf-clad undulations showing here and there the white chalk beneath that girdles our south-eastern coast, and suggested Albion to Cæsar as a name for our tight little, bright little island. Passing Hythe and Shorncliffe (familiar to military men) on the right, the sea became our horizon, and we arrived at Folkestone Junction about a quarter to six. But our destination was the Harbour; and accordingly, after a great deal of shunting, backing, and stopping, sometimes in the middle of the town on a level with the housetops, and affording us glimpses of the inner lives—that is, the bedrooms and attics—of many of the good folks of the place, we at length reached the Harbour station, not sorry that our journey had come to an end.

Tickets had been asked for once or twice *en route*; but "Boyton Expedition" was as potent with the S. E. R. officials as Ali Baba's "Open Sesame." Neither to nor fro were we required to show *our* tickets; guards, inspectors, porters—all the Company's servants, in fact—vying with each other in offering us those attentions which lessen the tedium of a long railway journey. It was enough that we were Captain Boyton's friends.

We reached the Pavilion Hotel—where we were welcomed by Mr. Michael Boyton and Dr. Thomas Diver—in time for a capital *table d'hôte* dinner, at which were already seated several representatives of the press; amongst them being Walter Wood, F.R.G.S. (*Standard*), Godfrey Turner (*Daily Telegraph*), Mr. Wheeler (*Central Press*), etc. Dinner over, we adjourned to Mr. Michael Boyton's room, where we found him busy amongst Admiralty charts and other paraphernalia; busy as a bee, assailed by inquiries from everybody, yet, anxious as he naturally was for the success of his brother's enterprise, and to oblige everybody if possible—and the game at cross-purposes sometimes would have tried the patience and temper of Job himself—courteous, urbane, and considerate to all. He had crossed from Boulogne in the afternoon, where he had left his brother in good spirits, intending to quit the harbour in his life-saving dress, for Cape Grisnez, at two o'clock. Grisnez is about ten miles from Boulogne as the crow flies, but

probably more by sea. A little after eight o'clock p.m., Mr. Michael Boyton received from Mr. Merridew (of Boulogne) at Cape Grisnez, the following telegram :—

“After persuasion, your brother has landed at Audresselles this evening, at 5.28, in good spirits, and not the least fatigued. The whole population turned out to receive him with cheers. We came to Grisnez by carriage. Time of passage from Boulogne Pier to Audresselles two hours twenty-seven minutes, partly sailed, partly paddled. Screw not used to-day, nor will it be to-morrow. Wind fresh.”*

Mr. Boyton explained that it was arranged his brother should make his experimental trip accompanied by a flotilla of boats, and that several delegates from the French and Belgian navies would attend him. Great crowds were around his hotel—the Hotel Christol—and every description of encouragement was being given him : ladies waiting to present him with bouquets, and the Humane Society and lifeboat crews affording all the information in their power.

The arrival of the telegram occasioned the greatest interest. Copies were at once made, and despatched to London,—the only puzzle being as to the direction of the wind, which the despatch declared was N.S.W. ! Many heads had been gravely shaken over the waste of power involved in the Captain's taking to the water at Boulogne, instead of reserving his strength for the Channel passage ; and therefore great relief was

* I may here state what we learnt subsequently—that Captain Boyton, on landing at Audresselles in the afternoon, fresh and strong after his seven miles' paddle from Boulogne, was escorted to the Franzelle Hotel, where he immediately had a warm bath and an hour's rest. On the former trip he was attended by Dr. Thomas Diver, of Southsea ; but inasmuch as Mr. Michael Boyton declared that the doctor did him “more harm than good,” he was this time attended by Dr. Benjamin Howard, of New York. Dr. Howard (founder of the American Humane Society), being a compatriot and knowing Captain Boyton personally, understood his patient's habits and constitution, and treated him on “common-sense” principles ; that is to say, physiologically—throwing physic to the dogs. For instance, just before the Captain went to bed—after most good-naturedly putting on his life-saving dress for the inspection of a French lady, notwithstanding the work he had just done and the still greater work he had to do—Dr. Howard allowed him to take a very little underdone beef-steak, one cigar, and a small quantity of weak brandy and water. Having rested for a short time, Captain Boyton, Dr. Howard, Mr. Merridew (of Boulogne), Baron de la Touche (Sub-Prefect of the Pas de Calais), and others drove to the place of *rendez-vous*, taking with them the life-saving dress, paddle, sail, etc. When they arrived, the Captain felt rather sleepy, and Dr. Howard gave him some beef-tea, but no brandy ; and finally, just before entering the water, a little green tea—as being a better stimulant and more lasting in its effects than alcohol. Dr. Howard's system had always proved so successful, that Captain Boyton, with the greatest confidence, placed himself unreservedly in his hands, and Mr. Michael Boyton scrupulously carried out all Dr. Howard's instructions.

felt when it was known that he had listened to reason, and not done the entire distance to Grisnez. A little rest at Audresselles would recruit him sufficiently to be at the Cape in the morning, whence we should accompany him across the Channel.

Time advanced, and the party for the *Prince Ernest* were rapidly assembling. Mr. Shaw, the portly and indefatigable secretary and manager of the South-Eastern Railway, made his appearance; then Mr. W. Channel Bovill, son of the late Chief Justice; Mr. Plimsoll, M.P.; Dr. Edmunds, of Savile Row, who was on board the *Queen* when Captain Boyton swam ashore on the Irish coast; Mr. Senior (*Daily News*); Mr. Clement Scott; Mr. Reginald Brooks (*Morning Post*); and Mr. Earnshaw, in whose charge were the carrier pigeons upon which we depended for sending our telegrams to the several London papers when in the Channel.

By twelve o'clock—the hour of *rendezvous*—the last stragglers had reached the Pavilion Hotel. The English and American press were fully represented (the French journalists were to come off to us at Grisnez); and on mustering our strength it appeared that the passengers on board the *Prince Ernest* would number about ninety. All being ready, and having protected both the inner and the outer man against the chilly night wind, the party, headed by Mr. Michael Boyton, left the Pavilion Hotel for the steamer lying at the pier. We had preceded them, and made ourselves snug on deck, where we lay, determined not to go below throughout the trip. The South-Eastern Company having provided a handsome supper in the saloon, each gentleman as he came on board had “what he liked.”

The night was moonless and very dark. The feeble lights on the pier only served to make that structure more gloomy and frowning as we lay under it, the ship swaying slightly with the motion of the rising tide, and occasionally grinding with a groan against the wooden piles. A solitary form would come to the edge, look over into the ship, disappear; footsteps would be heard on the stairs, and presently a man would be seen standing hesitatingly on the gangway, as yet only in outline. “Is ‘this the—Boyton steamer?’” a voice would ask. “All right!” some other voice would reply; and the figure would advance until it stood on deck in the light of the lamp, when probably an old acquaintance would be recognised. Steam was up, the engines had been eased off the dead points, Captain Dane was on board, and the party from the Pavilion were heard in the distance, rapidly approaching. Along the pier they came, talking, laughing (how many of them will be quiet enough shortly!) and some singing. Down the stairs and upon deck they scrambled, seeming to overrun the ship, the darkness apparently increasing their number.

Soon they dispersed : some going down to supper, others turning in for the night to berths kept for them, several mounting the bridge, and many making themselves as comfortable as rugs and wrappers could enable them on deck.

Scarcely had the town clocks ceased striking "one," when at a signal the lines were cast off, the engines throbbed and hissed, the paddle-wheels churned up the dark water with a roar, the pier with its lamps glided past us rapidly, and the *Prince Ernest* stood out to sea—the glimmering lights in the harbour, on looking back astern, enabling us to trace the dark undulating outline of the English coast as it receded from us. There was hardly any wind, and the sea was calm ; so that, as the *Ernest*, rolling gently, ploughed the dark waves, pitching slightly now and then, the soft night air blew in our faces, laden with the scent of the sea. It was gratefully inhaled by many of us jaded Londoners ; though upon others the motion of the ship and the briny smell had anything but a pleasant effect ! On our left were the lightships of the Goodwin Sands—on our right a wall of blank impenetrable gloom—straight ahead shone the brilliant Pharos on Cape Grisnez, which we were rapidly approaching.

The interest excited in those who witnessed Captain Boyton's experiments in his life-saving dress—his landing on the Irish coast, his exploits in the Thames and before Her Majesty at Osborne—extended throughout England ; and his first attempt to cross the Channel, on April 10th, was watched with anxiety by all classes, from the Queen to her humblest subject. That attempt was considered by the Captain insufficient for his purpose. I need not give any particulars of it, as they were so fully described at the time by the press. Captain Boyton was fifteen hours in the water, and was taken on board the *Rambler*, "perfectly strong" and fresh, and not in the least chilled," at 6.15 p.m., about three miles from the French coast—baffled only by the fog, the darkness, and the fears of the pilot Méquin who declined to be further responsible for the safety of the Captain or the ship if the attempt were not abandoned.

Addressing the "Comité de la Société Humaine et des Naufrages" at Boulogne, on the 12th of April,^{*} Captain Boyton generously exonerated the pilot, and said : "I started upon the accomplishment of my passage across the Channel, not for mercenary objects, but simply and solely for purposes of humanity and life-saving. If I have failed to land upon the French coast, it is not my fault ; neither will it be my fault if at some early date I do not accomplish my task in my self-imposed mission of crossing the Channel ; but that time it will be by my own unassisted means and efforts." *

* Procès-Verbal de la Séance Extraordinaire du 10 Avril, 1875. Traversée de Détroit par le Capitaine P. Boyton (Boulogne-sur-Mer, 1875).

When it was announced that this second trip was to be a return one, from France to England, many persons were disappointed—because, it was shrewdly argued, any one who chose to take the trouble could be sure of seeing him begin his passage, but no one could be sure of seeing him land! Nevertheless, if complete success in every respect be evidence of the wisdom and sound judgment of those who planned the second trip, the event amply afforded it.

The *Prince Ernest* sped on. She is an old but a fast boat, with very powerful engines (almost too powerful for her light draught), and on this occasion was manned with a scratch crew, several of whom belonged to the *Victoria*, a far larger and handsomer steamer, also owned by the South-Eastern Railway Company. The first incident to relieve the silent darkness, and already-beginning-to-be-felt monotony of our voyage, was a brilliant display of rockets and many-coloured lights let off by Mr. Plimsoll over the taffrail—what excited most interest being a preparation of potassium, which ignited on contact with water, and burnt without replenishing for nearly an hour. This was one of Holmes's "Patent "Life-Buoy Lights and Wreck-Flares," and the object of the experiments was to discover how much help these patent lights would afford in case of shipwreck, or to a man overboard. Part of the apparatus was a little tin can, which held one of the "flare-ups;" when filled with water a bright white flame burst forth, shed a ghastly lustre over the faces of the lookers-on crowded together near the wheel, lit up the Channel for six miles round the vessel, and flamed more fiercely whenever water was thrown over it.

With the first feeble glimmer of dawn Cape Grisnez loomed dimly in sight, sombre and mysterious—a low grass-clad headland running abruptly into the water on our right; a chain of wild grey rocks extended for miles on our left, only broken by the Cran aux Anguilles, at whose foot lies about three hundred yards of beach, from which the Captain's start was to be made, and on which blazed a huge bonfire. As we approached Grisnez the celebrated revolving light—long visible to us, apparently resting on the very edge of the waves—eclipsed with its cold, keen radiance a pale moon, feebly struggling through clouds that had obscured it during the night.

Suddenly a stream of light rushed into the air, seeming to spring from the heart of the bonfire's red blaze. This was the signal agreed upon, intimating to us that the Captain was ready to begin his day's work. From the bridge of the *Ernest* shot up into the sky the answering rocket, announcing to him that a boat would put off to shore forthwith. Day was breaking rapidly, and the morning air swept by us in chilly gusts as we leant over the bulwark, eagerly trying to make out what was going on ashore.

It was a wild scene, and in striking contrast to that presented by Boyton's departure from Boulogne; when, under brilliant sunshine, from a flag-adorned pier, with ladies presenting bouquets (a rather embarrassing attention, when one considers the nature of the Captain's costume), bands playing, and a holiday multitude applauding, the Captain, as an enthusiastic reporter stated, "dashed into the waves, "shouting 'Vive la France!'"

When the rocket was sent up from the steamer the excitement on board grew intense. Sleepers below hurried up in breathless haste; even those who were suffering from the *mal de mer*, forgetting for the moment to be ill, scrambled to the ship's side, whilst the watchers on deck began to feel rewarded for their hours of patient expectation. Anxious inquiries were made of each other as to what was being done, and glasses levelled in the hope of being able to see what was taking place around the bonfire.

"Ease her!" shouted Captain Dane; and we lay almost stationary in the water. Soundings were taken, and "fourteen fathoms" reported. After heaving the lead and giving the ship a little more way, the order was passed to "stop her," and we hove-to. In the meantime men had been busy clearing away the starboard boat, which was now lowered; and into it jumped Mr. Michael Boyton, with five companions. "We are off when the rocket goes up!" he shouted to Captain Dane; and with a cheer from us, answered by the boat's crew, they pulled round the ship and made for the Cran aux Anguilles as rapidly as the heavy ground-swell would let them. With the greatest interest all eyes on board watched the little boat rise and fall on the whitening water, until it became a mere black speck. There was a heavy morning mist hanging over land and sea, through which the bonfire burnt with a crimson glare: at this moment the brilliant white beams of the light on Grisnez were extinguished, and the building stood up, cold and bleak-looking against the grey sky.

The boat out of sight, speculations of various kinds were indulged in as to the Captain's condition, and the prospects of his failing or succeeding in his attempt. Some prophesied rain—and indeed the weather did not look promising—while others thought the tides and currents would be against him. It was known that the South-Eastern Company's steamer *Victoria* would come to meet us about midday; and it was hoped that she would escort us to Folkestone by about three o'clock in the afternoon. When inquiries were made of the skipper as to when we should get home, that very wise man looked at the sky and replied, "It all depends."

When one gentleman said he was "rather tired of waiting," he was

answered by a bystander who had accompanied Captain Boyton on his former trip—"Tired! You'll have enough of it before the day's out. I don't believe we shall get in till midnight." Captain Dane, who was pacing the deck, looking anxiously shoreward, overheard the reply, and smiled, as we thought, acquiescently. Presently the ship wore round, to the great relief of those who had been sighing for a movement and closely consulting their watches. Hardly had the paddles of the *Ernest* ceased revolving, when up shot the signal rocket from the shore. Almost simultaneously came a flash from the lighthouse gun; a loud booming report awakened the echoes, and a cloud of blue smoke, rolling over the sea, rose upwards and mingled with the mist.

It was within one minute of 3 a.m.; and we knew that Captain Boyton had entered the water and begun his journey across the Channel!

(To be continued.)





THE DREAD RECKONING;

A Story of 'Sebenty-one.

By EVELYN JERROLD.

CHAPTER XII.

THE COURT-MARTIAL.

"**T**ICKETS for the trial!" cried the hawkers, who would be selling tickets for an *opera bouffe* a few hours later. "Tickets for the court-martial! Trial of Versailles spies! An *aristo* in trouble! Five francs—three francs if you come early."

The crowd at one of the side entrances of the Hotel de Ville appeared inclined to profit by the bargain offered, and flooded the corridors of the municipal residence very early indeed. They were before the judges, before the ushers, in the vast semicircular hall in which revolutionary justice was to be administered. They admired the long baize-covered table where the officers sat during more than an hour. They stared at the red flag surmounting the President's chair until it dazzled them; and with the ferocious good-humour of all such assemblies they discussed the prisoners' chances, their antecedents, their alleged crimes.

"They say she's an illegitimate daughter of the Emperor."

"And was trying to buy the garrison of Fort Vanves with two millions of francs."

"Pretty, I am told."

"Pooh, pooh! A painted beauty of the Tuileries balls."

"Young?"

"Seventeen."

"Twenty-five, you mean."

"I know her hairdresser well—he ought to know."

"My cousin was a friend of her concierge, and he assured me——"

A gruff English voice broke in dryly,

"Don't you think we might wait until she's tried before we discuss her?"

"Hillo! a milord!" cried a grisette who was enjoying a holiday with a law student.

"What are milord's politics?" inquired a workman.

"At present they are not your business," retorted the Englishman, who presented all the outward characteristics of Mr. Anthony Trowbridge.

The discussion seemed likely to degenerate into a question of nationalities, when a roll of drums from without drowned the rising voices, and an usher announced,

"Citizens, the Court!"

The Court proceeded to transact some uninteresting business that bore no relation to the forthcoming trial, and in a few minutes, quickly, without announcement, the prisoner entered with a gendarme at her back.

"Pluck there," muttered Trowbridge.

Her face was composed. A little daunted at first by the number of gazes directed towards her, she soon fell into a simple attitude expressive of nothing but engrossment in some far-off dreams of her own. The deep calm eyes fell after a quiet survey of the audience, and they were only raised when the President had twice said, in courteous tones,

"Your name?"

"Elaine de Solanges."

Her birthplace, her parentage, were formally ascertained, and then the officer charged with the prosecution rose and stated the grounds of the accusation brought against her.

She was charged simply with having conspired against the Republic—the Republic meaning then the Commune of Paris. She was charged with having obtained by illicit means information concerning the movements of the insurrectionary troops, and with having transmitted that information to the authorities at Versailles.

The witnesses were numerous. There were clerks from the Cabinet Noir, who deposed that the information forwarded by letter to Made-moiselle de Solanges was exactly similar to that found in the instructions of captured Versailles officers; there were spies who had watched the transmission of reports from her cottage to Versailles; there were witnesses who testified to the retrograde political principles of her family; close observers to sum up all that the Vicomte had ever uttered against the doctrines upheld by the Commune; and as the long series defiled before the table where the judges took notes or nibbled their pens, Mr. Trowbridge's brow clouded, and he muttered between his teeth,

"All up with Rembrandt—it's too strong against her!"

Involuntarily his gaze turned towards the opposite side of the hall, obeying therein the common impulse of his companions. There was a stir among the spectators fronting him; and the prisoner ceased for a moment to be the centre of interest. In Paris a popular actress is a more engrossing subject of examination and remark than even a pretty criminal; and it was a very popular performer, Diane Lenoir, who had entered the judgment hall while Mr. Trowbridge was prophesying the verdict. Diane was radiant; but, scrutinising her closely, the Englishman fancied he could detect in the lines about her mouth signs of indecision and perplexity. He smiled grimly. It was a recreation to his mind, this watching a mental battle between pity and anger; though he reserved to himself the right of lending his influence to whichever side he chose. For the moment the contention seemed undecided. Diane looked long at the prisoner, then at the judges; but her art had taught her self-possession and a perfect command of feature, and the result of her survey was in no way visible in her face.

Yet the spectacle before her might have moved less impressionable natures than hers. It was going hard with Elaine. The young officer who had accepted the mission of defending the accused rose with a hopeless air which indicated that if he too had not formed a judgment against his client, he felt powerless to influence that of the Court. When he announced that he should call no witnesses, his client having absolutely forbidden him to appeal to the only one who might help her cause—Citizen Quercy, Mr. Trowbridge rose hastily, and paying no attention to the flowery exordium of the young advocate, pushed through the crowd to the place where Diane was sitting.

"You have come to enjoy yourself?" he asked abruptly.

The actress smiled languidly.

"Perhaps. And you?"

"I have come to prevent an infamy, if I can."

She glanced at him searchingly, and there was a tone of defiance in her voice as she answered,

"Indeed, Don Quixote! What is the infamy, and can you prevent it?"

The advocate was in the middle of his speech; there was no time to be lost, and Trowbridge answered rapidly,

"I think I can; but you must help me. Mademoiselle you are not a woman of mean jealousies; I know not what stake you have in all this, but surely it is not worth the life of that poor innocent child yonder. Look at her alone, facing those seven men who hold her fate in their hands. Will you not speak—will you not act? Come, you are too great an artist not to have a generous heart, a noble spirit."

This time her voice was fainter :

"You—you confuse me. I don't understand."

"Understand!" retorted the Englishman bluntly. "I was at your side at supper the other night at the theatre. I took M. Adrien de Solanges home, and M. Adrien was in a very communicative mood, I assure you. Now do you understand?"

She reflected a moment; and in that moment the somewhat hard expression her face usually wore disappeared; her mouth relaxed; the great actress looked for once a tender woman. And that instant Elaine chanced to look towards her: the women's eyes met, and those of Diane were very soft and gentle when they turned towards Trowbridge.

"I am not so bad as you must think me," she said hurriedly. "I have been sorely tried, bitterly bred, and I have hated desperately during many years. But you are right. See here; the poor girl shall have her witnesses."

And she wrote a few words on her card, which was passed to Elaine's defender. His face brightened as he read the message, and he addressed the Court hopefully :

"I beg leave to interrupt my speech for the defence, citizens. Information has reached me at this moment which will be of far greater service to the prisoner than any appeals of mine."

The audience settled down into their seats with an air of pleasant anticipation. Here was an episode that revived their flagging interest. There was to be a struggle after all. They did not regret their three francs.

They were not disappointed. Diane Lenoir rose in obedience to a sign from the prisoner's advocate and advanced to the bar.

In a clear firm voice she gave her name; and added,

"Mademoiselle de Solanges is innocent. I will relate what I know concerning her, and my conviction will be shared by the Court and the public."

The President bowed gravely and motioned her to proceed.

With a glance at Elaine's frank trustful face, as if to give her courage in what she was about to do, in the sacrifice she was making, the actress continued :

"I know the prisoner's cousin, Adrien de Solanges. As you know, citizens, he is the emissary of Versailles supposed to have plotted with Mdlle. de Solanges against the Republic. He has plotted treacherously and incessantly; but he has plotted alone. But three days ago Adrien de Solanges confided to me that his visits to Neuilly in the interest of the Versailles Government were made without any complicity on his cousin's part. The information he obtained in her house was not furnished by

her; she knew nothing of the part he was playing. If she has harboured a spy, she has done so innocently, unwittingly, with a mistaken faith in her kinsman's honour, with a child's ignorance perhaps of all the disasters that may come of one careless word in times such as these we live in."

There was a murmur of intense interest among the audience.

The prisoner's counsel rose, and announced,

"Mdlle. Lenoir's testimony is not unsupported. I call M. Anthony Trowbridge."

The Englishman's evidence was characteristically laconic.

"I also have met M. Adrien de Solanges, and am not proud of the acquaintance. I happened to assist at the interview of which Mdlle. Lenoir has just spoken, and I can certify that her account of the conversation is exact in every particular. To that account I can add a few facts. I walked home with De Solanges that evening. He assured me on the way that none of the information transmitted by him to Versailles was given by his cousin, Mdlle. de Solanges. His informant was his cousin's maid, Annette, who, flattered by his attentions, seduced by his twenty-franc pieces, read her mistress's letters and divulged their contents."

The President consulted with his colleagues, and the maid Annette was ordered to appear before the Court. She had been permitted to see her mistress during the last three days, and her residence was known.

The girl's evidence was conclusive. Terrified by the sight of the gendarmes and judges, informed of her accomplice's betrayal, she confessed everything, tearfully and incoherently adding that Monsieur Adrien had assured her she was aiding the good cause.

The decision of the Court did not appear doubtful, but it seemed as if its rendering would not be unimpeded. The multitude was stirring without in the Rue de Rivoli and the public place of the Hotel de Ville. From time to time the officers looked uneasily towards the door. There had been sinister rumours afloat that morning, rumours the Government had essayed to suppress, but which most of the military authorities present knew to be based on truth. At last the sentinels at the door of the hall fell back to admit a group of four or five men in uniform, dusty, heated, with the smoke of battle still clinging to them. Claude the chiffonnier was among them. He glanced anxiously round the hall; his gaze fell upon Elaine, and his anxiety seemed partially allayed. He pushed towards the judges' table, and then in low, emphatic tones declared that he had information to impart to the Court. The President bade him speak.

"The Versailles are in Paris!" he said distinctly. "Two gates have been carried. We are fighting on the pavement now instead of in the field. That is all. Nothing is yet lost. This accident must not impede the course of justice. If we are to die to-morrow, death will be easier if we have been strong and implacable to-day."

And he added, raising his voice,

"I demand that the prisoner be kept at the bar; and that Edmond Solanges, called Vicomte de Solanges, be placed beside her."

The audience had dwindled into a third of its former numbers at the announcement of the enemy's entry; but among the few spectators remaining there rose a murmur of decided disapprobation. They had made up their minds as to the innocence of the accused, and were in no humour to abandon their convictions. One alone, a new comer, rose curiously, and betrayed no feeling whatever as he gazed stedfastly at Claude.

The latter continued, without noticing the expression of popular sentiment:

"Again I demand the confrontation of Edmond Solanges with his daughter, and the public reading of these documents by the prosecution."

The President obeyed, after glancing hurriedly at the small roll of papers presented by Claude.

In a few moments the Vicomte stood before his judges, unmoved, but with an expression of unutterable weariness on his withered features. He avoided his daughter's loving gaze, and sat looking at the lean hands folded in his lap.

The Prosecutor demanded that the female prisoner should retire; and Elaine was led away.

The reason for this measure soon became obvious. Glancing at the papers in his hand, the Prosecutor pronounced slowly the terrible charge Claude had come to make.

"Monsieur de Solanges, you are charged, on the faith of evidence to be hereafter brought forward, with the murder of your first wife in the month of December, 1851."

Still the old man eyed his folded hands; still his face remained immovable.

The stranger who had entered the hall a few minutes after Claude, and who had since been surveying the scene before him with a wondering expression, here craned forward excitedly as the charge was proffered, and gazed in amazement at the chief actors in the lugubrious drama in progress.

"I am mad," Captain Pierre—for it was he—muttered as he passed

his hand across his forehead ; "or chance is serving me well ; the past is coming to life again, that I may amend it if I can."

The Prosecutor had opened the papers handed to him by Claude.

"I hold," said he, "documents found at the cottage at Neuilly occupied by Mdlle. de Solanges. They consist of a letter addressed by the Vicomte to his daughter, and inscribed, 'To be opened after my death ;' of extracts from a diary, apparently kept by the prisoner during the last months of the year 1851 ; of a letter in a feminine handwriting addressed to him ; and of another missive signed De Solanges, and superscribed, 'To Etienne Pibrac.' I will read all in the prisoner's letter to his daughter that it is necessary you should know. After some instructions concerning his daughter's conduct in life, he writes : 'Your love will be sorely tried, my child. You will hear evil things of me when I am dead—and things that are true. I dare not ask your pardon, your merciful dealing with my memory. That memory is stained with crime—deadly, premeditated crime ; and I shall die unrepentant. I cannot repent. I repeat, I was tried beyond my strength, and was doomed to fall. You cannot—cannot in nightmare picture the loathsome creature to which I found myself bound for life—at thirty years of age ! I smote it as I would a reptile coiled about my limbs. I freed myself as I could : I did not reason or moralise. The deed I confess to-day I committed then instinctively—with the instinct of self-preservation—and I have never regretted it. Its memory haunted my life ; but better that ghost than the hideous reality I should have been linked with.' The rest of the letter," continued the Prosecutor, "is less explicit. I will pass on to the extracts from the diary. 'September 20, 1851.—I begin to fear Etienne will not do. I have sounded him about *her* ; he is sympathetic, but did not seem to understand my real meaning. September 30.—Ten days of torture. She is ungovernable—mad every night. I can scarcely hide the scandal at my hearth. And Etienne can see no remedy—there is none but that which I am too great a coward to employ. October 3.—I cannot endure it. To-night I have determined to end it all, come what may. She is ill—the results of a worse paroxysm than ever ; the opportunity is offered me. To-morrow I will begin. October 21.—What a time it has taken to steady my hand, to nerve me to the only act that can free me. But it is done at last. She is still ill, and last night I began. The effects are visible ; and for the first time Etienne has hinted that the disease may end fatally. October 27.—She is declining—and my hand is steadier every day. I am resolute now—the task is so easy. Etienne is completely deceived, and speaks of *delirium tremens*. And hers are really like the symptoms. November 12.—I have seen Jeanne, and could speak to her freely at last, for I am sure of

he end. Oh, ma Jeanne, how sweet and cool your hand was after the hick noisome air of that chamber of sin and sickness! And you pitied me—and I have only to wait—a week, a score of days, may be. November 31.—The end is near. Etienne has disappeared—in the Republican clubs, I suppose. A revolution is brooding, they say. December 3.—She died this morning—insensible. I hear that Etienne is with the insurgents—with the mob against Napoleon.' This," concluded the Prosecutor, "is all that I need bring to your notice in the documents placed at my disposition. The woman's letter addressed to the prisoner is couched in passionate terms of love, and signed 'Jeanne Valrey.' That which bears the address, 'To Etienne Pibrac,' contains a notification to the individual named that if alive at the date of the Vicomte's death he will receive a sum of 30,000 francs, payable from the prisoner's estate. It rests with you, citizens, to determine whether this evidence suffices to uphold the accusation under which the prisoner is brought before you."

Night had fallen. There was a noise of drums and hurrying multitudes without. Paris was in its last agony.

A stranger rose in the darkening hall—Captain Pierre.

"I ask to be heard," he cried. "My name is Etienne Pibrac."

Two low cries rose from among the spectators.

"Speak," said the President.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN EXILE'S STORY.

IN a firm voice the stranger began :

"Until three days ago I thought this history was eternally closed—that none but I lived to disclose its miserable details. I have been eighteen years at Cayenne, citizens, and one hears little there of the outer world. One grows to think it dead, silent, obscure as oneself. There is paralysis in the place, paralysing heart and mind; and I did not escape the contagion. But enough of myself. My task is to fill up the blank spaces in the narrative sketched by the letters and extracts just read. That task I am competent to fulfil.

"I was born at Boisvert, a little village in Burgundy. My father was a small farmer; but a succession of misfortunes which I need not describe compelled him some months after my birth to become little better than a labourer on his own estate. Then, to add to their small income, my mother took a child to nurse—the child of a noble house in our neighbourhood, the Chateau de Solanges. That child was the Vicomte

Edmond de Solanges. We were foster-brothers. We grew up together, companions, playmates, and fast friends. His parents passed the greater part of the year in Paris, so that until the age of fourteen he was almost a member of our family. Later on we went to school together, followed the same classes, and remained intimate until his departure for Paris, which took place at the time of his father's death, when he was nineteen. Meanwhile my father's affairs had prospered, and at the end of my school days he was able to send me to the capital with a view to my studying medicine.

"I was in Paris in 1848, and took part in the revolutionary movement. There I met my foster-brother again. He had adopted political principles with which I could not sympathise; but with me—with him I think—the old boyish affection was yet strong, and aristocrat as he was, plebeian as I was proud to be, we met often, and were glad to meet during more than a year. It was not only my friendship that bound me to him: I studied his character with interest, and imagined I could train and reform it. For it needed reforming, young as he was. Two years of Paris life had made a wonderful change in the frank and simple schoolboy I knew and loved. He had become a drawing-room sceptic, a scoffer at every lofty principle, every noble cause. And about a year after our renewal of friendship I saw that he was about to put his cynical theories into practice.

"His family was poor, and poverty irked and humiliated him. His most earnest aspiration was to quadruple, centuple, if possible, the meagre patrimony his father had left him. He longed to take a foremost place in the political world; and to this end he must have money, he said. He was not long in obtaining it. While I was plodding on in my profession, living the half-studious, half-riotous, but wholly Bohemian life of the Latin Quarter, he was heiress-hunting on the other side of the Seine. He succeeded. I had just obtained my doctor's diploma when he wrote to inform me that he was about to marry a rich widow, Madame Bruno. He wished to introduce me to her. I accepted his invitation. She was a tall, gaunt woman, overdressed, with what seemed to me incipient madness in her eyes. Edmond was frank in his narration of how the marriage had been arranged. His future wife was the widow of a stockbroker of doubtful reputation, but undoubted wealth. Like most women of her class, she aspired to court and political influence; was tired of hearing the simple announcement, 'Madame Bruno,' in the houses she frequented. She did not profess much affection for De Solanges; it was quite a business arrangement between them, he declared. This was said lightly; but I could see that he had misgivings; I noticed that his glance wandered frequently to a young girl, beautiful

and penniless, of whom he had spoken to me more than once. But her face,—the face of the Jeanne Valrey of whom you have read,—my advice, my expostulations, could not turn him from his purpose. No need to linger over this part of the melancholy history: he was married; and a month after the event I was called in as a doctor to prescribe for his wife, and discovered that she was a confirmed drunkard.

“He knew it: had he been ignorant, I could not have concealed the fact for long. That which I had at first taken for madness, was simply the fever of habitual intoxication. From the day of that discovery to our final separation I did not lose sight of him. I pitied him from my heart. I forgot the mean, mercenary calculations that had led to the marriage, and saw but the present misery—and that was overwhelming. I tried my utmost to exorcise the fiend that possessed her: she was incurable. Change of scene, imprisonment, moral persuasion, all were essayed—all proved unavailing. And then began for the friend I still loved a long, terrible martyrdom. He was wounded daily, hourly in his pride, in his affection, in his self-interest. The household skeleton broke from its cupboard at every moment. One by one his friends forsook him, repelled by the ungovernable fury at his hearth. He remained alone, a morose, bitter, nervous man.

“I feared for his reason during those days of solitude. But after the first months of despair, he seemed to straiten himself against fate. He bore the daily scenes of loathsome madness with calmness. I imagined that he had resolved to appeal to a civil court, to set a judicial decree between himself and his wife, when the Vicomtesse fell ill—seriously ill. At first it was a slight indisposition, brought on by her normal excesses. Her constitution was robust, and could support for many years the utmost stress she could lay upon it. But in a month, against all my prevision, it seemed to collapse. Though all intoxicating drinks were prohibited, she was continuously delirious. I was deceived. I conjectured that *delirium tremens* had resulted earlier than I expected from her irregular course of life. But I did not cease to study the case attentively. It was a valuable experience for a young doctor, and I would make the most of it. My investigations led me to this fact—a fact I could not disguise or escape,—Madame de Solanges was poisoned—poisoned by the drug known as *cannabis indica*, administered in a solid form. Its effects resemble those of habitual intoxication. I analysed the food given to the sick woman, and my conjecture was proved true. During more than three months this slow poison had been administered daily. Of that I was sure—the identity of the criminal I had no need to discuss. I remembered certain hints of De Solanges—superficially philosophic suggestions that advocated the expediency, the legitimacy of putting an

end by any means to a life so wasted and worthless as that of the sick woman I attended. I remembered several suspicious symptoms of manner and of speech, whose meaning was now made clear to me for the first time. The Vicomte entered the room a few moments after these conclusions had forced themselves upon me. I avoided his gaze, but I felt that he suspected me ; and our parting was constrained on both sides.

"I know not what course I should have taken had I been left to myself. But at this moment my thoughts were drawn away from private by public crime—the *coup d'état*. I was of an advanced school of politicians, and had earned a certain degree of notoriety by my speeches in club and public place. And to aid in withdrawing my attention from my foster-brother and his affairs, my father arrived in Paris on the very eve of the *coup d'état*. He had invested his small fortune rashly in a company which at the first rumours of approaching revolution began to totter. It had completely collapsed when he arrived in Paris, and he was all but penniless. Penury, however, was the least evil we saw in the future : we saw the enslavement of our country, the triumph of a gang of mercenary adventurers, the dishonour of France. You know what followed, citizens. Together my father and I took our muskets and descended into the streets to resist the usurpers. But before this I addressed to the Vicomte a letter in which I declared my knowledge of his crime, and my determination to remain silent only so long as no extraneous interests were involved in the matter ; in short, that I should speak directly disclosure was necessary for something more than punishment.

"I need not tell you how the battle went. It was hopeless from the first. My father and I remained side by side unto the last—and then my letter was answered in a terrible fashion. The fighting had ceased. We lay concealed in a chiffonnier's shed in the outskirts of Paris. The soldiers had doubtless tracked us, for we had scarcely been there two hours when the hovel was surrounded, and an officer presented himself at the door demanding our names.

" 'Pibrac,' my father answered impetuously.

"The officer produced a list of accused persons, and read :

" 'Pibrac, Etienne. Dangerous. For immediate court-martial.'

"I demanded to see his warrant, and he showed me the list with a grim laugh.

"It was signed, 'Vicomte de Solanges, Mayor of the 11th Arrondissement.'

"My foster-brother had played his cards well. He had foreseen victory, and was with the winning side—and this was the first instalment of his honours.

"I was tried summarily. I expected death, but the Court was exceptionally lenient, and condemned me to transportation for life. My father, against whom no authoritative witnesses were brought, escaped with a year's imprisonment.

"We were not allowed to communicate with each other, but one word a sympathetic gendarme promised to transmit to my father. It was this :

"Remember—the Vicomtesse died—poisoned—and I knew it."

"I left behind me a young girl, almost a child, who was to have been my wife. Our love had grown up with us ;—with me it was, it has been ever since, the mainspring of my life, the sweetest memory of my youth, the one hope of my future. For I hoped, even at Cayenne. Sixteen years of suffering could not paralyse my faith in her—my faith in the coming of better days. After several fruitless attempts, I succeeded in escaping, and making my way to Australia. There I remained more than a year, earning my living by manual labour, almost starving myself to lay by money for my passage home. I had barely sufficient when I started—so little, that I found myself penniless on arriving at Marseilles, and was compelled to beg my way thence to Paris. That is my story, citizens,—the story of many worthier victims than myself."

A complete silence ensued. The exile's words went home to many hearts, but the sympathy they elicited was mute, as the truest sympathy ever is.

Then an old man rose, his face transfigured, and stretched forth his arms towards the returned exile.

"Etienne," he stammered, "my boy ! I've been waiting so long !—ah, it was worth waiting for this."

Father and son stood together once more, and a murmur of wonderment went round the hall.

After the first incoherent words of greeting were spoken, the chiffonnier drew Diane to his side.

"Do you see her, my boy ?—Diane—Diane. You know her—little Diane ?"

She was trembling nervously ; but the old man went on with the garrulousness of sudden, breathless joy :

"I should have been lost without her, do you see. When I turned chiffonnier—the good friend who concealed us suggested the trade—she still came to see me, great actress though she was getting to be. If I had listened to her, I should be living to-day in her house, petted and pampered and lazy as an old lap-dog. But I had other work to do, and she helped me in that. We dogged his footsteps"—he nodded towards the prisoner—"they said you were dead, but I never believed—

I knew you would come back some day to punish him. But we could do little, do you see : we had no witnesses, no influence. We could only wait."

His son interrupted him, with a melancholy smile :

"Diane is not well. This is too much for her. Let us go. See, they are clearing the Court."

The Court was indeed becoming rapidly empty. The prisoners had been removed. The judges had risen, and were whispering together with expressions of doubt and anxiety.

As Pibrac, his son, and Diane descended into the outer darkness, the sudden dispersion of the audience was explained. On the further side of the Louvre and Tuileries rose columns of smoke that followed quickly the loud detonation of field-pieces. An orderly leapt from his horse at the gate of the Hotel de Ville, and seeing Etienne's uniform, cried to him,

"Back to the Faubourg ! The enemy is at the Place de la Concorde. The Tuileries are fired."

The agony of the Commune had commenced.

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CHAPTER XIV.

DELIVERANCE.

THERE was at least one person in Paris who could have forestalled the tidings transmitted to Claude, Diane, and her *fiancé* at the end of the protracted trial. M. Adrien de Solanges had several private reasons to know well which side the fortune of war was turning. He had not risked his life in Paris during the reign of the Commune for the sole purpose of furthering his suit with Diane Lenoir. Sentiment in the most promising member of the Moutard Club was invariably allied with a keen practical view of his material interests. Acting on his uncle's advice, he had selected his party at the beginning of the conflict ; and his was naturally the winning side. He had been slightly instrumental in procuring the triumph,—at least, such was his own belief. Those items of news collected at Neuilly had been, he conceived, the main instrument of the Versailles' success, and constituted sovereign claims to the gratitude of his party.

He was at all events sufficiently important in the eyes of the regular authorities to merit at their hands an early warning of the events likely to take place in Paris. M. Adrien was a partisan to cultivate : his name, his position, and prospects gave him a certain

influence in that wavering French middle class which calls itself Voltairian and democratic, and loves a lord like an American. He could excite reaction at the first signal of victory from the Versailles lines; he was likely to prove an efficient "whip"—the chief stimulator of all the pitiless rancour dormant in the hearts of the bourgeoisie during the brief triumph of the Commune. And the previsions of the Versailles were not falsified.

Early in the morning on the day of the trial Adrien knew that the Commune was doomed, and straightway took measures to render its downfall profitable. There were not wanting coadjutors to second him. Despite the terrorism of the insurrection, certain cafés of the boulevards and fashionable streets in the vicinity of the Madeleine had not lost their normal customers. It was possible to talk Legitimism in the Rue Lafitte, and very conservative Republicanism in the Boulevard des Italiens. The liberty cap was not by any means a general head-dress; and Raoul Rigault was not an uncriticised despot. Only the critics were prudent; the gentlemen who preferred the tall beaver of the *gommeux* to the phrygian bonnet of the populace did not declare their taste with ostentatious emphasis; but they bided their time with a vivid conception of the reckoning to come,—and Adrien knew it.

He passed from café to café, from club to club; he roused the tradesmen in the quarters known to be orthodox in politics; insidiously—almost silently—he spread the rumour that the Reign of Terror was at an end; that it was only necessary to strike one decisive blow to secure the return of prosperity, bring back the tourists to the Palais Royal—maybe the Bonapartes to the Tuileries. Fired by these low, vague exhortations, the dandies rose, the shopkeepers,—an electric current went through the Chaussée d'Antin quarter; the revolutionary spirit inherent in every part of the Parisian population was utilised for once on the side of Order.

Adrien had little difficulty in directing the popular fervour so as to serve his private ends. The first cry of the Parisian bourgeois is for a leader; and here was one—young, of comely presence, bearing a sonorous name, possessing it appeared the confidence of the party who were beginning to be regarded as saviours. His cry, "To the Hotel de Ville!" was readily echoed by the battalion of reactionary National Guards he had succeeded in assembling.

The representatives of Order proceeded towards the Hotel de Ville.

The trial had been made public, and Adrien's party were inclined to regard Elaine de Solanges as a modern Jeanne d'Arc, arisen as a compensation for Sedan and the loss of two provinces. Such minute crumbs of comfort are easily digested by a French mob. Adrien had

little sympathy with the general fancy. He knew what circumstances, whose perfidy had made a heroine of Elaine. But his conscience had still some juvenile tenderness, drugged as it had been by absinthe and Vermouth di Torino ; and his cousin's danger was the one drawback to his triumph. His first impulse was to rescue her, and that impulse was supported by a consciousness that the deliverance would materially advance his projects. What government could ignore the first besieger of the Hotel de Ville? What woman could look coldly on the man who had snatched her from the very gates of death?

The orderly current of Conservative bourgeois was met near its destination by a disorganised crowd of spectators flying from the court-martial at the Hotel de Ville. There was no collision ; the bourgeois were prudent ; the insurgents too terrified to distinguish friend from foe. But at the gates of the civic palace Adrien's party halted, overpowered for the moment by the stream issuing from the judgment hall.

Then gradually the stream grew thinner, and treading on the heels of the last stragglers appeared a small group of insurgent gendarmes. In its centre was a woman's form.

"It is she!—*En avant!*" cried Adrien.

There was a rush, a struggle that lasted but a moment, and the revolutionists fled, leaving their prisoner in the hands of the enemy.

Mute, bewildered, unresisting, she accepted her deliverance as though it were a punishment.

"What does it all mean?" she murmured, as Adrien drew her arm through his.

"It means liberty, Elaine," he said, adopting the protecting tone of a saviour.

She drew her hand away when she recognised his voice.

"Liberty, at your hands! I would rather imprisonment with the patriots you have sold, M. Adrien de Solanges."

He shrugged his shoulders, and said resignedly,

"You will understand me better when everything is explained."

The Gardes Nationales were impatient and somewhat anxious. A lieutenant touched him on the shoulder, and said hurriedly,

"Pardon me, Monsieur ; your conversation might perhaps be deferred until a more opportune moment. Listen : the firing approaches. The insurgents are retreating in our direction. We are only a battalion ; they are probably in considerable force. Ah, you see!"

A near discharge of musketry provoked the concluding exclamation. A band of retreating insurgents had fired into the darkness haphazard.

Briefly bidding his cousin lower her veil, Adrien drew her into the doorway through which the actors and spectators in the recent trial

had just passed. His little column passed in before him. It was his intention to escort Elaine to some place of safety before rejoining his troop, and he was about to inquire what her wishes were, if there were no friend of the Vicomte's in Paris whose house would afford an asylum, when a man issued from the garden of the Louvre opposite, and crossed the deserted, dusky square towards the Hotel de Ville.

"Back into the shadow," said Adrien, seeing that the stranger was directing his steps towards the spot where he and his cousin stood.

As the man neared the doorway the light of the flickering gas-lamp fell upon his features.

"Parville!" Adrien muttered. "What new adventure is this?"

"Citizen," cried the actor, "is the trial over? Is there nobody left in the hall?"

"Whom are you seeking?"

"A lady who was here—whom I must find," returned Parville excitedly. "But I know you, I think?"

"Perhaps—perhaps," murmured Adrien, endeavouring to screen Elaine's shrinking figure.

"Adrien de Solanges!" cried the comedian fiercely. "What are you concealing?—why do you hesitate and stammer? Did you hear my question?"

He was mad with suppressed rage, with long anxiety and feverish impatience.

"Monsieur, I know nothing of your affairs; I wish——"

"You lie!" cried Parville. "You know where she is—here, by heaven!"

And he plucked the young man aside, and discovered Elaine, veiled, and cowering in a niche in the doorway.

"It is not the lady you believe," began Adrien.

But his words fell upon deaf ears. The actor advanced towards the frightened woman as though to draw her away. Adrien sprang upon him at that moment; with a muttered oath Parville cast him off; the barrel of a revolver flashed in the darkness; there was a sharp report, and Adrien staggered back to the foot of the stone steps leading to the galleries.

The comedian seized Elaine by the wrist, and drew her rapidly out into the night. Breathlessly he conducted her across the Rue de Rivoli, lit by the glare of the burning palace, down sombre side streets and alleys, until, panting and terrified, she succeeded in freeing herself from his grasp as they reached the central markets.

"Monsieur!—Monsieur!" she gasped; "you are mistaken. You cannot know me. My name is Elaine de Solanges. See!"

And she raised her veil. Parville was sobered in an instant.

"True, true," he murmured, "I was blind—mad. Mademoiselle," he added earnestly, "I am seeking in this city of murder and arson a woman I love better than life. Your cousin knows her, loves her. I remembered but that when I found you at his side. How can I repair my miserable error? I am the friend of Maxime Quercy: you may trust me."

"But, Adrien?" she asked anxiously.

"Your cousin is not grievously wounded. I fired low. He was struck in the knee, I think."

Relieved of this chief anxiety, she breathed more freely. Maxime's friend was a more reliable guardian than Adrien.

She remembered that a relative of her mother had remained in Paris; and desired the actor to conduct her to the address she gave him.

After having confided his charge to her friend's care, Parville turned aimlessly, hopelessly towards the fiery focus of the street war yet raging. He passed from barricade to barricade, looking for a face he knew—looking for some one to guide or counsel him. The night was far spent when he found himself near the Place de la Bastille, on the skirts of a weary battle-worn column toiling towards the squalid suburb of Saint Antoine.

Then at last he caught at a passing figure with a cry of recognition. It was Captain Pierre, or rather Etienne Pibrac, who faced him.

"What news?" cried the actor eagerly.

"Need I tell it?" said the insurgent sadly, pointing to the straggling groups around them. "Defeat—utter defeat,—and the beginning of merciless revenge. We are pushed to our last lines."

"And Diane—Mademoiselle Lenoir?"

The insurgent's face contracted for a moment as if with sudden pain. But his voice was quiet and assured, when he answered, pointing ahead,

"She is there with the rest. We are going there—to make the last stand."

"I am one of you," exclaimed Parville. "My politics are vague; but what I have seen to-day has made me a rebel in spirit. And Diane is there," he added in a lower voice.

"Then, forward!" cried Etienne—"to Père la Chaise!"

(To be concluded in our next.)





OLLA PODRIDA.

“**S**TANDING pad on the bereavement lurk” is one form of begging; “toting round the saucer” at a charity dinner is another; and we suppose as long as there are poor in the land—whether they be “deserving objects,” fools, or knaves—we shall have beggars, despite the praiseworthy efforts of the Charity Organization Society to the contrary. And we doubt if any organization in the world will abolish begging, however complete it may be: legislation has failed, and so must voluntary effort, for its forms are legion. Thomas Harman, in the days of the great and good Queen Bess, dedicating his “Caveat or Warening for Common Cursetors” (1566) to the “Right Honourable and Singular Good Lady Elizabeth Countess of Shrewsbury,” tells his patron that there were even then “most wholesome statutes, ordinances, and necessary laws, made, set forth, and published, for the extreme punishment of all vagrants and sturdy vagabonds as passeth through and by all parts of this famous isle, most idly and wickedly,”—yet these same laws, as his own “Caveat” amply evidences, were to a great extent inoperative, although they invoked the pillory, whipping at the cart’s tail, and often the gallows, to their aid. In our own day we have heard of sundry Acts of Parliament directed against Rogues and Vagabonds who flourish under the mild sway of Victoria more extensively than they did under the Draconian severity of her Tudor predecessor. But there are beggars and beggars. We in the nineteenth century have to deal with a class of whom Thomas Harman had no idea—for in his generation Englishmen were not blessed with a Penny Post. We allude to the “labouring men who, traded up in husbandry,” (to quote Harman’s description of “A Upright Man,” the nearest approach we can find to the class referred to) “not minding to get their living with the sweat of their face, but casting off all pain, will”——what? The sequel shall show.

Few of our readers can have forgotten the ingenious, and we believe at that time novel, method adopted by the Poet Close of obtaining patrons, and eventually a Civil List Pension, for his muse. The great

exemplar has had many imitators ; and though men of real genius like Clare and Capern scorn to apply for subscriptions to their books on the score of their low rank in the social scale, hundreds of tinkers, tailors, and shoemakers do so daily to everybody they think likely to give a few shillings to encourage "literary merit" in working men ! Of course this in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred is but a colour for begging ; and when it is not, why, we ask, should literary merit be encouraged in "working-men" as such ? Had not a tailor better stick to his goose, and a cobbler to his last, than scribble bad verses and illogical "essays" ? Little more than a month ago we received an exceedingly ill-written and dirty letter from a shoemaker, enclosing a still dirtier piece of paper on which was scrawled what purported to be a convivial song. The letter informed us that the verses were intended "for the columns of the ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE," and might be paid for "in due course. It"—the song we suppose—"would sell well, but I cannot afford to pay the expenses of printing copies of it, probably about six or seven shillings." Then came a modest request that we would subscribe to his book, which is thus described in print on a yellow paper also enclosed :—

"To be published, price one shilling per copy (Reprinted from the "public press") !!! HOURS OF LEISURE ; or, Contributions to Literature "in Prose and Verse. By —, Author of Essays on 'National Literature,' 'The British Drama,' etc." Here follows a list of subscribers ; after which we are informed that "a great number of subscribers' names are left out, having been published only a short time since in 'The Pioneer of Progress,' and other papers."

The climax of impudence, or fatuity, is perhaps reached in the concluding paragraph :—

"The Author, a respectable working man, and the son of a gentleman of property, who died many years ago, requires the loan of £12 to enable him to publish the work, the copyright of which is worth £50. Any friend, able and willing to lend the amount, is kindly requested to address"—(here is given the printer's name).

Of course we took no notice of this *communiqué*. But a beggar—we beg pardon, a literary man—is by no means got rid of by a *silent* negative ; consequently, on the 30th of June we were favoured with the following cool reminder by our "respectable working-man" friend :—

"Dear Sir—Nearly a month since I sent you a Song or copy of verses entitled 'Fill the Glass' for publication in the St. James's Magazine which I have not seen up to the present time of writing this. If you have published it Please send me payment for the same one publication I sent it to after keeping it a month returned it with 4s worth of stamps, to recompense me

for the disappointment I had undergone in its non-publication He stating that although it was exceedingly good he could not find room for its insertion. I am Dear Sir yours truly

* * * "The Author."

This letter contains the neatest form of "broad hint" and the newest form of begging within our limited knowledge. We are curious to know the name of the "one publication" which described the song in question as "exceedingly good," and sent the *solatium* of four shillings to the author. We strongly suspect that, if it have any existence at all, it is the above-mentioned *Pioneer of Progress* which is enriched with the "Essays" of our friend. What kind of "literature" *they* are the letter quoted gives us a pretty good idea.

Doubtless we are all beggars more or less occasionally—those who think the "upper ten" are not, and never have been, should read such patrician records as Walpole's Journals and Letters, the "Grenville Papers," Lord Malmesbury's and Lord Colchester's "Diaries," the late Duke of Buckingham's "Courts and Cabinets," and the recently published "Diary" of Mr. Greville, Clerk of the Council,—and therefore we ought to be very tender with those in humble life whose begging proceeds from real want and is not "idle wandering." But defend us from literary artizans! Can the Legislature, can the Charity Organization Society, we want to know, abolish such troublesome beggars as our poetical shoemaker?

The amiable and innocent cosmopolitan theorists, now so numerous in England, whose opinions gain ground as the old landmarks of religion and patriotism get fainter, would perhaps be startled to learn that for a country or a province to be placed under the rule of aliens is not always pleasant to its inhabitants. North Sleswick is a Danish province. By the treaty of Prague in 1866, the question of allegiance to Prussia or Denmark was to be decided by the free vote of the inhabitants. This has never been complied with, and, characteristically enough, the Prussian government is endeavouring to bring the people of the province into a state of loyalty by breaking their spirit. A few days ago a steamer with excursionists started from Svendborg in Fühnen, bound for Sonderburg in Alsen. On their arrival they were forbidden to land, and no reason was assigned. The steamer proceeded to Flensburg, and here most of the passengers landed, but were driven back to the ship by *gens d'armes*. A deputation to the Prussian authorities asking leave to land, if only to get food and drink for the ladies and children, who had been eleven hours on board, failed to obtain any

answer but an order to leave the port. Finally these unfortunate people landed at a small village, where the authorities had presumably received no instructions, and were saved from absolute starvation. The whole proceeding is very significant. In the worst days of French supremacy in Europe, there was nothing equal to this piece of petty tyranny. But unless the Balance of Power be quickly restored, this kind of treatment may be extended to all Europe. *Vae victis*.—P.

Good pens are the natural complement of good ink. In fact the one becomes nugatory without the other. We have called our readers' attention to the real excellence of Low's Inexhaustible Inkstands (p. 333, *ante*), and now wish to complete their writing comfort by reminding them that a new pen has been added to that historical group, "the Pickwick, "the Owl, and the Waverley." The fresh variety is called the "Hindoo Pen," and is really admirable, combining the fineness of steel with the flexibility of quills. Messrs. Macniven and Cameron ought to be able to suit every taste in the "infinite variety" of the pens they invent. For our own parts, we give the palm to the "mild Hindoo."

Messrs. Chapman and Hall have added to their justly popular Select Library of Fiction "The Maskelynes," by Annie Thomas (Mrs. Pender Cudlip), "May," by Mrs. Oliphant, and "Lost for Gold," by Katherine King. The two former of these novels are clever and interesting, and sure of a large circle of admirers. Of their merits in detail we need not speak; both are worthy of the reputation won by their writers with earlier works. It may seem ungracious to complain of having "too much for one's money," but in order to condense Miss King's novel (about which the less said the better) into the usual sized volume, the type employed is so small and close-set as to weary the eyes and render the book an exception to the rule which obtains throughout the series of being "readable." At this season, when tourists take a novel at the railway book-stalls as mechanically as a ticket at the booking-office, this "Select Library of Fiction" should be more popular than ever, for it comprises the best works of the Trollopes, the Kingsleys, Ainsworth, Victor Hugo, Jane Austen, Lever, and nearly every well-known writer of fiction. Additions are being constantly made to these attractive-looking books, each of which for a couple of shillings contains, on good paper and generally in clear type, the ordinary three-volume novel.



THE GRANGE GARDEN.

A Romance.

By HENRY KINGSLEY,

AUTHOR OF "RAVENSHOE," "GEOFFREY HAMLYN," "AUSTIN ELLIOT," "THE
HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS," "SILCOTE OF SILCOTES,"
"LEIGHTON COURT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

LADY MADELEINE HOWARD and Lady Alice Browne were so entirely united as regards all things in this world, that it might be at first supposed they were united in all things as regarded the next. By no means. Lady Madeleine, true to the traditions of her family, was an extremely strong Roman Catholic. Lady Alice, on the other hand, was a Protestant, and an Orange woman to the backbone. Both women were entirely in earnest, and would argue to any extent; but they never quarrelled. The fact of the matter was that they were both Christians, and that the mere details of their creed sat very lightly upon them.

In these days of Pio-Nono-Falck-Gladstone-Capelism, such a fact is difficult of belief; but we are old enough to remember the time when there was no Pio Nono, few pilgrimages, and no miracles. In those times a priest was one of the most respected of men in the extremely Protestant county of Hampshire, and that county felt itself rather honoured than otherwise by the presence of a real Cardinal at Lulworth, representing one of its oldest families.

Lady Alice Browne theoretically believed that the Pope was Anti-christ, and also, on the other hand, that the salvation of dissenters was extremely problematical. Practically, however, she thought there was mercy enough in heaven to save Lady Madeleine from eternal perdition. A Welsh vicar whom she occasionally saw in her walks was decidedly of opinion that Roman Catholics could not be saved, and urged on her the conversion of Lady Madeleine Howard. She advised him to try it himself: he thought discretion the best part of valour; and when he met that lady, bowed to her with the air of one who was

sorry for her, and thought her worthy of a better fate than that which undoubtedly awaited her.

Lady Madeleine, on the other hand, theoretically believed in the infallibility of the Pope, though at times she called him an old noodle, and wondered where his wits had gone. Her Vaticanism was of the vaguest kind, and we fear is still ; her pet objection just now is to the Old Catholics, however, about which set of gentlemen she has exhausted her vocabulary of vituperation ; she says that whoever is right, *they* at all events have no leg to stand on. By which strenuous opinion, continuously expressed, she gets on better than formerly with her director—who is not now quite so rigid when she calls the Pope a noodle, and says that Lady Alice Browne will be saved without accepting the Roman formulas. She says always now, “I am a Catholic ; neither a Roman Catholic nor an Old Catholic ; but simply a Catholic,”—whereby she is in some people's black-books.

They were pretty busy all day ; for indeed they undertook so much with their small dairy farm, their cultivation farm, and their garden, that the time never hung heavy on their hands : added to these duties there were their very liberal charities, to which they always saw themselves. They in fact had never much conversation together before supper-time, for it is wonderful what an amount of useful work women can make for themselves if they choose. At supper-time they compared notes about the day's work and occurrences.

They were always alone at this time, for Lionel and Clara took supper together in his room,—a rule made by the two ladies, and which never was departed from.

They had supper in the little dining-room, which opened on one side to the kitchen, on the other side to the hall where the grand staircase was. One night in winter, after all the events of which we have spoken had taken place, Martha was gone upstairs to attend to the brother and sister, with orders to go to bed without reappearing, and the room was empty, although the cloth was laid for two people with an amount of silver, china, and flowers fit for a grand party.

Entered Lady Alice from the kitchen, with two hot plates in a snow-white glass-cloth. She wiped them carefully, lest they, having been heated in the oven, should soil the table-cloth. She burnt her fingers, and exclaimed, “Bad cess to ye, for riband gallow-glasses ;” for she could talk her native language at times, as the washerwoman (a Westmeath lady, married “on” an English carpenter) well knew.

“Madeleine !” she cried out ; but no answer came. “Madeleine !” she cried again, “shall I bring in the kidneys ? They'll be as hard as Torquemada's heart if I leave them in the oven much longer.”

"Bring them in, Ally," said a voice from the bowels of the earth. "We must get one of those new patent taps : I have broken the spigot short off."

I am forced to go on and tell the truth : the cellar opened out of the dining-room, and Lady Madeleine Howard was in that cellar, drawing the beer—the only beverage, other than milk, which those ladies allowed themselves, and that only at supper. Sometimes they offered some of it to such wandering poor people as came near them ; but the tap was not popular : their own pensioners drank it from complaisance sometimes, but the majority of them preferred cash to kind. They gave some of it to Lionel's doctor once, and he remarked that it was wonderful what air and exercise would do for the human constitution.

They, however, thought it as delicious as though they had stolen it, instead of only having brewed it themselves. When Lady Madeleine emerged from the cellar with a large jug of it ; when they had both gone down to the cellar in the dark to see that no spark of fire was left in a stone vault where you might have burnt a faggot pile without danger ; and when Lady Alice had brought in the dish of kidneys, these two ladies sat down for their night's dissipation.

"How are the kidneys, Maddy ?" said Lady Alice.

"Nearly as good as they could be, my dear," said Lady Madeleine. "I should put a little more marjoram in the sauce,—at least, I *think* so."

"Seriously you would ?" said Lady Alice thoughtfully. "I will try it the next time we have them,—though when that will be I don't know. We can't afford them."

"How much ?" said Lady Madeleine.

"Eighteenpence."

"That man will come to no good," said Lady Madeleine. "I never liked his eye. He is a swindler."

"I don't go as far as *that*," said Lady Alice. "He has a large family, and a small business."

"True, true," said Lady Madeleine. "I was hasty. But eighteenpence, my dear !"

"It's very sad, of course," said Lady Alice ; "particularly after we gave him the twenty pounds. Still he must live, you know."

"For my part," resumed Lady Alice, after a pause, "I would have any one in the house sooner than a monk."

"That is your Protestantism, my dear. You should come to us, and then you would see the spiritual benefits arising from the arrangement."

"Maybe so," said Lady Alice ; "but he is not a monk at all at all. His heart is in the world. Why did he ever try to come out of it ? You

have told me but little of his story, Madeleine, because you said it was too horrible. I wish I knew the truth, for he is a good fellow as ever breathed, and I can't think any great harm of him. Why did his wife go away from him?"

"Because she was, and is, a mean twopenny-halfpenny jealous and idiotic fool," was Lady Madeleine's emphatic answer.

"He is a man likely to be kind to his wife," said Lady Alice.

"Kind! the best of everything was not too good for her. Alice, a horrible thing happened to Lionel; he killed his——" and Lady Madeleine related in a whisper what will be developed in the course of this story. "Lionel," concluded Lady Madeleine, "in hopeless despair of everything, entered the Order of the Broken Heart for seven years. Clara brought him here: and now, my dear Alice, you know as much as I do."

"H'm," said Lady Alice. "Bring the butter and the cheese with you, my dear, and let us put them in the larder. Are the cats in?"

"I never thought of them." And she went to the door, and having opened it, began, "Tibby! Tibby! Tibby! Tit! Pusselly! Cousselly! Tib!" But no cat came. *L'amour oblige*. She bolted the door, and left them to their devices; and then turned.

She gave a loud scream, and dropped the candle. Lionel was standing behind her in his horrible monk's dress, perfectly silent; and now that the candle was out, he was there in the darkness, moving, more terrible than ever—a darkness only more thick than the darkness itself. He was in one of his thinking moods, and he did not take the trouble to speak, but went away to his own rooms.

Lady Madeleine got into Lady Alice's bed that night, bringing her own pillow.

"I'll have an end of this nonsense," she said to that lady. "I am not going to be frightened out of my wits by *him*. I believe I have left the front door open."

So she got out of bed in her night-gown, and went downstairs. Clara, looking after Lionel, saw her in the hall, believed she was a ghost, and fainted. The whole house was aroused; but the upshot of the whole thing was that there were too many ghosts at Grange Garden, and that unless they behaved themselves like other people, they must go elsewhere.

CHAPTER XIII.

(Extract from *Macwhister's Guide to Gloucestershire*. Edinburgh: 1860.)

"—LEAVING the Great London road, we proceed up the beautifully wooded valley of the Wyth to Pollington, pop. 480, charmingly situated by the banks of the river in some of the finest pastoral scenery in England. Close to the village lies the ch., a cruciform structure dating principally from the 11th cent., with a spire (containing a fine peal of bells) of the 11th cent. Observe on the ext. the beautifully moulded gargoyles, and the North porch, said to be a replica of that of Dol in Brittany, which however was much defaced at the Reformation. The living is a vic., in the patronage of the lord of the manor: val. £450. There is no accommodation for dissenters in the parish."

[The excellent compiler might have added that both the late and the present lord of the manor, who owned every stick and stone in that parish, and half the next, would have liked to catch them at it. They were intense Church people, though they never entered the doors.—ED.]

"1 m. north of the village stands Pollington Hall, the seat of Arthur Branscombe, Esq., in a deer park of 656 acres, sloping generally towards the Wyth, and splendidly timbered. The structure is one of the masterpieces of VANBRUGH;—"probably the most hideous of all his works, only redeemed by being embowered in magnificent elms (ED.)—"it consists of a rather low central façade with two dominating wings, and is approached by a lime avenue $\frac{1}{2}$ m. in length. Visitors are admitted on Tuesdays and Fridays, but only in the absence of the family. Observe in the hall a St. Sebastian by GUERCINO. The Stag's Death, by SNYDERS. These pictures are undoubtedly genuine, but the rest are extremely doubtful as to originality, though splendid copies. The best pictures are in the various rooms inhabited by the family, and are seldom shown. In the Green room, now used as a billiard-room, there are four undoubted VELASQUEZ, brought from Spain by the late proprietor of the house; they are the only four pictures in the room, and are well worth a journey from London to see. The subjects are—1st, 'The Marriage of Don Pedro of Spain to Donna Anne of Braganza' (observe the look of coldness and aversion in the face of the bride and bridegroom). 2nd, 'The Children of Don Pedro,' four in number, two heavy-looking coarse-featured sons of seventeen and sixteen, a singularly bright-looking boy of fourteen, and a beautiful little girl of four holding flowers. 3rd, 'Murder of Don Antonio of Castile (the eldest in the last group) by his father Don Pedro.' A figure lying on a bed, with the back of the old man seen going out through a door. 4th, 'The Death of Don Pedro,'

An old man sitting up in bed, and cursing a monk who offers him the consolations of religion. These four almost unequalled specimens were obtained by the last owner of the house at a fabulous price from the Government of —. The rest of the house contains many other art treasures, but they are very difficult to see in consequence of the opposition of the present owner of the house."

We have preferred to give the description of Pollington, the seat of Arthur, Lionel's eldest brother, from the Guide, for one reason at least which is supreme. The young gentlemen who compose these books (principally, we believe, Scotch) give to one's mind some idea of what they have been; whereas some writers give a page or two of "word painting," and leave us as wise as ever. The poets are rather worse than the novelists, because they have to rhyme. It stands to reason that a man who is always describing things should do it practically better than any one else. Mr. Ruskin knows more, artistically speaking, about shoes than any shoemaker, but you would not give him an order. In the same way the guide-book man tells you exactly what you want to know, and leaves the rest to your imagination.

Pollington was all that the guide-book said of it, and something more. Old Branscombe, who seldom loved anything, loved that place. On what afterwards proved his death-bed the Vicar came to him to administer the consolations of religion, and told him that if he repented he would go to Heaven. His reply was, "I don't want to go to Heaven; I want to stay at Pollington." The Vicar departed low in his mind, but in two days he was fetched back to the old man: too late, as he put it, to do any good. The only words which he got out of the old man were, "Tell them to take care of Lionel and Clara." The Rector told them, but they forgot all about it.

At his death, the house fell into the hands of that very sad black-guard Arthur Branscombe, Lionel's eldest brother; and while Lionel was distinguishing himself in the world, before his fiasco, the two elder brothers had dropped out of all recognition by any one of the county families who had tolerated the father.

George Branscombe, the second son, was distinctly the more disreputable of the two. He was the spendthrift, Arthur the miser. He soon dissipated every vestige of the somewhat handsome fortune which his father had left him, by gambling on the turf, and then came back to his brother.

And his brother could not turn him out: he was heir-at-law. Arthur could not cut down a tree without his leave, and he wanted to cut some down. Arthur was unmarried, and *dared* not marry; his life had been so disreputable, that he was afraid. Objurgations of a certain

kind he was used to, but the ideal spectacle of a virtuous woman always in the house, between himself and which woman there would be always a mine of lies which might be exploded at any moment, was too much for him. He preferred to remain single, and take his brother as a matter of course.

He thought that he hated his brother, as his father had hated him ; yet it was extremely doubtful if he did so in reality : he would have got on very well with him if George would have let him, but George's tongue was so abominable that it was impossible to avoid quarrelling with him every day, yet he would not turn him out. Arthur had a sleepy brain, but out of that brain would come singular resolutions, persevered in with singular obstinacy : for example, his father had taught him to drink too much. He found that extreme drinking gave him no pleasure, and consequently he drank no more than he chose, which in these days would be considered a great deal too much : the giving up of excessive drinking was purely selfish, which was possibly not like everything else which he did.

Arthur liked accumulating money : he never knew what to do with it, but it was almost a madness with him. He had gone so very close to the wind on some occasions in his favourite pursuit that it is wildly possible George might have known something which gave him a hold over him. One thing is certain : even Cross, his confidential friend and adviser, who for purposes of his own wanted the personalty increased, could never induce him to turn out his brother : he was told to hold his tongue in the most peremptory manner at last, and did so.

Arthur was a heavy-looking, handsome man, of large stature and good figure, with a slow-moving eye, and a hesitating, confused way of speaking ; though if you gave him time, he would always say what he meant. George was shorter and slighter, a "pretty," vivacious man, clever, and an excellent talker about nothing at all. To save any further trouble about him, he had, as Homer says, "the face of a dog and the heart of a stag." He was devotedly religious, never ceasing the cultus of his divinity night or day,—and his god was himself.

Such a pair were these worthy brothers as they played billiards in the Green room one wet autumn afternoon. Let us listen to their conversation.

"What a queer old chap the governor was," said Arthur. "Who but he would have bought those pictures? I might get eighteen thousand pounds for them to-morrow."

"Give me two thou.," said George, "and I will give you leave to sell them."

"I could do that without you," said Arthur; "they are not heir-looms."

"I say they are," said George.

"I'll sell them if you say another word, and see who is master. You haven't got cash to get an injunction."

George did not pursue the subject. Arthur went on doggedly,

"Who but the governor would have thought that second son"—here he pointed with his cue to the family portraits of Don Pedro's children—"was like *you*?" Here he made a long pause, carefully thinking what he should say next, the result of which was, "Why that fellow looks like a *gentleman*."

It was in this way that Arthur used to get the better of his brother. Time was a matter of indifference so long as he could demolish him. In their quarrels he would sit for an hour at a stretch thinking of something disagreeable to say, and when he had perfected it, would say it. Once, George went to bed in triumph, and was actually asleep for an hour before Arthur had hatched his egg: after the time of incubation, however, Arthur woke him up, and said something that drove him mad; after which, Arthur locked his door and went to sleep.

"I fancy the governor bought the picture because he thought that the eldest son looked such a thundering cad," was George's vicious reply.

Now there was another reason why Arthur always ultimately got the best of it. He was of a dull nature, and he did not care for his brother's taunts, whereas every one of his nearly drove George mad. After this last retort, Arthur calmly played on, won the game, and received the money. He always made the virtuous resolution never to gamble with his brother unless assured by ocular demonstration that George could pay if he lost.

"You have got a good pile of money there," Arthur said slowly, when he had rung every coin on the hearthstone. "Who have you been cheating now?"

"I won two hundred at Gloucester races."

"That's what makes you so bumptious and quarrelsome. I like to see you so, because I know that you are not coming whining to me for money. I like you worst when you are civil, because I know it means money."

Thick-skinned himself, he was totally unable to understand the *hell* of evil passions which such sayings roused in his brother's mind. The latent devil burst out now, and George, who was putting up his cue, turned suddenly on him, and said—

"I shall kill you some day."

The enormous consequences involved in that assertion were too large for Arthur to take in at once : he put the balls away in silence, locked the chest, and then stood thinking. George was raging to know what he would say when he had thought of it, but saw no good in running away, as the longer he gave him to ponder it over the worse it would be in the end. Arthur was not so long as usual.

"I say, George, I will give you all this money back on one condition."

"That I promise not to kill you," sneered George.

"No," said Arthur, sententiously and quietly, "I am not afraid of that ; you are too infernal a coward to do that : you have not got the pluck in you to do anything that would hang you. What I mean is this : I will give you back your seven pounds six if you will promise not to quarrel while Cross is here."

"Will you promise not to exasperate me, then?"

"You take offence at so little," said Arthur, who in his rhinoceros-like want of sensitiveness actually thought so : "but I will try not to offend you, brother. I won't even chaff, as I did just now."

"Then hand over," said George ; "and see that it is the same cash. I don't want any more bad florins ; you just pass them off through your groom in future, not through your brother."

"Ah, there you are wrong," said Arthur ; "it's so much easier for a well-dressed man to do it than a servant."

"Why don't you do it yourself, then?"

"Because I never am well-dressed. I can't afford it : whatever I wore, however, I always should look like a cad : while you would look well in anything. Lionel and you always looked like gentlemen : the governor and I never did. There is the same cash : I always put my winnings in the same pocket. Talking about Lionel, I wonder where he is : he isn't dead, because he draws his dividends."

"Do you wish that he were?" said George.

"No ; I don't know that I do. I never cared very much for him, one way or the other. Do you know where he is, and what he is doing?"

"I know where he is, certainly. What he is doing, I know not. He is a hopeless lunatic."

"He always was," said Arthur ; "a fellow who will try scientific experiments on his only child, must be a lunatic. If it had been his wife, I could understand it : if I had had Lionel's scientific knowledge of drugs, I would have given her two pennyworth of it : enough to prevent her calling me a disreputable blackguard again. But as for the child,

why he was very fond of it ; he was a perfect spoony about it, and likely to take the best care of it."—Pause for several minutes, during which George was for his own reasons silent.—" Why, it stands to reason that he would have taken care of the boy if he had not been mad. You daren't marry, because you know that if you did I should marry too, and cut you out : *I* can't marry, because I will have no one but a lady here, and no lady would have me. All that Lionel must have guessed at, and have known that he and his boy were next in succession. Where is that ill-mannered wife of his? "

" She is dead."

" Poor thing," said Arthur. " Well ! well ! she only spoke the truth about me after all. I was joking when I talked of poisoning her. I ought to write to Lionel congratulating him,—I mean condoling with him—or something of that sort : it is only decent."

" As it happened eight years ago, and as Lionel has been Bedlam-mad ever since, I don't think that it would be much use," said George coolly.

" Do you mean that he is really mad? "

" Certainly,—hopelessly lunatic."

" How very sad. But how can a lunatic draw dividends?—and I'll take my oath he does that."

" That is a matter which you, as head of the house, should see into. It is easy enough to get a madman to sign anything. If you like to see what is virtually your own money, now the wife is dead, going into strange pockets at the rate of sixteen hundred a year, pray please yourself. If you like him to will away the whole of it to his doctor, or his father confessor, or to Clara, without raising your hand, pray do so : only I shan't think you quite as keen a man as I have hitherto."

This communication took a long time to consider over ; at last Arthur said,

" How long have you known this? "

" Only a very short time." What he ought to have said was that he had only invented it a very short time.

" Who told you? "

" A friend of mine,—Summerson."

" Where is Lionel? "

Arthur very seldom asked questions as quick as he did now : it was maddening for George to invent his lies with such unexpected promptness."

He is in some place in Dorsetshire. I can get the name : I have forgotten it."

" And where is Clara? "

"She is with him."

"Ah, there you are mistaken. She must have left him. I got a note from her yesterday. She is with Lady Madeleine Howard, at the Grange at Weston."

"Does she say anything about Lionel?"

"Not a word: she never does. Well, we had better look about dinner. Cross will be here directly, and I will talk it over with him."

George went upstairs swearing: he had done a thing he hated—told a *useless* lie. He knew where Lionel was very well; and for all practical purposes his brother might just as well have known.

CHAPTER XIV.

ARTHUR, like another famous character, had most vices except that of hypocrisy: he never denied that he was no better than he should be; but then he was never ostentatious over the fact, as his brother George was. Arthur accepted the fact of his blackguardism as he accepted a thunderstorm, as a mistake possibly, but an inevitable one. He had a vague idea that if the governor had paid more attention to his education he might have been a better man; but then he always ended by saying that there never was any man like the governor. His devotion to "the governor's" memory had certainly begun with that gentleman's death, for they quarrelled enough during his lifetime; yet the man, stupid as he was, had thought out the relations which might have existed between his father and himself, and now had got to believe that those relations had at one time existed.

They never had: he had created a fictitious father, and as year after year went on he got to worship the memory of one who had never lived. Sometimes, when he and George were at their worst, he would say such a thing as this: "If my father was alive, he would have kicked you out of the house." George would reply, "Our father hated you: he only bought that Spanish picture of Don Pedro murdering his son, because he felt inclined to do it to you." But this did not disturb Arthur. He had with his vast strength held the old man up in his arms in his death-struggle, and Mr. Branscombe had said a few words to him which obliterated all previous unkindness.

"Try to be a better man than I have made you, and forgive me."

He never tried at all, but he was left with the general impression that there were worse fellows than the governor, and he worked round at this idea in his dull way, until he came to the conclusion that there

never was any one like the governor. The contents of the governor's will might have arrested him in this conclusion, but we hope not. The Rector delivered the message about Lionel and Clara; but after three days' thought, he came to the conclusion that if Lionel and Clara could not take care of themselves, no two other people could. Lionel and his wife were asked to Branscombe after their marriage, and Mrs. Lionel quarrelled with him. Had she stayed in the house twenty-four hours longer, he would have had something dreadful to say to her. She however departed: he, after three days' hammering at his speech to her, was ready, and wrote it down, intending to send it to her by post. But it looked so poor on paper that it was never sent at all; and Mrs. Lionel had made a rather persistent enemy where she thought she had left a vanquished foe. We have seen how his enmity was appeased by the news of her death. There was a soft side in the man's heart somewhere, but only one man in this world knew how to touch it: that man was Dr. Cross.

When Dr. Cross came to Pollington, both the brothers dressed for dinner: a thing they very seldom did. The best of everything was not good enough for him. George, although in opposition to the head of the family on most points, was devoted to Dr. Cross; and here the two brothers stood in the hall waiting for him. The young footman, Gabriel, who had listened to every word of the conversation in the billiard-room, had gone upstairs while the brothers were dressing, and was looking out of the hall door expectantly—nay, went further than this; he declared that he heard Mr. Cross's fly in the avenue, and ran out in the rain bareheaded to meet it. He disappeared behind one of the trees and then ran back.

"It is not him, sir," he said to Arthur; "I thought it was." Wherein that young man lied.

The postman appeared shortly afterwards at the back door: he had a few letters to deliver, and a few to take. There was one in his bag of which the household, more particularly the master, knew nothing. It had been written by Gabriel, while the brothers were dressing for dinner, and the address was "LADY MADELEINE HOWARD, THE GRANGE, WESTON, SALOP."

(To be continued.)





THE FLOWERS' REVENGE.

(From the German of Freiligrath.)

BY MRS. E. H. F. COSENS.



On a couch, 'mid softest cushions,
Rests a maid in slumber deep ;
O'er her blushing cheek the lashes'
Dark and silken fringes sweep.
On a chair beside her standing
Gleams a chalice rich and rare,
Filled with blossoms newly gathered,
Radiant in their colours fair.

And the air is charged with fragrance,
Wafted upwards from the flowers ;
Jealously is closed each casement
In the sultry evening hours.
All is hushed in deepest silence !
Suddenly, a whisper low
Stirs among the leaves and blossoms
Softly rustling to and fro.

From each flowery chalice rising,
Airy spirit forms appear ;
Clad in robes of thinnest vapour,
Golden crowns and shields they bear.
From the Rose's heart of crimson
Steps a slender dame and fair ;
Strings of pearls like dewdrops glisten
In the mazes of her hair.

From the Monkshood's purple blossom,
'Mid its leaves of darkest green,
Springs a gallant knight, with helmet
Spiked, and sword of glittering sheen.

On his crest there nods a feather
Of the heron silver-grey :
From the Lily floats a maiden ;
Fine as cobweb her array.

Proudly from the Turk's-cap gaudy
Issuing forth a Moor is seen ;
Lo, the crescent's golden sickle
Flashes from his turban green !
Stately, from the Crown Imperial
Comes a monarch into view ;
From the dark blue Iris follow,
Armed with swords, his retinue.

Out of the Narcissus petals
Soars a boy with mournful eyes,
And the maiden's cheek he kisses,
As she deep in slumber lies.
Round the couch are turning, swinging,
All the rest in giddy whirl ;
Turning, swinging, and thus singing
They address the sleeping girl :

“ Maiden, maiden ! from the garden
Thou hast torn us cruelly,
In thy coloured vase so gaudy
We must suffer, wither, die !
Oh, how happily reposed we
On the breast of mother-earth !
Where through emerald tree-tops streaming
Sunbeams kissed us from our birth ;

Where the soft spring breezes fanned us,
Bowing low our tender heads ;
Where at night we played like angels,
Rising from our leafy beds.
Crystal dews and showers once bathed us,—
Sad still water bathes us now ;
We are fading,—ere we perish,
'Neath our vengeance thou shalt bow ! ”

Hushed the song ; the spirits bending
Close the sleeping maid around.
Once again from drowsy silence
Springs the whisper's gentle sound.
What a rustling, what a murmur—
How the maiden's bright cheeks glow !
How the spirits breathe upon her—
How the curling vapours flow !

When with morning's sparkling sunbeams
Every shadowy phantom dies,
On the couch in death's deep slumber
Cold and fair the maiden lies.
She herself a stricken blossom,
Though her cheeks their blush retain,
Rests beside her faded sisters,
By the floral vapour slain !





WHITE WINGS.

By THOMAS CARLISLE.

PERHAPS the prettiest sight in the world is a yacht under full sail, on a brilliant day, when the bright sunshine gilds the lapping waves that throw their wreaths of sparkling spray halfway up her foresail. Of nothing has England more cause to feel justly proud than of her pleasure navy. Other national outdoor amusements may have their imperfections, but who can say a word against yachting? Racing is blemished by gambling; battues have taken the zest out of shooting; against fishing some people advance the charge of cruelty; while hunting is now too much a matter of bestriding so many hundred guineas' worth of horseflesh. Then polo, besides being rather dull work for spectators, is open to the charge of inhumanity; and coaching can scarcely be called an amusement, so solemn are the faces of most of the aristocratic Jehus who attend the meets in Hyde Park. The same may almost be said for cricket, which has gradually become a very serious matter indeed; while of football it may be safely asserted that none but lads and lunatics participate therein.

Yachting has none of these defects. Invigorating, manly, devoid of anything approaching to cruelty, full of sustained interest, and calling into play some of the highest qualities of humanity, this amusement has but one fault—it is somewhat expensive. Not relatively, however. Compared to the prodigious sum expended on racing studs, hunting stables, salmon rivers, and grouse moors, the cost of a yacht seems but trifling, unless she is of such dimensions as the *Boadicea*, or Mr. Thomas Brassey's 500-ton three-masted schooner, the *Sunbeam*. Such monsters are necessarily for millionaires, like two-guinea pears and fourteen-thousand-guinea stallions. But the ordinary run of yachts, say between twenty-five and fifty tons, can be maintained at moderate expense, especially if the owner happens to be fonder of cruising at sea than of entertaining in harbour. This latter practice, it must be owned, soon runs away with a good deal of money. Bebies of bright-eyed belles cannot be *fêted* in the style befitting queens without almost royal expenditure; and those who "entertain such angels

"unawares" must make up their minds to pay handsomely for the honour. This, however, constitutes no special objection to yachting, since it is indisputable that the practice of constantly entertaining one's friends is costly, whether pursued on land or at sea. If a man enters into yachting with a notion that its pleasures are to be solely found at Cowes or Ryde, and that these consist in champagne luncheons, and brass-buttony pea-jackets, he is nothing better than a preordained land-lubber. All the king's horses and all the king's men will never teach such a being to love the sea for itself, or to adore the beautiful craft that bears him safely over its hungry waves.

Nevertheless, although the spick and span pseudo-yachtsmen who are so intensely nautical at Cowes during the regatta cannot be considered the real article, their affected veneration of seamanship and all things appertaining thereto, forms a favourable trait in otherwise featureless characters. By spending money freely at the various watering-places round the coast, they help to enliven those rather dull resorts, and, so far, must therefore be esteemed benefactors of their race. Their very buttony coats, extremely shiny hats, incessant use of nautical terms, and ardent affection for balloon pantaloons, are things to be regretted by the real yachtsman. But he readily forgives these petty sins when remembering that a large part of the money spent by marine butterflies helps to maintain the famous breed of hardy sailors whose prowess has enhanced England's glory in all parts of the world. This, indeed, forms the merit which yachting possesses above all other British pastimes. Hunting, shooting, fishing, and cricket do little good except to those who participate in them. To ride well across country, to trudge through stubble all day long without missing a bird, or to fight for hours with a thirty-pound salmon, may serve good purpose in hardening the muscles and chastening the passions of those who perform such exploits. But what benefit, mental or physical, accrues to those who either witness these mighty deeds, or help towards their performance? A stable-boy is none the better or worse whether his master flies a bullfinch in gallant style, or comes an ignominious "cropper" at a tiny brooklet. Nor are gamekeepers or river-watchers generally considered improved by the nature of their vocations. As these several pastimes find men, so they leave them; neither better citizens nor worse; neither more capable, nor less, of doing yeomen's duty on behalf of their country.

With yachting, the case is altogether different. Independently of the benefits resulting in the shape of increased health and keener faculties of enjoyment to the owners and their friends, our pleasure navy forms an important nursery for those "mariners of England" of whom Camp-

bell sang. In case of a maritime war, straining our naval resources to the utmost, the nation would have at hand a reserve of picked, able-bodied, well-disciplined seamen, from whose willing ranks to supply casualties. Running through Mr. Andrew Thompson's admirable little brochure, "The Yachting Annual, and Yachtsman's Pocket Companion," we find a list of established clubs which would have astonished our forefathers by its length. Of those entitled to the prefix of Royal, there are some two dozen, and thirteen or fourteen not so distinguished, making up a grand total of nearly forty clubs established for the promotion of yachting within the United Kingdom. The number of craft, their tonnage, and crews, cannot so readily be estimated, many yachts appearing in the lists of several clubs. But it seems safe to assert that during the height of the cruising season some five or ten thousand hands must be employed, in one capacity or another, to man the pleasure navy of Great Britain—which fact would certainly appear to entitle those who promote the good work to some sort of national recognition. For the maintenance of "our unrivalled breed of race-horses," a large number of hundred guinea prizes are given to be run for every year, with the general result that the bulk of them are carried off by one or two racers. Such being the encouragement given to racing by the nation, and the preservation of an unrivalled breed of seamen being of immeasurably more importance than the multiplication of weedy thoroughbreds, yachting has, no doubt, received even more fostering at the hands of Government? Not exactly. Her Majesty annually gives one cup to the Royal Yacht Squadron, and one or two among the other clubs of the United Kingdom. There national patronage begins and ends, the gift of a Challenge Cup by the Prince of Wales being a private matter.

Fortunately, the healthy spirit of emulation among English yachtsmen needs no encouragement, even if at times it may feel somewhat damped by the want of sympathy implied in non-recognition. Bent on owning the fastest and smartest clippers in the world, they allow no question of expense, trouble, or ultimate reward to stand in the way of this object. If a flyer coming from beyond the warring Atlantic, like the *America* or the *Sappho*, succeeds in beating the yachts of Old England, forthwith our builders set to work at the construction of swifter boats, in the certainty that plenty of purchasers will be found for their handiwork. In the science of yacht building there is no finality. When the wonderful little *Secret* came out some twenty-five years since, and carried off about a score of first prizes in succession, people said she was unsurpassable. So too with the *Daring*, that graceful craft which used to steal through the water, as if by magic, when not a puff of wind distended her drooping canvas. Then there was the beautiful *Hervine*, and the

pretty *Cynthia*, and greatest of all, the iron *Musquito*; that wonderful clipper which for a time could find no rival of anything like her own tonnage. But we are forgetting the pride of English yachts, the *Alarm*, for many years the fastest thing afloat. So far back as 1838, she won a cup presented to the Royal Yacht Squadron by William the Fourth, and was equally successful for Her Majesty's Cup on four different occasions—once as a cutter, and thrice after being converted into a schooner. Almost equal glory attaches to the old *Arrow*, belonging to that prince of yachtsmen Mr. T. Chamberlayne, which even yet can show her stern to most rivals, as was proved during the recent regatta at Cowes. Opposed to the cream of modern clippers last year at the Squadron Regatta, she held her own remarkably well in the three matches in which she sailed, especially on the 7th August, when she came in only two or three minutes astern of those flying wonders the *Kriemhilda* and *Cythera*. Of these two it may safely be affirmed that opinion is equally divided as to their respective merits, each having her own band of thoroughgoing admirers. Indeed, so little difference is there between them that the slightest ill-luck or mistake on the part of either invariably involves her defeat.

Much the same may be said of the principal yawls—the *Florinda*, *Corisande*, and *Latona*, if not for the big *Lufra*. All who were fortunate enough to witness the exciting contest between the two former at the Royal Thames match on the 14th of last June, will remember the breathless interest of the moment, when, after sailing a course of close on sixty miles, the *Corisande* came in second with her bowsprit over the *Florinda's* taffrail. On the same occasion it was that Mr. Ashbury's former champion, the *Egeria*, now getting to be an old boat, first showed the benefit resulting from certain improvements effected in her during the winter. Sailing like a witch, she showed a clean pair of heels to her rivals, although they comprised such noted racers as the *Olga*, *Gwendoline*, *Corinne*, and the "two-masted cutter" the *Sea Belle*. Since that date, the *Egeria* has pursued an almost unchequered career of victory, to the great gratification of her owner, Mr. Mulholland, who probably regards the success of his clipper as due to the good offices of Saint Patrick. Mr. Henry Ffennell having discovered, during a recent tour in Ireland, that the grave of the Saint was in a scandalously neglected condition, Mr. Mulholland forthwith caused it to be put into good order, and also erected a monument to the benefactor of Erin, entirely at his own expense. We mention this matter so that owners of slow yachts may know what remedies to apply. In the first place, let them show loving care for the memories of departed worthies; in the second, they should lose no time in placing their boats in the

hands of good builders for alteration. Perhaps the latter specific is of more importance than the former, since it may be questioned whether the *Egeria*, if unimproved, would have done much better this year than last, when she was beaten nine times out of fourteen.

Among yachts launched this year, Colonel Markham's flying cutter, the *Vol-au-Vent*, is the greatest success. Built expressly by Ratsey to beat everything of her tonnage afloat, this beautiful clipper has proved herself a wonder in all sorts of wind and weather, even equalling the famous old *Arrow* in the latter's strongest point of sailing—a reaching wind. At Havre and at Cowes the *Vol-au-Vent* equally distinguished herself in the best of company, giving the go-by at the former regatta to the *Kriemhilda*, and being only beaten in one race out of three at the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta by the *Arrow*. Whether Count Batthyany's celebrated boat feared to tackle this formidable rival after her experiences on the French coast, or was prevented sailing by other causes, she certainly did not put in an appearance during the three days' sailing at Cowes. In spite, however, of the triumphs of the *Vol-au-Vent*, in yachting annals 1875 will probably be called "Fife's year." From the earliest matches on the Thames until the latest at the Isle of Wight, the success of the Fairlie builder has been astonishing. To prove this superiority, it is merely necessary to give a list of a few yachts turned out from his famous yard. Among cutters, we find the *Cythera*, the *Cuckoo*, and the *Neva*, an invincible trio capable of holding their own against all comers in any weather. Of schooners, Fife has sent none forth to battle against the southern builders, but he has fair right to claim credit for the yawl *Latona*, that powerful boat having been built on his lines by White. Among smaller yachts originating at Fairlie, we find the *Neptune*, *Bloodhound*, *Coralie*, *Thyra*, *Kilmeny*, and the staunch *Surf*,—the latter a boat that takes a deal of beating from the smartest craft afloat. With such a fleet calling him builder, Mr. Fife has every cause to feel pride in the work of his hands, especially as the yachts leaving his yard are few in comparison with those turned out by more fashionable builders. Among the other leading clippers of our pleasure navy, Wanhill of Poole is represented by the *Egeria*—altered, however, by Fay,—the *Gertrude* yawl, and the *Hirondelle*; while Ratsey stands credited with the *Vol-au-Vent*, the *Arethusa*, the flying *Cetonia* and *Corinne*, the *Corisande*, the *Gloriana*, the *Kriemhilda*, the *Mabel*, the *Myosotis*, the *Pantomime*, and the *Vanguard* now apparently off her sailing. Next comes Hatcher, with the speedy *Britannia*, the perhaps even swifter *Norman*, and the *Vanessa*, champion of the twenty tonners; while Harvey owns the paternity of the *Sea Belle*, and Nicholson has the high honour of having evolved the almost unconquerable *Florinda* out of his inner conscious-

ness. With scarcely any exception all these flyers have been built during the last three or four years, a convincing proof that the spirit which influences yachtsmen requires no adventitious aid to keep it alive.

Yet, although—perhaps because—thus self-reliant and self-sustaining; the glorious pastime which studs the green waters of the Channel with white-winged vessels, and which serves as an important nursery for British seamen, deserves some sort of practical recognition at the hands of the nation. Nor need the cost of such gratitude be otherwise than trifling, compared with the benefits conferred on England. For it must be remembered that yachtsmen not only maintain a splendid reserve of A.B.s at their own expense, but stimulate the production of the best models of swift vessels. Viewing these results gained by the nation without the cost of a farthing, it seems but little to ask that a moderate sum, say £5,000, should be set aside by Parliament, every year, for division among existing yacht clubs, in proportion to their respective tonnage, where-with to provide prizes. As we feel assured that this boon has only to be asked for to be granted, we trust Mr. Ashbury, Mr. Mulholland, Mr. Brassey, and other members who take an interest in yachting, will bring the matter before the House some time next session.





CANADA ABROAD.

THE Report of the Minister of Agriculture of the Dominion of Canada for 1874, just received, has the rare merit in a Blue-book of being interesting. Its scope embraces Canada at home and abroad ; but its chief feature is the information it contains on emigration from Europe : and it is this feature which lends to it a popularity with those whose sympathies are extra-insular, and whose study is not narrowed by aught but the utmost confines of the Empire.

This Report marks an era in Canadian emigration history ; or, as it might be put, in Canada's foreign relations. Young countries, like young people, are sometimes unaware of the importance of the place they occupy, and the greatness of their influence in the world. To a recent date Canada has been under this ignorance, if the former Canadian agency in London may be regarded as an indication, or her modesty has been excessive. A long time ago a Canadian journal called attention to the unworthiness of the London agency ; and the Dominion Government rightly interpreted public opinion, of whatever political tone, when they determined on occupying Canada Government Building at Westminster, and instituting an Agency-General—a proceeding both judicious and praiseworthy on the part of the Executive of Britain's chief and right loyal colony.

The Report includes the appointment of Mr. Edward Jenkins, M.P., to the position of Agent-General. Up to the time of that gentleman's appointment, the energy of Canadian representatives had been partially weakened by the absence of unity of purpose and action ; and the different provinces had their representatives in Europe who acted independently of the Dominion Government, and of each other. This has now been happily changed. At a Conference on the subject of Immigration, held in the rooms of the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa, on the 4th and 5th of November last, presided over by the Minister of Agriculture, and attended by the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, R. J. Cartwright, F. Leoffrion, and L. Letellier de St. Just, representing the Government of the Dominion ; the Hon. Adam Crooks, one of the prime

movers in the scheme of centralization, on behalf of the Government of Ontario; the Hon. J. G. Robertson and H. G. Malliot, representing Quebec; the Hon. B. R. Stevenson, for New Brunswick; and the Hon. W. Annand and W. H. Smith, on the part of Nova Scotia; it was resolved to centralize Canadian emigration and general work in Europe, by placing the chief control in the hands of the Agent-General, the interests of the several provinces being secured and fostered by the appointment of provincial agents, each such agent representing the special interests of the province by which he is appointed in emigration matters, and generally; and the Dominion Government undertook to supply these provincial agents with office accommodation at the central agency in London. The Report contains an account of the basis on which this union of the Government services has been effected. The former provincial agents, Mr. Sydney Robjohns (Ontario), and Mr. J. H. O'Neill (Quebec), retain their positions, and have removed to the Agency-General, where they have been joined by Mr. Annand, mentioned above, the joint representative of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. This centralization of Dominion and Provincial agencies, with the consequent increase of influence and power, is, as we have said, an era in Canadian emigration history, and one which promises to be productive of the greatest good.

Of the several reports submitted to the Minister of Agriculture, and included by him in the Blue-book before us, the chief, of course, is that of the Agent-General, Mr. Jenkins. His report is plenary and exhaustive. After a courteous tribute to the services of the late Mr. Dixon, he touches at greater or less length on every subject embraced within the year—Government relations with steamship companies; the organisation of agencies throughout the United Kingdom, in Sweden, Norway, France, Switzerland, Germany, Southern Russia, and the rest; the various kinds of emigration, and the agencies by which they are effected, etc.

An emigration of a somewhat uncommon character, and one with much incidental interest, was that of the Mennonites from Southern Russia, a people of whom we gave some account in our issue of August 1874.* Mr. Jenkins' efforts to secure these people (with which object he sent Mr. John Dyke, a quondam Ontario agent, and one long associated with Canadian emigration, to Constantinople to negotiate) have been highly successful. He has in their case effected the transmigration of hundreds of families from the south of Russia, across the European continent, to Hamburg, through England to the Atlantic, and so to Quebec, and finally to the youthful province of Manitoba (Red River). Nor have they gone *in formâ pauperis*; on the contrary, they have

* See ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE AND UNITED EMPIRE REVIEW, vol. xiii., p. 486 & seq.

taken in their strange Russian waggons personal effects and agricultural implements of considerable value ; and, what is equally or more important, considerable capital in good substantial gold. As an indication of the happy relations subsisting between the Government and the people of Canada, and of the fraternal relations borne by the wealthy among these Anabaptists toward their poorer relations, we may note the fact that during the last session of Parliament, the Dominion Government agreed, on the prayer of certain Mennonites resident in Ontario, to advance one hundred thousand dollars to facilitate and assist the emigration of poor people of the community from Russia to Manitoba ; and the members of the body then resident in Ontario readily became surety for the amount.

The unhappy relations prevailing between tenant farmers and their labourers in this country, with the consequent establishment of labourers' unions, were fruitful causes of emigration, and not least so to Canada. Mr. Jenkins refers to this labour question, and to the visits to Canada of two prominent leaders of the movement on behalf of the men, namely Messrs. Joseph Arch and Henry Taylor, calling attention also to the pressure of competition on the part of the several colonies. He says he

"Had early interviews with the officials of the Agricultural Labourers' Union, especially with Mr. Arch, who took a keen interest in Canadian emigration. Other officials of the Union, among them the secretary, Mr. Taylor, appeared to consider Canada an undesirable field for emigrating agricultural labourers, and the latter filled his letters to the organ of the movement (*The Labourers' Union Chronicle*) with encomiums of Queensland and New Zealand, while many of the district secretaries acted as agents for the collection of emigrants to those colonies. Mr. Taylor in recent letters took a different view, and from the personal knowledge gained in Canada recognised it as a most favourable field. The prospect of securing any large number of these valuable settlers was not assured, the less so that the competing colonies of Queensland and New Zealand were offering free passages, and in some cases additional hand money, besides paying very large bounties to the persons who engaged in securing emigrants. By this time the serious lock-out which afterwards pervaded the Eastern Counties had begun, and the Union committee had resolved on the efficient and enlightened tactics of removing to colonies where it was required the labour rejected on remunerative terms by the farmers at home. The advantage of Canada as a place of immediate and speedy resort was pointed out, and the leaders consented to give Canada every facility in competing with the rival colonies."

In view of the importance to Canada of securing an emigration of tenant farmers with capital—the capital necessary for a tenant farm here being sufficient for a freehold there—it was judicious to make an

effort to avoid creating a prejudice against Canadian emigration agents ; and we learn that directions were issued to those whose labours were in districts where locks-out and strikes prevailed, carefully to "avoid any "personal or official collusion with the unionists in their quarrel with "their employers." They were instructed "simply to set forth the "advantages of Canada, at any and every opportunity, avoiding an "expression of opinion upon the merits of the controversy which was "so hotly maintained. In the circumstances it was perhaps scarcely "possible wholly to manifest a neutral spirit, but the attitude of the "Government agents was consistent with the desire of the Canadian "Government to avoid improper intervention in the disputes between "classes in England, while at the same time vindicating its right to take "advantage in the interests of its own development of conditions arising "out of those disputes. The distinction to be observed is a very fine "and delicate one."

In a report emanating from the chief centre of information in Europe, and in regard to the wide circulation to which the volume in which it is contained will extend, it was wise that there should be a reference to the somewhat trite subject of the climate of Canada. It is a fruitful source of criticism in English journals ; which can scarcely be wondered at when it is remembered that in the minds of the people of these islands snow is associated with slush and discomfort. It is always difficult to imagine that which is beyond the experience ; and the season of snow in Canada, the bright exhilarating time when the sleigh bells, sounding harmoniously in the still clear air, invite fair ladies, bonnie in their furs, to a ride over "the silent highway," can no more be realized by those who have never enjoyed it than can the glowing autumnal sunset that gilds the gorgeous foliage of the Thousand Islands. *The Times*, which has, albeit, a weakness for thermometrical tables, writing on the Returns of the Registrar-General in December last, said :—

"Those who have tried Canadian winters tell us no more than the truth when they say that the variations of the English climate are more to be dreaded than the equable lowness of the temperature of the Dominion. Our organs cannot accommodate themselves quickly enough to the changes of the atmosphere, our tissues have not the elasticity necessary for self-protection against a foe constantly changing the condition of the assault."

There are hints of two anticipated movements of an important character and worthy of consideration contained in Mr. Jenkins' Report—the improvement of the Continental Canadian Emigration agencies, and the encouragement of emigration among agriculturists of capital, that is to say among tenant farmers.

The old-fashioned British prejudice against foreigners, that John Bull pertinacity, as Lord Salisbury said recently, which looks down with contempt on every race but our own, is not quite extinct, but the experience of the North American continent is that both as pioneers, and as conformists to democratic institutions, the German, French, and other nationalities are at least equal to their rivals of Anglo-Saxon extraction. To the value of the French as pioneers the Governor-General of Canada, Lord Dufferin, bore testimony in addressing the members of the St. Jean Baptiste Society at Windsor, Ontario, some time since, when he said: "Je suis bien convaincu que nulle part dans la Puissance Sa Majesté n' a de sujets plus loyaux, plus fidèles et plus intelligents, que ses sujets de race Française, et je me réjouis de l'occasion qui m' est donné d'exprimer mon estime et mon respect pour les représentants de ces héroïques pionniers, à la hardiesse desquels nous devons en si grande partie l'héritage dont nous jouissons." And of their adaptability to English institutions—institutions which in Canada are essentially democratic—the Premier of Canada, the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, in his recent speech at Dundee observed:—

"We have in the province of Quebec a large French population, the numbers of which are increasing at about the same ratio with that of the English. I was delighted to be able on a previous occasion to bear my testimony to the wonderful success of the French people in Canada. They are in the position of a people speaking an alien language; but as Lord Dufferin remarked the other day in London, there is no class or population so thoroughly trained to Parliamentary practices and life, and to the rights and feelings of an independent and proud people. As thoroughly British as any Englishman, Scotchman, or Irishman, they are also possessed of a spirit of endurance which is making itself felt in the country; and I am glad to be able to say that the English people and the French people live together in a spirit of harmony, and find no difficulty arising from the separate nationalities from which they originally sprung."

On the other question—that of the tenant farmers—it will have been noticed that in recent conflicts between masters and men the employers no less than the labourers had their grievances. This truth having been made apparent, there has arisen a feeling of sympathy to which is probably due, combined perhaps with the side influence of the Labourers' Unions, the recent legislation in the interest of this class of the community. Although Mr. Jenkins points to a project for reaching this class, and turning their attention to freeholds in Canada in preference to precarious tenancies in England, we regret that he does not give any details of his scheme. Whatever they may be, it is certain

he will receive the hearty support of both the Federal and Provincial Governments. In Ontario, for instance, a farmer may acquire land on easy terms. Sometimes a proprietor there with manifold engagements will sell a farm simply to relieve himself of its care, while at the same time willing to leave the purchase-money as a lien on the estate. In other cases good cleared farms in the more occupied districts are put into the market by old settlers who, having sons springing into manhood, wish with the capital thus acquired to remove into an uncleared district, and occupy and stock tracts of land sufficient for themselves and for their sons independently. The difficulty, we apprehend, with the Agent-General and his coadjutors, will not be to place small farmers to their satisfaction in Canada, but to induce them to relinquish a dependent position in the old country. Sentiment entwines one tightly when the old prejudices and old associations are near, present, and familiar, and the promise of success is remote and unappreciated. The representatives of Canada will have much to do to make this emigration largely successful; but it is to be done, and they are the men to do it. They have shown what they can do with farm labour; they must now prove their skill in moving farm capital. Following up his remarks on the question of labour disputes, and their effect on the farming interest of this country, Mr. Jenkins says:—

“No effort will be spared to approach the farmers themselves on this question, and it is probable that this field of emigration will materially improve. The effect of the rise of wages, and the increase in the value of land, is gradually but surely telling upon the smaller farmers. They are unable to support the demand upon their limited resources. The tendency in England, in Scotland, and even in Ireland, is towards larger holdings worked with increased capital. It is the policy of landlords in view of the agricultural labourers' agitation to encourage this collateral movement. They must already see that the recent lockout has in some parts threatened to denude the country of the labourers necessary to its maintenance in good condition, under the system of ordinary holdings; and one baronet, a large landholder, told me that unless his tenants came to terms with the labourers (he was so alarmed at the stripping of the district of available labour by our operations) he should get rid of the tenants and substitute others with large or very small holdings.”

This Blue-book contains many interesting reports; and we note with satisfaction in that of M. Paul Decazes, of Paris, Mr. G. T. Haigh, of Liverpool, and some of the others, a reference to the growing custom of persons settled in Canada forwarding money for the emigration of friends. This is a happy sign of the times in Canada, and evidence of kindly and kingly feeling; but “not until every village and hamlet in “the United Kingdom has its representative in some part of t^h

"vast Dominion, should the Government stay its hand. Then the "increase may be left to promote itself by laws of progression, as "certain, as secure, and as blessed in their operation as those of "nature." Perhaps not the least valuable contribution to the Blue-book is that of L'Abbé Verrault, who gives a record of his researches connected with Canadian archives at the British Museum, at the Royal Institution, at the Bibliothèque Nationale of France, in Lille and Brussels, and in other public and State libraries. He makes the wise suggestion, which has been anticipated in London, that Canadian libraries should be established in London, Paris, and Brussels. In addition, there are valuable statistics which not only indicate careful compilation, but represent a good year's work on the part of all, from the Minister of the Department and the Agent-General downward to the humblest worker in the cause of emigration to Canada. Their reward may be not only the approval of their Government, but also the consciousness that their labours are of Imperial as well as of local importance; that they are consolidating Canada at home and abroad, and thereby helping to build up a United Empire.





THE MONOPOLY OF THE BAR.

By JOSIAH J. MERRIMAN.

IT has often been with me a source of extreme wonder, that the people of England, who go to law and are taken to law, tolerate so costly and vicious a system as that which divides the offices of Solicitor and Barrister. It is a system so radically unsound, and so mischievous in its operation, that not one candid word can be said in its defence; although some folks, long trained in the art of advocacy, have invented plausible excuses to cover "an arrangement" that works well for themselves. I believe that no such arbitrary regulation prevails in any other country in the world, and I know that this unnatural system is ridiculed and deservedly condemned by eminent foreign jurists.

In the first place, an advocate's efficiency is impaired by the present system. Say that a client consults his Solicitor upon a case of some intricacy; the Solicitor confers with and advises his client, it may be twenty, it may be a hundred times, upon the facts of his case; masses of letters have to be perused, and well considered; witnesses have to be seen, and their characters, tone, temper, and idiosyncrasies well considered, before a plaintiff can perhaps safely issue a process; or in the interval between the defendant's receipt of a process and the trial of the issues between the litigants.

Most readers know the system. A conscientious Solicitor writes out what is improperly called "a brief,"—fully, and perhaps verbosely, describing every fact, explaining every inference, and suggesting every argument that elaborate investigation and exact knowledge of the minutiae of the affair enable him to embody in his instructions to Counsel. This bulky narrative and dissertation are copied in duplicate, and taken to the chambers of Mr. Acumen, Q.C., or Mr. Serjeant Highlight, who is told that with him, and to assist him, he will have Mr. Mole, or Mr. Fagg. Of course both the learned man who wears silk, and he who wears a stuff gown, are paid fees, and liberal fees too, for their services,—than which nothing can be more proper.

But what then happens? In a large majority of cases the unlucky client gets the services of neither the wonderful Mr. Acumen nor Mr. Serjeant Highlight. These eminent advocates at Common Law are not merely wanted in two places at once ; but they ought, I aver as a matter of fact, to be examining, or cross-examining, six different witnesses, making four eloquent and critical speeches to as many juries, and arguing two or three questions of law before as many benches at the same time, if they were to fulfil all the engagements their clerks enter into on their behalf, and for which they take payment. The great men of the Bar run from court to court, making an opening speech here, a closing speech there, a bit of cross-examination somewhere else between ; but seldom or never attend to one case throughout—unless, indeed, the fee given in that matter approximates to a small fortune. Still oftener, when a case is called on, some gentleman, unknown to fame, rises modestly to announce that he has the honour to hold the eminent man's brief, or that Mr. Mole, or Mr. Fagg, has to do all the work of his distinguished leader beside his own. The Equity Bars have, by arrangements of their own making, diminished this evil, although they have not destroyed it, and it is but fair that they should have the credit of what they have done.

Statistics do not tell how many suits have been lost by this vicarious advocacy ; but they must bear a large proportion to the trials at *Nisi Prius*. How many innocent men have been convicted by the same cause, I am not able to calculate ; but some data that I possess justify a dismal belief that they are not a few. I will answer for it that *some* poor wretches have so suffered under my own eye.

It is not, however, on these patent and scandalous abuses of the system that I, as a Solicitor, shall rest my chief objections to the monopoly of the Bar. If Barristers were made liable in damages, as Solicitors are, for defaults and negligence, the evils just referred to might be cured. My broad objection is, that the system—in its best guise and form—is bad.

It may be admitted that some causes of great magnitude need the services of special advocates, and that they must be instructed in a roundabout way ; but in at least ninety-nine per cent. of the causes tried, both civil and criminal, Solicitors are better able than Barristers to lay the facts before the tribunals which have to deal with them. The Solicitor has opportunities of mastering a case which Counsel cannot have ; and it is an injustice to a client which deprives him of that Solicitor's aid, and subjects him to the additional cost of getting up briefs, of Counsel's fees, etc.

Some gentlemen in horsehair will glibly affirm that Solicitors do not,

as a rule, exhibit oratorical talents or skill in cross-examination ; and they will suggest that all the eloquence of the law is to be found at the Bar. On this vexed question it may be enough to say that the Bar does not nowadays exhibit over many shining lights, although there are in the front rows of law and equity a few men who exhibit in an eminent degree all the attributes, faculties, and powers of advocacy. It is also to be observed that eloquence is not an article in general need at Westminster Hall or Assizes. It is not, however, proposed that clients shall not be at liberty to hire or purchase eloquence, or have the luxury of vicarious advocacy, or special advocates, when they so wish ; it is the arbitrary exclusion of Solicitors from advocacy in the superior courts, and the compulsory employment of other men in wig and gown on all occasions that is objected to.

But it would be unfair to that branch of the profession to which I belong if I were to pass over this customary plea for the monopoly of the Bar without a disclaimer and an appeal to experience. There are few opportunities available to an Attorney for showing his talents as an advocate. It is only in the minor courts that he is permitted to open his mouth ; but, scanty as are these opportunities, they have furnished the public with the names of several Attorneys in the metropolis, and one or two in most large towns, who are quite as well able to handle any cause in Court as those gentlemen of the long robe who grow rich apace under the monopoly of fees. This is I also know the opinion of clients, who generally curse the system which takes their suits out of the hands of Solicitors who are reliable and responsible for their management, and puts their fate into the hands of Counsel, not so reliable, and who are wholly irresponsible for bad management or neglect.

The Public Service is also deeply injured by the monopoly of the Bar. All minor judicial offices—like the superior ones—are reserved for Barristers, by statute and custom. This is not only a wrong to the lower branch of the law, but it is a public evil. The fact is notorious that advisers of the Crown are hampered by limitations which this monopoly of the Bar draws round the area of their selection. No Barrister with any practice will accept an appointment as Stipendiary Magistrate ; and few will accept that of County Court Judge. Of the former I shall speak with a respect to which most of them are entitled ; and it is undoubtedly true that among the latter there are many men worthy to occupy seats upon any bench in Westminster Hall or Lincoln's Inn. Equally true it is, however, that many scandals have been raised within a short space of time—three or four within the last month—by the errors and eccentricities of men holding judicial appointments for which they never possessed the natural qualifications, or the acquirements.

The monopoly of the Bar, so far as it relates to the selection of minor judicial officers, cannot be defended by any general considerations. The principle on which such limitation rests is hard to discover ; and if we assume one it is obviously false and wrong. Some reason may be assigned for reserving to "an upper house" of advocates the few vacancies which death and retirement make on the benches of the superior courts. These rare prizes might be treated as exceptions to all broad rules without detriment to the public service ; but when thousands of judicial and quasi-judicial offices are set apart by statute and usage as the practical and substantial rewards of inexperience, and to some extent, in consequence, as the boons of inefficiency, the public service must and does suffer. The truth is, that the enormous patronage reserved to "Barristers of seven years' standing" is more than the working members of the junior Bar can absorb. The briefless, the idlers, the incompetent, must be "used up" by Her Majesty's advisers, or appointments would frequently go a-begging. This is not often the case, perhaps, when a metropolitan magistracy is vacant, or when a County Court Judge's successor is wanted ; but it is often true of the chambers of the British Common Law Courts, in the Colonies, in India, and elsewhere. How many lucrative posts are given to Barristers at home who have no "standing" but that of having stood still for seven years or more ; and how many others, after standing still at the Bar over seven long years, have been made—by virtue of their having done nothing—Chief Justices of the Isle of Salubrity, of Barren Rock, and other colonies, possessions, and dependencies of the British Crown ?

The monopoly of the Bar has a pernicious influence on the young manhood of the middle and upper classes, and upon social life in "genteel" and aristocratic circles. A very large proportion of young men who are "called to the Bar" have no intention of drudging in a pleader's chambers, or working their way through what is undoubtedly an arduous profession. Some of these gentlemen profess little more than the negative virtue of patience. They will frankly tell you that they go to the Bar because their calling gives them that inestimable potency "*a status* ;" others will tell you that they mean to stand still, in compliance with Acts of Parliament, that they may, by thus standing for seven years become afterwards thereby eligible for pleasant employment and liberal pay. These gentlemen are all wise in their generation. A red coat and epaulettes have not such an attraction for the mammas of Stuccoburnia as even an unworn wig and gown. Very learned commentators say that the law of England favoureth marriage ; and the Benchers of the Inns of Court have thus logically aided many an aspiring Barrister's suit in the High Courts of Hymen and Plutus. But seriously,

reader, I ask you—whether you be a man or a woman of sense—is this creation of a purely artificial caste in society, an influence for good or evil?

Against this system of providing place and pay for tide-waiters on the Judicial Service I energetically protest. If I know myself at all, I am a kind-hearted man; and I should not object to an endowment, by the State, of a generous and delicate system of outdoor relief for other men with disappointed hopes and blighted ambition, nor would I grumble over an addition to the Income Tax or the Attorney's Certificate Duty (bitterly obnoxious as that is), if the fund so raised went to maintain a luxurious hospital for the owners of broken hearts; but, as a Briton, and a taxpayer, and, I hope, a patriot, I am made uneasy by the consciousness that men are, by statute, largely encouraged to remain standing idle for seven years, in the rational belief that they will thus get handsome annuities,—insufficient to tempt acceptance by industrious Barristers, but which the best members of my own branch of the profession would gratefully accept as the fair reward of demonstrated merit, and future diligent labour for the public good.

I trust my readers will not hastily charge me with exaggeration. Let them ask themselves how many Barristers they have met with who have anxiously explained that they did not go to the Bar to earn a livelihood, and who either were, or hoped to be, living sumptuously without work, at their legitimate calling, having, since their call to the Bar, been called to the holy state of matrimony? Do we not often meet other men, in everyday life, travelling over paths of "flint and shard," who have been somehow "called to the Bar," without study or training, and who travel on with "bleeding feet" (as the poet says), in the assurance that after seven years of what is called standing they will become Magistrates, or County Court Judges, or possible Chief Justices, in some genial retreats beyond the turbulent seas? I have known, and now know, a number that my sweet friend, Miss Horsey, would call "an awful lot of such "poor fellows." I meet them almost daily. One or two are secretaries of public companies and institutions; others conduct benevolent enterprises, with a little advantage to themselves, their better halves, and "the bairns;" and some I know (good fellows and worth sympathy are these), who sit in the reporters' galleries of the Houses of Lords and of Commons, and sometimes make speeches for our legislators which they intend to make for themselves, and can't. It is a melancholy thing to know that a great many of these Barristers-at-law will stand in the sunshine and shade of hope, expecting the sweets of office for perhaps thrice seven years, and then only be saved from despair by the hand of death. The supply of this unskilled labour exceeds the demand.

Places cannot be made for all the briefless Barristers of London and Dublin ; although the Genius of Misrule has done everything for them in her power. And I again seriously condemn the system which endows idleness and inexperience, not alone for what it wrongfully gives away, but for the false hopes it excites,—for the inversion of the course of honourable labour and enterprise,—and for the rewards that it corruptly and indiscriminately bestows.

So far I have not said a word on behalf of my own order. I have argued the question as one of public policy alone ; but surely if the Bar is to monopolise all the sweets of so many offices in Great Britain, the colonies, possessions, and dependencies, Barristers might let Solicitors have their own few and scanty preferments. Such, however, is the greed of the Bar that Counsel have seized upon the office of Solicitor to nearly every public department ; and even Barristers in silk gowns—veritable Q.C.s—have not objected to take that humble office, for an adequate consideration in coin. The reader will, I hope, forgive me if I say that this is an encroachment on the domain of Solicitors which (if the distinction between the professions is to be maintained) we ought to protest against. If the reader should think otherwise, never mind. I am not asking for his sympathy for my class. I am afraid that I might ask in vain ; but it may arouse public censure if known that although Barristers do not mind being called Solicitors to this or that department, if adequately paid for wearing the subordinate title, they will do very little more than wear the title, and take the pay. A large portion of the work of the Solicitors to the Treasury, the Home Office, the Admiralty, etc., is “put out” to be done by private Solicitors, so that, although a generous taxpayer pays not unhandsome salaries to Barristers to do the work of public Solicitors, these gentlemen are too dainty to soil their hands (or is it their wigs?) by the performance of their duties, and many thousands sterling per annum are added to the cost of departments by reason of the encroachment of the Bar on the strict and proper business of what is called the lower branch of the legal profession.

A story may be told on this head which can hardly fail to interest, and perhaps it may amuse, the reader. A short time ago the Government of the day—and it was, I am sorry to say, a Liberal Government—were compelled by dire political exigencies to appoint a Solicitor to the solicitorship of a public department, and soon after he entered upon his duties he felt so afraid of losing caste among his fellow-Solicitors (who were Barristers), that he immediately began “putting out” the work of his office, by which a friend was helped ; and this gentleman caused himself to be struck off the rolls so that he might, in due course, become a Barrister, like the other so-called Solicitors to public departments. In

undue course this gentleman somehow became a Barrister, but meantime he enjoyed a salary of £2,000 per annum, although he must have been for at least three years neither Barrister nor Solicitor,—nor, indeed, held any *status* whatever in the law. Another noteworthy fact was the suspension of all the rules of their Inn by the Benchers for this gentleman's convenience. A primary rule of all these fictitious Colleges insists that the student shall, while "eating his terms," follow no employment nor hold any office of emolument. This rule is rigidly enforced against ordinary students. Why not in the case of this gentleman? Was it because the rulers knew that he would not be a real but only a sham Barrister, when wigged and gowned?

It is not to be supposed that a change like that here proposed will meet with universal support from either Solicitors or Barristers. I am prepared to expect as much dissent from the older men, in my own branch of the profession, as from venerable men at the Bar; and I am not without reasons for hope that a considerable number of Barristers would rejoice to see the avenues to what they think the lucrative employment of a Solicitor opened to them. The fusion of the departments of the profession is indeed no new proposition; and from old-fashioned, well-to-do Solicitors I have heard decided objections to it; but these all rest upon narrow prejudices and petty ideas of self-interest. Men who have been unusually successful, or who have succeeded to old-established businesses, naturally hold fast to the existing state of things; and it is not to be denied that all Solicitors share, more or less, in the exactions imposed upon clients in litigation through the monopoly of the Bar. "Instructions," "cases," and "briefs," form indeed a large portion of the work of many offices; and these would, of course, be nearly abolished with a vicarious system of advocacy. It is needless to explain that all the money now charged to clients by routine would not be saved to them by the contemplated reform. Some portion of the economy would necessarily be absorbed in a liberal payment to the new order—or amalgamated order—of advocates. There would be less of law stationery, and formality, to pay for; and the loss of routine fees would be compensated by ampler payment for real service and skill. Some Solicitors who could not accommodate themselves to the change might suffer a little; but this objection would attach to any scheme for the amendment of any system or institution.

And the wish of disappointed Barristers to invade our ranks in force is dreaded by some of my own order. This is a groundless fear. I frankly tell all young men who now wear the honoured livery of the Bar that they will do well to think twice before they join any "movement" for the union of the legal profession. If admitted to our ranks to-morrow

they would discover few chances of successful rivalry. Modern offices are usually filled by men of enterprise and great capacity for work. Not all of these can get enough for their hands and heads to do ; and many who are terribly over-wrought find small net results, in coin, as their reward after all their disbursements have been paid. The Barrister, lucky man, knows none of these. In very old offices, bald and frosty-headed principals may fare better, but these establishments have taken generations to raise and endow (the present occupants are grandsons, or great-grandsons), and they are fortified by long prescription, family connections, money, etc., etc. The young Barrister, who may come down to the rank of Solicitor, must not expect to invade these comparatively rich quarters of the lower branch. Taking the mean of experience, and speaking generally for all and all, it may be affirmed that no profession is more ill-remunerated than that of the Attorney and Solicitor.

There is one objection to the destruction of the monopoly of the Bar which it will be hard to grapple with. Easy-going Solicitors, and timid legislators, will stumble over such a radical reform of the law, as a merger of the Inns of Court, and the Incorporated Law Society. I should not be greatly astonished if some good honest soul of the timid class were to exclaim, " Revolutionary ! " as he does me the honour to read my calm but candid prose. But after all there is really nothing dreadful in these suggestions, nor would their application be at all difficult, as everything is possible to engineering and Acts of Parliament. The Common Law Procedure Act of 1852 was then a more daring innovation than the union of two branches of the profession of the law would now be. The Judicature Act, which overturns all the most august and venerated tribunals of our country, is an organic change that might have been expected to frighten—as it did frighten—all the easy-going and timid people in both the Law List and Dod's Parliamentary Companion. But we have got to endure the new organisation of our Judicature, and the Union of Equity and Law ; and I do not think that many people will sustain much injury by the radical reform. Anyhow, the only persons who can suffer difficulty or inconvenience from the change here advocated are Barristers and Solicitors ; and all experience, since Brougham and Romilly's early days, shows them to have a wonderful power of adaptation to circumstances. Those who go to law, and those who are taken to law, are nearly all Her Majesty's subjects,—and they, I wot, are entitled to the first if not the sole consideration. The professional lawyer should however have the wisdom to perceive that his true and permanent interest lies in adding to the public weal.

My own strong conviction is that at the present time, when a greater change than has ever been effected at once in our jurisprudence is

coming into operation, nothing short of an entire amalgamation of the legal profession should be accepted by the public; but there is a practical compromise which Barristers and Solicitors might accept as a boon to themselves. The men at the bar who find that they have partly mistaken their vocation are after all not a few; and many are the Solicitors who entertain a similar notion. With all the obstacles in their way, some sound lawyers and hard-working men who have failed to make their way in the upper ranks, might, if they were allowed to come down to the lower branch of the profession, get on and prosper there. We Solicitors ought to admit such into our ranks, and greet them cordially as "men and brethren;" and for this purpose we ought to get a statutable prohibition removed from the Solicitors' Act; but, on the other hand, we ought to receive as much courtesy and kindness from the Bar. The Report of the Incorporated Society, just published, shows, however, that the Inns of Court are not inclined to enter into any such reasonable arrangement. The Council of that Society, a few months ago, entered into a correspondence with the several Inns on behalf of a Solicitor who wanted "a call to the bar;" and a Committee of the whole Benchers met and discussed the subject as one of general policy. The result, we are told, was that "after a considerable interval" the Council were informed that it was considered inexpedient to "comply with the suggestion." The effect upon this gentleman we are also told was that, being "unable to encounter the loss of income" incident to the twelve terms, or three years' quarantine, he must remain a Solicitor. This does appear an ungenerous policy. Surely the Benchers of one of the Inns might have suspended their "regulations," so as to enlist this gentleman among their rank and file, and have demanded (as an equivalent or recompense) that the Governing Body of the Solicitors' Institution should have petitioned our Legislature to remove the statutory impediments out of the road of unsuccessful Barristers who might want to come down to our ranks.

I have already shown that, notwithstanding those arbitrary rules which prevent Solicitors from appearing as advocates in the superior courts, they have made such mark in our petty courts as to show the absurdity of a system which excludes them from a more exalted arena. Solicitors have moreover demonstrated their capacity for the judicial service in another sphere. There are no men to be found who discharge onerous duties more efficiently than the Chief Clerks of the several Vice-Chancellors and the Master of the Rolls. They are placed under many disadvantages. They work somewhat long hours in stuffy chambers, and under pressure of always accumulating business. The tasks remitted to them, with few exceptions, demand the exercise of

very superior qualities. The first case on the list of the day perhaps involves the adjustment of tangled accounts ; another is the allowance and disallowance severally of a set of claims, under a long pedigree, upon an estate under administration ; a third involves the decision of some intricate points of law which have been ably argued by two or more Solicitors in opposition, each with a heap of authorities in support of his contention. Vast sums of money are at stake on the summonses which these Clerks determine every day, and the issues of law and equity which they usually settle between parties are often of the first importance ; but appeals from Chambers into Court, which are the suitors by right, are seldom resorted to ; and when exercised more seldom benefit the appellant. The scandalous delays of Chancery are not to be laid at their doors. They perform their duties zealously, ably, and as rapidly as practicable. It may be stated as a truism that the machinery of the Chambers of the Court of Chancery is wellnigh perfect, and its Chief Clerks have the entire confidence and respect of the legal profession. These men, be it observed, who all so admirably perform the functions of Judges in Chambers—and some of whom it cannot be denied would make excellent Magistrates and Judges of public tribunals—are members of “the lower branch of the legal profession.”

Perhaps the most cogent illustration of the absurdity of excluding Solicitors from judicial offices is the fact that at least one Judge of a superior court—Mr. Justice Field—began his professional career as a Solicitor, and at least two of our ablest County Court Judges did the same. And while admitting that there may be several other County Court Judges of equal merit, there can be no harm in saying that the gentlemen last referred to, Mr. Serjeant Wheeler and Mr. Rupert Kettle, possess all the qualities and attainments requisite for offices of a higher grade than those they so worthily fill. Does it not seem absurd to relate that each of these gentlemen, when he determined on going to the Bar, had first to get struck off the rolls of Attorneys and Solicitors, and then to keep twelve terms, or do a quarantine of three years, before he could be called to the Bar !

And here I would ask, Why is promotion denied to those hard-worked and not over-paid men, the County Court Judges ? There is not, so far as I know, any statutory prohibition against raising them to the superior courts ; and if now and then one of the ablest of them were thus promoted, the fact would operate as a wholesome incentive to others to become worthy of a like reward.

If space permitted, I might say more on this topic, and have stated my case more fully and effectively. Knowing that the Pestalozzian

theory, "object-teaching," is as pleasant to cultured adults as to illiterate children, I could have made my argument far more interesting than perhaps it is, if on each dry logical position I had set up examples of the condemned monopoly; but as it is, I can only remind my readers that I am not anxious to rob the Bar of what fairly belongs to it. I merely ask that it shall justify its privileges and immunities by the test of their public worth; and that it shall honestly and equitably share some of those privileges and immunities with another body of lawyers who are entitled to that share. Do not let it be forgotten that I admit the claims of Barristers to divide the privileges and rewards of Solicitors, such as they are. But it is not pure privilege, or sinecure, which I ask for Solicitors. I merely crave an opportunity for them to carry their ripe and well-trained faculties into an open mart, and that the Queen's Government may be at liberty to obtain (under broad but reasonable guarantees) the best men who can be found to serve the country. A friend of mine once said the seven-years'-standing-Barrister-monopoly, and the appeal of Solicitors, might be put thus: Shall the power of selection to minor judicial offices be limited to the worst Barristers, or shall the Crown be at liberty to prefer the best Solicitors? This is doubtless rather a strong way of stating the case; but is it not the true one?

I have endeavoured to show that the wisest course would be to amalgamate the two branches of the profession; and to that course we must come at last. If, however, the heads of the profession—the Benchers of the four Inns of Court and the Council of the Incorporated Law Society—cannot at present be led to see the expediency of that reform, two intermediate steps should certainly be taken without delay. In pure and simple justice to Solicitors and Barristers who want to go up and down to the walks of their brethren, facilities should be given them for effecting that object. And in order that public men, who dispense the patronage of the State, may be enabled to choose, in the widest sphere, for the best public servants, disabilities and impediments, whether they rest upon law or prescription, ought to be removed from the way of a Solicitor's employment in such service.





THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK:

Versifier and Humourist.

By MORTIMER COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE INN OF STRANGE MEETINGS," "SWEET AND TWENTY," ETC.

"**V**ERSIFICATOR quam pœta melior," says Quintilian: and it is clear to all men that a good versifier is far better than a poor poet. Peacock was a master in the t of verse; he had the "faculty divine," but not the "vision;" he made no pretence, any more than Praed, to a seat among the loftier sons of song. Hence, in describing him as a versifier, I use the term as honouring him: for it is no small thing to be a master of English verse, even though it loiters along the tranquil meadows and hawthorn-scented lanes of life, never reddening with the hot blood of human passion, or reaching the serene strength of the epic, or flying with the lyric lark into the luminous dimness of the unfathomed sky. I should like a better word than versifier to apply to Peacock, but cannot find one. A touch of gallantry and adventure would have made him a troubadour—which Praed most certainly would have become, had he not turned politician, to the vast detriment of the world. Parliament should be content with the men of hard heart and strong stomach, and leave the poets alone. Praed perished of politics, like a beautiful butterfly that mistakes for its native sunshine a hideous gasburner, and is scorched to death.

The word humourist might have been coined to fit Peacock. For what are called his novels (and novels indeed they are, in the true etymologic sense of newness—and Mr. Bentley has done good service to literature in reprinting them*) he never attempts flesh and blood, brain and heart. Some romancers paint impossible ideal men and women, who are men and women for all that. Peacock never attempted man or woman. He took a humour, and draped it, and set it in action.

* The Works of Thomas Love Peacock. With a Preface by Lord Houghton, and a Biographical Notice by his Granddaughter, Edith Nicolls. Edited by Henry Cole, C.B. 3 vols. (London: Bentley, 1875.)

Ben Jonson, in "Every Man in his Humour," proceeded in the same way : so did John Bunyan in the "Pilgrim's Progress." But rare Ben could not resist his tendency to humanize his abstractions ; and the inspired tinker's puppets, Christian, Pliable, Faithful, *et hoc genus omne*, are so flushed with the power and passion of his own religious faith, that you forget they are mere shadows. It was not thus with Peacock. He projected pure abstractions on the disc of Thames-side greenery which he loved, and made them traverse the world like logical automata. In a very pleasant "personal reminiscence" of him by Robert Buchanan, published in the *New Quarterly* for April last, he is compared to a character of his own, Dr. Opimian, as having four desires : "a good library, a good dinner, a pleasant garden, and rural walks." For myself, I should put them very much thus :—

A healthy easy outdoor life,
An equal soul as loving wife,
Utter contempt for *£. s. d.*,
Power the immortal Gods to see.

What man wants chief of all is that which makes him likest God, the creative capacity. To go forth into the streets of a city, and drink in the myriad babble of the markets of men—or to wander into the solitary country, and absorb its infinite forms of sweetness and beauty—and then to transmute your thought thereon into the fittest words, crystallizing the vague movements of existence,—this is poetic delight. All the same, whether you take epic or drama or idyl, whether you come to the front of war, a fierce fore-fighter, or paint on your ever-moving canvas men and women, full of love, hate, jealousy, envy, despair, passing through scenes of strange beauty to an end inevitable, or tread with naked feet the thymy grass of Mount Hybla, to where the white temple of Apollo marks the bend in the slow-lapsing stream at which you know Glycerium will be waiting. It is because the life of man is duplex—because the power of vision is the chief source of real felicity.

Peacock had that imaginative vision in high degree and rare fashion, yet hardly used it so thoroughly as lay within his power. He lived in Athens, under Pericles. So did Landor ; but Landor has given us more news of the city whose folk wore the grasshopper and worshipped the owl-eyed goddess. It is a luxury beyond words to loiter in the violet gardens of "Pericles and Aspasia." Of course, between Landor and Peacock there were many contrasts ; but they had Greek and old age in common. One was Radical and the other Tory. One was the fiercest of men and the other the most placid. Landor was a great poet, whose severe strength is quite unintelligible to an age delighting

in Tennyson, Morris, Swinburne, Rossetti; but he will outlive all of them, and share the glory of this nineteenth century with his great antagonist, Byron. What Wordsworth might have done, if he had not been a water-drinker—what Coleridge could have done, save for opium and laziness—what the glowing soul of Keats would have become, since before it had reached full stature it had given the Nightingale immortality—what the miraculous musical power of Shelley might have been, at its climax, we shall not know. And Byron? *Crede Byron*. He would have purged himself of minor faults, and shown England how to use the octave rhyme of Italy in perfection, had he not been bled to death by surgical idiots. That octave rhyme is the most perfect measure yet invented for a narrative at times serious, at times humorous. Byron had attained a reckless mastery over it. Mr. Disraeli's noble eulogy upon him, uttered on the 16th of July, at Willis's Rooms, comes appropriately at this moment of writing—"No one," said the Premier, "who has travelled in Greece can ever question for a moment the place of Byron as a poet of the highest class. *He has impressed his mind on that country more than any poet who has existed since Homer.* There is "not a cape, a promontory, or a column that he has not touched with "the fire or suffused with the sweetness of his song. If you follow him "in his Italian residence, you will find that Italy was to him a source of "scarcely inferior inspiration. But the last and greatest of his works does "not depend upon local interest. It will remain, as it is now recognized, "an unexampled picture of human nature, and a triumphant effort of "the English tongue."

Peacock's more ambitious poems, "The Genius of the Thames," and "Rhododaphne," belong to the elegant classical school, and are not of much interest to the reader of the present day. The descriptive poetry admired by our ancestors lost its charm when Childe Harold allied the thunderstorm with his own passion and the infinite sea with his own restless desires. Pope's "Windsor Forest" was a much-admired poem: compare its best lines with Byron's stirring splendour. Pope catalogues

"The winding Isis and the fruitful Thame,
The Kennet swift, for silver eels renowned,
The Loddon slow, with verdant alders crowned,"—

a kind of mechanical epithet-making which reminds one of Virgil's eternal *fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum*. Byron beholds

". . . the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone ;"

exclaims to the Rhine,

"But Thou, exulting and abounding river !
Making thy waves a blessing as they flow ;"

and brings elemental uproar and the passion of humanity into close unison when he cries,

"The sky is changed!—and such a change! O night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman!"

A line or two from Peacock's mild scholarly effusion, "The Genius of the Thames," may serve to show that he belonged to that early school of descriptive poetry which can never be revived:—

"O'er Nuneham Courtenay's flowery glades
Soft breezes wave their fragrant wings,
And still, amid the haunted shades,
The tragic harp of Mason rings.

Yon votive urn, yon drooping flowers,
Disclose the minstrel's favourite bowers,
Where first he tuned, in silvan peace,
To British themes the lyre of Greece."

This was published in 1810, when Peacock was only twenty-five: two years later, Byron, just a year younger, abolished the style utterly by amazing the world with "Childe Harold."

Peacock's stories are of far higher value than his poems, and the varied lyrics they contain are admirable in their way. "Headlong Hall" is the first of these unique productions, which bear no resemblance in the world to the novels of other men. In this tale he has four principal characters—an optimist, a pessimist, a man who looks on every question from both sides, and an easy Epicurean parson. Of story there is not much more than the Needy Knifegrinder would willingly have told for sixpence. The first chapter opens picturesquely with travellers by mail coach, who, four in number, all strangers to each other, are bound for Headlong Hall in Caernarvon. Peacock does not deify the mail-coach, as Dickens used, but he contrives to give it a pleasant aroma of adventure. These four gentlemen are received by Squire Headlong, and bountifully treated. They talk: and the disquisitions of an optimist, a pessimist, a *statu-quoist*, and a gasterist, are very amusingly done. The company soon grows more numerous: we have a landscape gardener, a phrenologist, two reviewers, two poetasters, a famous violinist, a painter, an old lady who wrote novels, and a gentleman who wrote encyclopædias. Besides these, four ladies, one being the Squire's sister. As to Squire Headlong himself, his name completely indicates his character. A delicious *olla podrida* ought to be compounded with such ingredients. And Peacock's is delicious. In the fifth chapter we find a dinner, with a discussion, in which the pessimist

gets the best of it, and everybody grows gloomy, when the Squire asks Mr. Chromatic for a song. This is his prompt response :—

“ In his last binn SIR PETER lies,
 Who knew not what it was to frown :
 Death took him mellow, by surprise,
 And in his celler stopped him down.
 Through all our land we could not boast
 A knight more gay, more prompt than he,
 To rise and fill a bumper toast
 And pass it round with THREE TIMES THREE.

None better knew the feast to sway,
 Or keep Mirth's boat in level trim,
 For Nature had but little clay
 Like that of which she moulded him.
 The meanest guest that graced his board
 Was there the freest of the free,
 His bumper toast when PETER poured,
 And passed it round with THREE TIMES THREE.

He kept at true good humour's mark
 The social flow of pleasure's tide ;
 He never made a brow look dark ;
 He caused no tear until he died.
 No sorrow round his tomb should dwell :
 More pleased his gay old ghost would be,
 For funeral chant and passing bell
 To hear no sound but THREE TIMES THREE.” *

Careless and hasty enough ; but Peacock, a man destined to live long, was a boy of thirty then and full of animal spirits. As a specimen of his prose, which is real comedy, I select a scene in Squire Headlong's drawing-room, where Mr. Milestone, the landscape gardener, is exhibiting to the Squire and Mr. Chromatic's two daughters his portfolio of plans for ameliorating Lord Littlebrain's park.

“ *Mr. Milestone.*—This, you perceive, is the natural state of one part of the grounds. Here is a wood, never yet touched by the finger of taste ; thick, intricate, and gloomy. Here is a little stream, dashing from stone to stone, and overshadowed with those untrimmed boughs.

“ *Miss Tenorina.*—The sweet romantic spot ! How beautifully the birds must sing there on a summer evening !

“ *Miss Grasiola.*—Dear sister ! how can you endure the horrid thicket ?

“ *Mr. Milestone.*—You are right, Miss Grasiola : your taste is correct—perfectly *en règle*. Now here is the same place corrected—trimmed, polished, decorated, adorned. Here sweeps a plantation, in that beautiful regular curve winds a gravel walk : here are parts of the old wood, left in those majestic cir-

* The Works of Thomas Love Peacock, Vol. i., p. 24.

cular clumps, disposed at equal distances with wonderful symmetry : there are some single shrubs scattered with elegant profusion : here a Portugal laurel, there a juniper ; here a laurustinus, there a spruce fir ; here a larch, there a lilac ; here a rhododendron, there an arbutus. The stream, you see, is become a canal : the banks are perfectly smooth and green, sloping to the water's edge : and there is Lord Littlebrain rowing in an elegant boat.

"Squire Headlong.—Magical, faith !

"Mr. Milestone.—Here is another part of the grounds in its natural state. Here is a large rock, with the mountain ash rooted in its fissures, overgrown, as you see, with ivy and moss ; and from this part of it bursts a little fountain, that runs bubbling down its rugged sides.

"Miss Tenorina.—O, how beautiful ! How I should love the melody of that miniature cascade !

"Mr. Milestone.—Beautiful, Miss Tenorina ? Hideous. Base, common, and popular. Such a thing as you may see anywhere, in wild and mountainous districts. Now, observe the metamorphosis. Here is the same rock, cut into the shape of a giant. In one hand he holds a horn, through which that little fountain is thrown to a prodigious elevation. In the other is a ponderous stone, so exactly balanced as to be apparently ready to fall on the head of any person who may happen to be beneath : and there is Lord Littlebrain walking under it.

"Squire Headlong.—Miraculous, by Mahomet !

"Mr. Milestone.—This is the summit of a hill, covered, as you perceive, with wood, and with those mossy stones scattered at random under the trees.

"Miss Tenorina.—What a delightful spot to read in, on a summer's day ! The air must be so pure, and the wind must sound so divinely in the tops of those old pines !

"Mr. Milestone.—Bad taste, Miss Tenorina. Bad taste, I assure you. Here is the spot improved. The trees are cut down ; the stones are cleared away : this is an octagonal pavilion exactly on the centre of the summit : and there you see Lord Littlebrain, on the top of the pavilion, enjoying the prospect with a telescope.

"Squire Headlong.—Glorious, egad !

"Mr. Milestone.—Here is Littlebrain Castle, a Gothic moss-grown structure, half-bosomed in trees. Near the casement of that turret is an owl peeping from the ivy.

"Squire Headlong.—And devilish wise he looks.

"Mr. Milestone.—Here is the new house, without a tree near it, standing in the midst of an undulating lawn : a white polished angular building, reflected to a nicety in the waveless lake : and there you see Lord Littlebrain looking out of window.

*"Squire Headlong.—And devilish wise he looks too. You shall cut me a giant before you go."**

As I shall not have sufficient space for another long quotation from Peacock's prose dialogue, I beg leave to assure any readers who are

* Works of Thomas Love Peacock, Vol. i., pp. 30, 31.

unfamiliar with his work that this is a fair specimen of his style, although taken from his youngest book. The humour so delightful at thirty grew to a rarer perfection at seventy-five.

"Melincourt," published in 1817, is in one respect his most original and startling book. It contains, what is unusual in a novel, a *muta persona*, Sir Oran Haut-ton, Baronet, an orang-outang whom an eccentric English gentleman has taught to do everything but speak. This whimsical conception is carried out delightfully, and Sir Oran is the hero of the hour. He never utters word, but his courtesy of gesture is perfect : and why should an opulent baronet condescend to speak ? With his enormous strength and activity, he rescues the heroine from more than one disaster : but lady readers will be pleased to know that he does not marry the heroine, after all. Such a climax was too much even for Peacock. However, he is elected M.P. for the borough of Onevote, although of his parliamentary career nothing is told. Peacock's sketch of an election in those days, when one man might return two members (as at Old Sarum) is deliciously humorous. Mr. Gladstone, in his Tory days, fought for rotten boroughs as being the only approach to the House for young men with the political faculty : but when Cornwall sent forty-four members to Parliament, as against eight from Middlesex (London included), the time was ripe for a reform. The late Prince Consort was right when he said that representative government was on its trial ; and I take it that the proper way of securing real representation is not to be found in such fantastic quasi-mathematical schemes as Mr. Hare's, but by class representation. There must be a certain number of lawyers in the House : let them be elected by the Inns of Court, and no other lawyer allowed to take a seat. Let the counties elect country gentlemen ; the boroughs town councillors ; give the suffrage to banks and breweries and railway companies, but admit no bankers or brewers or directors otherwise elected. As to the ladies, who are now coming to the front, they ought only to be allowed to vote for female candidates, and each lady to have as many votes as she has children. Spinsters utterly ineligible. Add to this a tax on bachelors, increasing with their age, and what could the lady politicians desire more ?

One cannot read Peacock without occasionally differing from him : indeed an author from whom you never differ can have no power of stimulus. In "Melincourt" he is hard on a baronet who drives four-in-hand. He makes his rather priggish hero say, "For every horse you keep for pleasure, you pass sentence of non-existence on two human beings." He does not furnish any statistical argument in favour of this obvious absurdity, contenting himself with the remark that "the quantity of money in a nation, the quantity of food, and the numbers of animals

“that consume that food, maintain a triangular harmony, of which, in all the fluctuations of time and circumstance, the proportions are always the same.” Here we see the curious illogical warp in Peacock’s mind. Food and the eaters of food are facts : money is merely a common measure. A earns or inherits a thousand a year, and spends it : B, C, D, E, and all the rest of them down to X, Y, and Z, send him flesh of ox, and juice of grape, and other requisites of existence. Probably he pays them by cheques ; but if he prefers to use gold, silver, and copper, the quantity of money in the nation has nothing to do with the settlement of his accounts. But take it that a gentleman chooses to drive four-in-hand. Horses want oats ; and Peacock’s theory was that if oats were grown for horses, land would be occupied thereby on which food ought to be grown for men. When he wrote this he could not foresee the time when England would break through all restrictions on commerce, and draw her corn from all the wheat-fields of the world. And although he lived to see that time, he could not perceive the absurdity of his theory, but republished it with emphasis in 1856. Now a man of wealth who drives four-in-hand for amusement must spend a good deal of money in many ways, and the circulation of money is of use to the people. I confess myself thankful to the gentlemen who, in the present day, for sheer love of the ribbons, put four-horse coaches on the road, and drive themselves. I defy any political economist to show that they are doing harm. Since the first of July my gate has been passed by a coach from Reading to Windsor, driven by Mr. Carleton Blyth, an admirable whip ; and the advent of that coach has stimulated the intellect of all the rustics along the road. I think a large portion of modern stolidity among the rural population is due to the railways, which are simply unintelligible. A horse in a cart is clear enough : but why should that hissing, screaming thing drag a lot of carriages behind it ? Moreover, it runs between cuttings, and through tunnels, and stops nowhere for a glass of beer ; whereas the stage coach is familiar and friendly, and the coachman, instead of being blackened by smoke, is as trim as a new pin, with a rose in his buttonhole, and an oath for the ostlers, and a gay smile for the barmaid—and the music of the guard’s horn is a great improvement on the steam whistle. I am glad to see the stage coach revival : it is better than any revival which involves cant and must end in reaction.

Peacock has led me into desultory remarks ; but what are you to do when dealing with a desultory author ? His next work was “Nightmare Abbey,” published in 1818. In this he pleasantly chaffed his friend Shelley, who was amused with his banter. Well he might be. The weaknesses of a poet are fair game for his friends ; and it is a healthful thing for him to have friends of both sexes who will laugh at them.

For when a man's imagination is on fire, when his soul is shot into the infinite heights of the empyrean, you cannot expect him to take worldly matters in a logical way. I can understand why great poets like Byron and Shelley did not get unmercifully chaffed : it seemed a profanation. But what a world of good it would have done them both ! Peacock was the only man who could make wholesome friendly fun of his two immortal friends.

Shelley is the Scythrop of "Nightmare Abbey," in which Byron appears, very briefly, as Mr. Cypress. Scythrop falls in love with two ladies, Marionetta and Stella, an amusing revival of Captain Macheath's situation. When Scythrop makes up his mind to commit suicide at twenty-five minutes past seven on a Thursday evening, unless his father returns with one of the two ladies—and when his father returns without either of them, but with affectionate notes from both to say they are engaged to somebody else—what happens? Simply that Scythrop, instead of suicide, takes a bottle of Madeira. This of course is a caricature of Shelley, whose excitable brain a bottle of Madeira would have maddened. He drank no wine ; and he was wise therein. Wordsworth also drank no wine, and was therein foolish. A little wine would have vastly improved his poetry. But Shelley had the effervescent, ebullient, Wilfrid Lawson style of brain, which requires abstinence to retain sanity. In connexion with this amusing skit upon Shelley in "Nightmare Abbey," the reader should look at Peacock's reminiscences of the poet. They went up the Thames together as far as Lechlade. Shelley was living on tea and bread and butter and seidlitz powders—splendid diet for a boating man ! Of course he got ill, and consulted a doctor. The doctor did him no apparent good. Thereupon Peacock prescribed three mutton chops with plenty of pepper, and the poet grew well at once, and got merrily through his journey.* Nothing is said of ale ; but I hope the author of "The Sensitive Plant" was induced to take an honest tankard on the Thames. Peacock had undoubtedly a remarkable influence over Shelley, so far as it went ; his robust sense and fine humour would have been of immense value to the *poeta poetarum*, if their intimacy had been more continuous. Peacock's memoirs of Shelley deserve to be carefully read.

In 1822 "Maid Marian" appeared. This is a charming bit of silvan romance, quite in the vein of "As You Like It ;" and is an English idyl in the manner of Theocritus. That mythic hero Robin Hood appears in quite as pleasant a form as he does in Sir Walter's "Ivanhoe ;" but Peacock has no realism, and his dwellers in the free forest seem to break no commandment when they do a little merry robbery. It is

* Works of Thomas Love Peacock, Vol. iii., pp. 422, 423.

quite a poetic incident to be stripped of your coin by Robin Hood, and regaled with the king's venison and the nearest abbey's malvoisie thereafter. In all Peacock's stories, the idyllic haze, the idealizing power, is manifest: and readers who have been educated by modern realistic novelists would scarcely understand his unique method. "The Misfortunes of Elphin," published in 1829, is always likely to be the least read of Peacock's works, being full of Welsh triads and ballads, for which the ignorant Saxon has slight admiration. I fancy, however, that "The War Song of Dinas Vawr" is not precisely a translation from the ancient British tongue:

"The mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter,—
We therefore deemed it meet
To carry off the latter.
We made an expedition;
We met an host, and quelled it:
We forced a strong position,
And killed the men who held it."

This, I imagine, would be considered true poetry by Prince Bismarck.

In 1831 appeared "Crotchet Castle," whereof the Rev. Dr. Folliott, a noble old Tory rector, is the undoubted hero. Thirty years passed before the delightful series ended with "Gryll Grange," which many readers will doubtless remember in the pages of *Fraser*. Just as "Lothair" is merely Mr. Disraeli's "Young Duke" recast, and not quite so good in its changed form, so in "Gryll Grange" we have "Crotchet Castle" and "Melincourt" revived, but in some respects improved. Dr. Opimian is Dr. Folliott in finer form; Mr. Falconer is Mr. Forester in a new phase. The old stage is trodden by the old actors; three more decades have added grace to the master hand, yet in no way lessened the poetic power. "Gryll Grange," written at seventy-five, is, I am disposed to think, a fine proof of the theory that the brain continues to increase in power when other of the faculties of men necessarily decline. It is Peacock's best work, without a doubt; and his sketch of the Homeric bachelor in his tower, with seven chaste sisters to minister to him and supply him with good dinners and choice music, is quite in the spirit of the "Odyssey." Mrs. Crawshay, of Cyfarthfa Castle, should have the episode of Nausicaa, princess-laundress, and the description of "The Duke's Folly" in "Gryll Grange," regularly read by her lady-servitresses.

Some of Peacock's best verse is in "Gryll Grange;" specially may be noted "Love and Age," which everybody knows by heart. Less known is "A New Order of Chivalry," which commences thus:

"Sir Moses, Sir Aaron, Sir Jamramajee,
Two Stock-jobbing Jews, and a shroffing Parsee,
Have girt on the armour of old Chivalrie,
And, instead of the Red Cross, have hoisted Balls Three."

Peacock was nominally a Liberal in politics, I believe; but his works are a very fine example of that high intellectual Toryism which we find to perfection in Aristophanes, in Catullus, in Coleridge. It is the aristocracy of thought, the pure patrician instinct. The man who has it *cannot* be misled by any of the political shams of the day. His idea of life is not progress; his idea of death is not—the next world. To such a thinker progress is a baby farce, meant to amuse the men of trivial brain: to such a thinker there is, as Coleridge says, "no world "to come," for that which fools so call is here, and we dwell in it now. Men cling to space and time when God offers them infinity and eternity. Some of our "scientists," to use their own barbarism, are positively angry because it is suggested that they may have immortal souls. I heartily wish I could believe they had not. However, I know that towards them I must exercise an irresistible power of repulsion; and, when I shuffle off this mortal coil, I hope to find myself among the good old-fashioned Tories by intuition, with Homer in the chair, ready to roll off in sonorous dactyls more stories of gods and goddesses, of men and women—with Aristophanes in a more musical mood than Mr. Browning can conceive—with Coleridge eager to chant the unwritten, oft-imagined end of "Christabel,"—and with Peacock prepared to tell a new story of crotchets and nightmares, of poetry and love.





MAKERS AND BREAKERS OF INTERNATIONAL LAW.

BY JOHN C. PAGET,

AUTHOR OF "NAVAL POWERS AND THEIR POLICY," ETC.

NONE of the worst effects of the break-up of the old European concert between the five Powers, has been the manufacture of new principles of "international law" (so called) to suit the political convenience of the dominant powers for the time being. At present Russia and Prussia can do pretty much as they like; but even a redistribution of political power such as that of 1866 or of 1870 could hardly do more to damage the political independence of the smaller states than some of the ideas which find favour with modern thinkers. The protectorate which Louis Napoleon claimed for France over the Latin races is now succeeded by the notion of Teutonic supremacy wherever the German tongue is spoken. Both ideas are equally fatal to national independence. Nice and Savoy, Alsace and Lorraine, all are gone—whose turn next? Lord Penzance has done good service in calling attention to the recent action of the Berlin cabinet in reference to Belgium and the ridiculous Duchesne affair. In a dispatch sent from the German Government on the 3rd February last, the following passage occurs:—

"They are incontestable principles of International Law that a State ought not to permit its subjects to disturb the internal peace of another State, and is bound to take care by its laws that it is in a position to fulfil this international obligation."

Now, of course, if no notice were taken of this proposition, all future discussion would be silenced by the remark that the principle, when first laid down, had passed uncontested. Lord Penzance is quite right in saying that the principle here laid down is "novel, erroneous, mischievous, and likely to become dangerous." It is important to notice that what was complained of at the time of the Duchesne affair, which gave rise to this correspondence, was no attempt to disturb the peace in Prussia, but simply that things were *said* in Belgium which

might have a disturbing effect in Prussia. If the Government of any state object to certain publications, they have the remedy, as Lord Penzance says, in their own hands: they can prevent such publications from entering their territory. But the effect of the proposed law would be to put down the free expression of opinion all over Europe. No criticism, even of the most high-and-dry, speculative, and political description, which happened to clash with the ideas of the Chancellor of the German Empire, would be tolerated in the European press; whilst public meetings, at which a certain amount of enthusiasm in the form of "loud cheers" is easily generated, would be quoted, and we may be sure will be quoted, as instances of ill-feeling to Germany.

If the principle of the German dispatch be accepted, it is important to remember that it will rest with one or two powers to determine what constitutes an attempt to disturb the internal peace of any country. No remonstrance of the kind will proceed from England; we achieved our liberty too many centuries ago to rest our "internal peace" upon such a miserable expedient as that of attempting to stifle freedom of opinion in foreign countries. Many years must elapse before France emerges from the state of political seclusion in which she now hides her head; a position in which she willingly submits to insult upon insult rather than be driven into war with the half-organised armed mob which does duty for a French army. Austria—all honour to Francis Joseph and Beust that it should be so—is at last a free country, with parliamentary government and liberty of speech and writing; for which offences she is treated to endless lectures, occasionally varied with sneers, from Berlin. The smaller states, who set a good example to the huge military governments which surround them, are also free countries; the Scandinavian powers, Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland, are all in the enjoyment of perfect freedom.

From Russia and Prussia, then, and from them only, may we expect "friendly remonstrances," if in the future some drunken working man should indulge in pothouse threats *à la Duchesne*. Lord Derby's reply to Lord Penzance's powerful remarks was characteristic of the man, of the government, and of the age. It was a model of the art of parliamentary evasion.

The Secretary of State admits that if the proposition had been put, that "all acts committed by the subjects of one State which have a tendency, however indirect and remote, to cause disturbance in another State, ought to be forbidden," it would have been "monstrous and unreasonable." But he said the words complained of were so vague "and general, that they did not admit of judicial interpretation." Anything to keep the peace may be all very well, but there are limits to the

practice. Even the *Times*, which alone, amongst English journals, condescends to hold a brief for foreign tyrants, admits that if the German Government assumed the right of recommending changes in the municipal law of other nations, "there would be a certain degree "of arrogance" in their interference, and even suggests that a few words of remonstrance from Lord Derby "would not have been amiss." But the English minister who would boldly remonstrate against the state of slavery into which Europe is falling, is, we are afraid, not to be found either in the late or present Cabinet.

Any one who takes the most moderate interest in public affairs, and is possessed of the ordinary means of information now open to every educated person, must admit that it is a state of slavery indeed. And it is evidently the determination of the ruling powers to reduce it to a system. The idea of a Conference (which for the present is abandoned) to regulate the usages of war is another insidious attack upon the freedom of action of the smaller states. Their armies are of course very small; and to enforce universal military service in a country like Belgium, which is one great workshop, is to inflict a heavy fine upon an industrious and peaceable community. Even if enforced, such a law would not enable the smaller powers to make head for more than a few days against armies in millions. But it is undeniable that if when invaded the Government called, as it would, for a *levée en masse*, for a genuine national rising in fact, against the aggressor, the difficulties of that aggressor would begin. The people of Holland, for instance, would probably fight desperately under such circumstances. But if the St. Petersburg proposals were adopted, the people of any invaded country who exercised the right which Nature confers upon them of defending their homes would one and all be treated as pirates.

How necessary it is for England to keep a vigilant watch upon the process of international law-making is shown in the recent history of the Danubian Principalities. Russia, Germany, and Austria supported the claims of the Principalities, in an "Identic Note," to conclude commercial treaties with foreign powers without the consent of the Porte, whose tributaries they are. Of course, this is a step forward in the Eastern Question. It is a step tending to disintegrate the Ottoman Empire. It is puerile to view it otherwise. What the overthrow of that Empire would entail, no one needs to be told. If, for the sake of argument, we suppose Constantinople in the hands of Russia, without protest from this country, the very least we should be called upon to bear would be an immense increase in our naval and military estimates—an indefinite increase, in fact, as regards the former; complications of the gravest character with tens of millions of our Mussulman fellow-

subjects in India, who would see the head of their religion driven from his dominion without opposition on our part; a probable, indeed an inevitable, occupation of Egypt; in short, a whole crop of public questions, compared to which all those now before the public are insignificant. It is obviously our interest, therefore, to see that the Eastern Question does not come upon us unawares; and particularly that nothing be done to precipitate a crisis without our full knowledge and consent.

Another evil effect of the destruction of the Balance of Power is the total want of respect for the sanctity of treaties in modern Europe. Here also it is Russia and Prussia who are the lawbreakers. Forty-eight hours after the capitulation of Metz, as soon, in fact, as the news was known in St. Petersburg, Prince Gortschakoff undid by a stroke of his pen one of the most important results of the Russian war—one which ensured the neutralization of the Black Sea to the navies of the world. When reminded of treaty obligations, he refused to discuss that part of the question. Prussia by the Treaty of Prague is bound to submit the question of allegiance to herself or to Denmark to the free vote of the inhabitants of North Sleswick. Prince Bismarck, however, has allowed nine years to elapse, and nothing has been done to carry out the stipulations of the treaty. "Public opinion" in Germany is sometimes the plea advanced for this gross breach of faith towards a weak neighbour. As far as anything definite can be said of a public opinion which is influenced by a semi-official press, and generally has a remarkable tendency to agree with everything and anything advanced by the Government, it would seem to be in accordance with Arndt's remarkable song about the German Fatherland. If the ideas contained in that poem are ever carried out, Europe will practically disappear.

Under these circumstances, much depends upon the course which Mr. Disraeli's Government may pursue. It is their plain duty at once to reorganize the national forces, and to abolish the antiquated, clumsy, and inefficient military system of England. But a "new model" of this description will be a work of time; and taking it for granted that Mr. Hardy will be compelled by sheer force of circumstances to propose a change before very long, the question arises whether even with an army which could perhaps send fifty thousand men to Antwerp at a pinch, it is not possible to do something by diplomacy to avert the general redistribution of territory which three powerful empires, each able to place, in round numbers, a million of men in the field, may at any moment bring about.

The present Government do not appear to possess in any eminent degree the faculty of making up their minds. In domestic legislation

this irresolution has already had a very bad effect. In foreign affairs Lord Derby has done one great service to the country; he has upset the attempt to revise the usages of war for the present. The real question, however, is whether he and his colleagues have made any endeavour to forecast the immediate future of Europe. If they have not, if they are waiting to see what will "turn up," if even after some declaration of policy on the part of the great powers they are still found temporising and without definite views, "pumping the House for "a policy," appealing to public opinion for instruction instead of instructing it themselves, then we may certainly expect an evil time both for ourselves and for the states whose neutrality and independence we have guaranteed. And here it may be well to remark that there is such a thing amongst nations as political independence and political dependence. A country may not be occupied, or even threatened, by a hostile force, but of what value is this if no one, from the Sovereign downwards, dares to speak his mind upon any single subject remotely affecting a powerful neighbour; if the whole nation, Parliament, people, and press, be tongue-tied?

Lord Palmerston on one occasion took exception to the idea that a Government can never carry its point in diplomacy unless prepared to go to war to enforce it. This should be in the minds of our statesmen if tempted to despair of effecting anything against the masters of so many legions. No doubt when Lord Palmerston wrote the disproportion between our own and foreign armies was not so marked as at present. The remedy for our present weakness is in our own hands, if Englishmen will only submit to the necessary burden. The part which was played by our own Foreign Office in averting the danger which menaced Europe not long since has been exaggerated; so much so, that an idea is beginning to gain ground that we have recovered no small part of our old influence. This is ridiculous; but it is nevertheless highly probable that the mere knowledge that England and Russia had a certain community of object in preserving peace had a wholesome effect. The Government have lost credit of late by attempting great domestic reforms under the impression that they could be effected without annoying any powerful "interest." They have endeavoured to please everybody, and, illustrating the old fable, have pleased nobody. They will now, we trust, turn over a new leaf; and if in the conduct of our external relations they will only show vigilance and firmness, the country, which always has supported a vigorous policy at home and abroad in spite of outward indifference and occasional opposition (the latter directed rather against the manner than the matter of public acts), will easily forget and forgive the mistakes of a single session.



THE BATTLE OF THE STANDARD.

By WILLIAM ALFRED GIBBS,

AUTHOR OF "HAROLD ERLE," "ARLON GRANGE," "THE STORY OF A LIFE," ETC.

Part the Fourth.

The King's Dream and a Fire in London.

"**M**ARD, hard the task to soothe, persuade, restrain,
And patch up hollow truces 'twixt fierce men,
Unreasoning, obstinate, tenacious, dull,
Blind to all faults committed by themselves,
Deaf to all arguments except their own ;
A thankless, hopeless, most heart-weary task !"
Oft came at night such thoughts upon the King,
And fain he would have laid his sceptre down
And flung away his crown, but that a "Voice,"—
Rightly or wrongly,—whispered to his soul,
"Fair England's weal depends upon thine arm ;
Accept thy destiny ; faint not, oh King !"
And clearer, sweeter, as the night grew dark,
Rang out that voice with true and tender tone.
The voice of woman, his right-royal Queen,
Whose influence cheered all hearts and nerved all arms
Whene'er Distress or Danger raised their heads.
Yes, 'tis in woman's power still to bruise
The serpent's head, albeit with wounded heel ;
And 'tis her pride to set at nought all wounds
If by her love the loved one can be saved.
And with a love unbounded, measureless
She loved her kingly husband,—such a love
As One—the noblest Ladye of our land—
Bore to Her Own in these our later days.
Haughty by birth and nature, full of fire,
With grand ambitions kindling in her heart,
Yet love so blent with these, and softened down

Their native strength and quick impetuous force
That they but gave her a strange, lustrous grace
Like flame encased in alabaster vase ;
And the fair vase that held this inner flame
Was perfect as the subtlest Grecian art
Had e'er created or could e'er create ;
What wonder then that Stephen thought his Queen
His guardian angel sent by Heaven's grace ?
What wonder that fierce Barons ceased their strife
Whilst she was near, in hall or tented field ?
For oft in tented field that Ladye bright
Companioned her liege lord with fearless heart ;
Aye, oft with him had crossed the stormy seas,
And sate with him in council with his peers
Who else had been as stormy as the seas.
'Twas night in ancient London ; curfew bells
Had tolled the knell of fire ;—blind Darkness rode
Upon his grim black horse through all the streets
Save where priest's taper by a sick man's couch
Glimmered from deep-set casement ; or a torch,
Borne by a warder, shot a passing ray.
But hark ! a trumpet, and the tramp of horse !
From out the Tower gates a cavalcade
Rides forth torch-lighted, wending to Saint Paul's :
As they approach, far-reaching radiance gleams
From the vast windows and wide-opened doors,
And following, as wakened by the light,
The pealing Anthem's voice came rolling forth,
Filling the vacant darkness ;—then the chaunt
Of Miserere Domine rose high
With plaintive tones, appealing to High Heaven
For pity and for pardon for the earth.
'Twas the King's vesper mass ere setting forth
To conquer or be conquered by the Scot.
A grand array of nobles, knights, and monks,
Ladies and pages, archers, men-at-arms
Were gathered 'neath the ancient Gothic roof
With thoughts and prayers as varied as their garb.
The Queen with wordless yearnings for the weal
And safety of the idol of her heart,
Knelt, soul-absorbed, before the holy shrine :
" Ambition " prayed for power or revenge,—



"Love" whispered to her saint her brave knight's name,
With blush on cheek and downcast tearful eye,—
While he, with bated breath, repeated hers,
And called Heaven's witness to his constancy.
The solemn priests, with half-mechanical
Soul-weary repetition, muttered prayers ;
But Stephen's rose—albeit in warrior's phrase—
Straight from the King, unto the King of kings :
"Oh, God of Battles, and great Lord of Hosts,
If that my reign be good for England's weal,
Strengthen mine arm, and sternly string my heart,
That it may bend all wills like stubborn bows
To one great aim—their country. Teach the King
How to subdue the factious, soothe the fierce,
Restrain oppression, and protect the weak ;
How to give unity of thought and deed
To all my headstrong nobles, and maintain
Peace in the camp and courage in the field.
I crave not life for life itself, Great Lord,
But to fulfil my devoir like a King ;
If in Thy high decree I must pass hence,
Now in the hour of this my manhood's prime,
I bow me humbly. Save for her, my Queen,
I could pass gaily thro' the gates of death ;
For her, I fain would live ; yet not for her
Would I outlive mine honour for an hour
For living thus, I should outlive her love,—
That love so deep, so fervent ;—oh, great Lord,
In mercy grant our oft-repeated prayers
That we may pass together from this world !
Vengeance is Thine ; strengthen my warrior sons,
That if we fall, they shall avenge our fall.
Whate'er our fate or theirs, Great God preserve
Our noble England ! Oh that I might see
What fate awaits her in the coming years !"
E'en as he spake, the monks commenced their chaunt,
And on the clouds of sound his soul went forth
And hovered down the coming centuries.
It passed from Paul's to Canterbury's shrine,
And saw relentless, coward murderers
Strike down and slay an old defenceless man ;
And watching still, he marked a haughty King

In penance scourged by monks before that shrine.
It floated o'er the ocean, and away
To gorgeous Palestine, and there beheld
The grandest warrior of the Norman race
In combat with the swarthy Saracen
Do deeds of valour, wellnigh fabulous ;
Thence it returned to Runnymede's fair field,
Where sate crowned Craft, outwitted and o'ermatched,
Surrounded by fierce Barons in strange arms,
With angry brows, and hands on half-drawn swords—
It saw the baffled monarch seize and sign
And thrust aside the parchment with an oath.
Then many warrior kings went sternly by
With varied fortunes—reigned, and fought, and died ;
Thus each in warrior-fashion building up
The fame of England's courage and renown—
Climaxed by one, who with a dauntless band
Broke thro' o'erwhelming powers of countless hosts
And reigned in France and England, Lord of both.
But like a brilliant meteor this one passed ;
And then dread sights and sounds of civil war
Raged with mad Passion's whirlwind thro' the land
And left it bleeding, torn, and desolate.
A calm succeeded,—an exhausted calm ;
Till, by bright glare of triumph blinded, dazed
A sensual tyrant plunged to lust thro' blood.
A short sweet strain like to a choral chaunt,
Rang like a requiem at the tyrant's death ;
But soon, alas ! came tyranny once more
Spurred into madness by the bigot's rage,
And tongues of fire told the cowering world
And list'ning Heavens of the "martyr's" faith !
Now, like the fabled bird, from out those flames
Rose England to her zenith—sternly strong.
A brave imperious Queen, with royal pride,
Curbed and controlled the factions of the State,—
Held passions like fierce bloodhounds in the leash,—
Roused and encouraged noble enterprize,—
And rode, like Una, on the Lion-Realm.
Her dauntless sailors battled with the waves
And, aided by the winds, beat bravely back
The dread invasion from her threat'ned shores ;

Her soldiers carried conquest on their swords ;
Chivalric courage graced the tented field—
Wisdom—the council ; reverence—the throne.
But high above all powers of court and camp
“ Genius ” arose—and with its magic wand
Summoned up spirits from the wondrous Past,
Broke the else deathlike silence of the tomb,
Embodied forth the forms of things unknown,
Illumined hearts, gave tongues of fire and flame
To deeds heroic and to noblest thoughts,
And cast this splendid glamour of bright light
Far o’er the waters of the coming days !
Then blew a chill wind from the icy North
And froze the land to sluggish apathy.
Imperious Weakness followed, wak’ning Strife
To rugged bold resistance ; men grew fierce,
And banded ’gainst each other,—warring wide,—
Until the luckless, faithless, royal cause
Of this great desolation, bowed his head
Beneath the headsman’s axe ; then slowly rose
The grim Dictator, who with iron hand
Fought for fair “ Liberty,” and won her well—
But, in the very hour of victory,
Stabbed her—like Iphigenia—to the heart.
Yet England stood erect in his stern strength
And made the nations tremble at his word.
Death touched the despot, and the iron grip
Released its hold ; but in that hour down fell
The honour and the power of the land.
“ Debauch ”—that shallow mockery of “ Joy ”—
Ran riot with wild tipsy revelry ;
Corrupted courtiers and worse courtezans,
Having no honour of their own to sell,
Betrayed their country’s, for a paltry bribe ;
Lords of misrule reigned high above the King
Who played but silly antics on his throne
And grinned, with shallow jests, beneath his crown.
King Jester died ; and gloomy Bigotry
Was quietly disrowned, and driven forth
To play at persecution in strange lands ;—
Whilst brave, calm Wisdom reigned, and held its own
Despite proud France and wide-leagued Germany.

Then the long vision of the Kings and Queens
Began to lose distinctness,—broader grew
And clearer in the foreground came and went
Shadows of statesmen, potent warriors,—
And mystic Powers spreading tho' the earth
Rising in air and speeding o'er the seas.
Strange lights, like million stars, illumed the night
Through cities that had slowly far outstretched
Their lines of palaces mile beyond mile
Into the erst-while quiet country fields.
The roar of traffic on ten thousand wheels
Rolled with a heavy soul-bewildering noise
Scarce ceasing night or day; whilst here and there
Swift-darting, monstrous dragons with red eyes
Belching forth fiery vapours rushed at speed
Crashing with hideous and discordant screams
Over the roofs of houses, swimming streams
And plunging headlong into blackest caves
With yells of anguish at approaching doom.
Where vast primeval forests once had grown,
There 'neath a black funereal canopy
Flame held its lurid carnival of Fire;
Swart sons of Tubal-Cain and Vulcan smote
With huge Titanic hammers on a mass
Of blinding red-hot iron, till the sparks
Fell thick and far and wide in fiery rain
Then, by some subtle demon wielded, wrought
The shapeless mass assumed a monstrous form
Of vast proportions; by a touch uplift
And placed in an embrasure, lo! the Form
Sent forth such dreadful thunder, with a blaze
Of lightning so appalling, that the King—
E'en in the spirit—shuddered; then he saw
That a huge thunderbolt had issued forth
From that strange Form, and hurtling thro' the air
Had struck upon a vast Leviathan
Half whale, half ship, with iron coat of mail
Slow floating, like an island, far away:
Then back replied the black Leviathan
With blinding flash, soon followed by the roar
Of the ear-splitting thunder; crash on crash,
Fast, fierce, and furious raged the horrid war,—

For this, was "Battle" in the days to come !
Meanwhile another lightning, silent, swift
Carried man's lightest words, most trivial thoughts,
Over the mountains, down thro' ocean's depths
From land to land, thus girdling the whole earth
With fairy rings of knowledge. High in air
Floated dark globes wind-driven, swift as wind,
From which a pendant, like a cockle-shell,
Seemed to contain some creatures like to men
But dwarfed and dwindled into moving specks.
Then the King's spirit, wearied of its quest,
Returned to seek the body. Stephen rose
To hear the last tone of the solemn chaunt—
Whose first had freed his spirit for its flight.
Huge waxen candles borne out to the night
And flaring torches casting light and shade,
Revealed the ancient city as it slept ;
With that strange dream still hov'ring in his brain,
How shrunken, weird, and wild that city looked !
Scarce knew the King if now he dreamed or then ;
Strange seemed its wooden houses, rudely carved,
Its quaint devices, swinging to and fro
On rusty hinges, skirling at the wind ;
How mean and dark and narrow were the streets
Through which wound forth the white and black-hood monks,
And hierarchs, in vestments red and gold,
Incense and relic bearers, crosiers, cross
And all the gorgeous priestly panoply.
But when the bright lights flashed on coats of mail,
On polished corselet and well-burnished helm,
On lance and banner, battleaxe and sword ;
Then the King's blood came back with a great bound,
Again he knew himself a warrior pledged
To guard a kingdom, or to lose a crown.
Not his the mind to give the rein to dream ;
He thought in visions, but he lived in acts.
Mounting their palfreys, Stephen and his Queen,
Attended by their knights, rode slowly back
And vanished thro' the Tower's gloomy gates
Like spectres ; and black Darkness reigned supreme.

Yet once again on that eventful night

Fierce Fire unfurled his banner of revolt
But cunningly he came, by covert ways ;
First in a low, mean house, where brawling knaves
Down in a cellar gambled, drank and fought ;
The o'eturned lantern fell on heaped-up straw,
And Fire, like a demon loosed from hell,
Sprang from the earth with crackling laughter wild ;
Uprushing thence, it chased the drunken rogues
Through door and casement out into the street,
And then burst through with aye-increasing pow'r
Floor after floor, until with pointed flames
It shot defiance at heaven thro' the roof.
Crash went the blazing timbers falling down
Into the greedy all-consuming maw
Of the destroying demon who, by food
Made still more ravenous, raged out and seized
Another and another house in turn
With ever-growing swiftmess ; soon the street
Was all ablaze,—from upper rooms outleapt
The flame resistless, till a dreadful arch—
A bridge of fire thrown from house to house—
Spanned o'er the narrow causeway and swept on
To right or left extending—as the wind
Veering and shifting wildly, lent its aid :
The King, uproused by warders, climbed a tower
From whence he best could mark the fiery path
Of this Destroyer, and from thence direct
How to head back and check its dreadful course.
Knights, archers, nobles, pages, men-at-arms
Moved by one common impulse, hurried forth
And in obedience to the King's command
Cleared round the Tower walls a vacant space ;
Then from the moat they formed long living chains
And sent the water out to meet its foe.
Like to a tiger baffled in its spring,
The demon crouched and fled another way,
And fiercer for the check it seemed to rage
Devouring all before it ;—then the King
In haste descending,—passed the word along
That all should follow him as best they might
By river up the stream to guard Saint Paul's ;
Out sped the Royal barge with King and knights,

And soon the darkling river seemed alive
With motley crews all straining at their oars ;
A race with fire !—a race with life and death !
Up thro' the narrow arches of the bridge
The sturdy oarsmen sent their boats at speed,
The Fire racing with them on the shore ;
Soon they outstripped their foe, and landing near
The grand cathedral plied axe, crow, and bar,
To clear a space around it ;—well they strove !
Shoulder to shoulder, King and commoner
Comrades in common danger !—well they strove !
And once again the hungry tiger reared
With flaming mane and blood-red open mouth,
Then slowly cowered back upon its path
Spurning the red-hot embers as it died.
Conquered ! subdued !—the grand cathedral saved !
But ah ! what sight of Desolation dawned
Upon King Stephen's eyes when chill grey Morn
Came creeping up the river clad in mist
To look at the disasters of the night !
Full twice three hundred houses burnt and wrecked—
Thousands of wretched creatures dispossessed
For ever from the homes they loved so well ;—
And many, with worse bitterness, who mourned
In hopeless grief for parent, child, or wife !
Sadly King Stephen strode adown the streets
Amid the ruins tow'rd the water-side,
Pond'ring half-dreamily if this might be
The first step tow'rd fulfilment of his dream—
If from these ashes there would now arise
The palaces he saw in that strange trance ?
Or was his Royal city thus destroyed
Because he had despised it ? Sore his heart
At this last thought, and hungrily it yearned
To see once more the quaint old houses safe
With all their happy inmates still unharmed.
Musing thus sadly, he regained his barge—
And then was roughly wakened to fresh grief ;
For lo ! the stealthy demon Fire had changed,
Protean-like, from tiger to a snake,
And crawled thro' smould'ring ashes to the bridge—
There, once again, sprung high into the air,

Tearing and roaring with its tongues of flame,
Destroying all before it as it passed.
The boatmen held the barge back with their oars
Lest the far-darting fiery shower should fall
And jeopardize the King,—but, on command,
They slowly, cautiously approached the scene
To seek and rescue those who clambered down
The slippery piers and trusted to the wave—
Rather than perish by the rushing fire.
A dread alternative!—the rushing stream
Devoured its victims swiftly!—but some few,
The hardier, stronger swimmers, stemmed the waves
And clinging to the barge were lifted in.
Not long the fight that puny man maintains
Against two fierce and raging elements—
His life is tossed like smoke into the air,
Or, like a bubble, on the water bursts!
And yet how long it seemed to the King,—
Resting thus uselessly upon the stream,—
Ere the vast timbers of the wooden bridge
Had burnt and burnt down to the water's edge.
Whilst watching sadly thus the strange mad war
Between the rivals—Fire seemed to gleam
With mocking faces and sharp crackling laugh
As though 'twould tell him—"Monarch as he was,
He had no power to punish or control
The fell Destroyer, by a clown let loose!"
But all things have an end: the Demon crawled
Down to the river's level and expired;
Whilst lurid smoke, obscuring Heaven's light,
Banished the morning and turned noon to night.
Late eventide,—the weary heart-sick King
Passed at much peril thro' the blackened piles,
And landed, sadly, at his Tower gate.
How sweet the love of woman,—when Distress
And fierce Disaster, like two caitiff knights,
Take us un'wares and strike us to our knees!
The gentle voice so softly musical,
The dove-like eyes still smiling thro' their tears,
The tender hand smoothing the fever'd brow,
And soothing with its cool and silken touch
The throbbing pulses and the o'erstrained nerve.

Oh ! such a love is like the sweet cool air
Of summer evening after sultry heats
Through which, half-maddened by the ceaseless glare,
We yet have fought our battles out like men ;
Or like a fountain in a dried-up land
Wherein we long have wandered parched with thirst ;
Or like the first glimpse of a lovely isle
To shipwrecked mariners when spent with toil ;
Or like a breath from Heav'n, in mercy sent,
To lift our fainting spirits from the dust !
And such a love found Stephen from his Queen !
All night, all day the Royal Ladye sent
Her trusty messengers to succour those
Whose need was sorest in those fearful hours ;
And many trembling children, orphaned maids,
Maimed men, and widowed mothers sought and found
Kind help and shelter in the dreaded Tower.
But now her one and all-absorbing aim
Was to console her weary heart-sore lord
With tender words and loving sympathy.
Thus Love and Sleep together worked their charm.
And drew their gentle spells around the King.
But she, next morning with the earliest dawn,
Companioned by her pages and her maids,
Herself went forth afoot to seek and save
Those who might else still perish in distress.
Yes ! like an angel, clad in spotless robe,
With brightly flashing diadem on brow,
That whoso looked on it might hope and live—
Thus, through black ruin, that made Earth seem Hell,
Passing with firm and fearless steps, she went—
Despite all dangers from the smould'ring fires
Or tott'ring beams still hanging high in air :
And freshly, like a messenger of hope,
Returned she to the Council-board at noon
With Sorrow changed to Gladness in her train.
Now this disaster, it was well foreseen,
Would but draw on the Northern dogs of war
To ravage still more fiercely ; hence the King,
Assigned his brother Winchester the task
Of rousing the burnt city from its swoon,
Whilst he and his stern warriors took the field.



THE PERSONIFICATION OF TOWNS.

BY THE REV. PHILIP HALE, B.A.

TO give life to common objects is the art of the poet. Guided by etymology, we find that in the very earliest ages he was recognised as the creator of the beings who exist in the world of imagination. We have a sacred example of a claim to this character in him who said, "I speak of the things which I *have made** unto the King." So marvellous were the combinations which the poetic mind constructed, and so highly appreciated, that the productions of the bard were, and still are, spoken of as the *creations* of genius. Philosophers have been greatly exercised to find out why some of these creatures of fancy are masculine and others feminine. We are not going to make extracts from Harris's "Hermes" or other learned books on the subject; and our readers would be inclined to desert us if we proposed to solve the question, Why the sun should be masculine and the moon feminine? on the "nature of things." A champion of Women's Rights would cut the discourse very short; and no better solution than hers could perhaps be found. The first poets were men, she would say, and they regulated the sex of the inhabitants of the world of fancy, as Brigham Young spells, according to their own sovereign will and despotic power. True, Sappho sang long before Mrs. Hemans and Elizabeth Barrett Browning established their rights in the realm of fancy; and if Women's Rights, in their best acceptation, were based only on the fertility of their imagination and sweetness of expression, they could not have a more brilliant justification. But the first poets were men; and, in their vanity, all that was strong and wonderful and imposing, and all that was cruel, adds the fair advocate, they dignified with masculine attributes; whilst—and this should be put to their credit by the strong-minded sisterhood—with excellent good taste and feeling they personified as goddesses, and queens, and maidens, all that was beautiful, and gracious, and winning. The fancies of the poets were accepted as rigid rules, as any young gentleman may soon ascertain

* ποιητής a maker, from ποιεῖν to make.

if he will venture to make *sol* neuter in his Latin exercise, or any little girl if she is anxious to hear what her French teacher will say if she writes *le lune*. Springing from such a fitful source as the visions of poets, this usage is not invariably uniform. The Roman *patria* and the German *Vaterland* are instances. The love of country with the former is the tender devotion of a son to his mother; with the latter it is the unflinching obedience of a son to his father. Almost all the famous cities of antiquity have been personified as feminine; and metropolis, mother-city, is a title of courtesy given to some modern ones to which such a beatification has been impossible. For a short time, indeed, Londinium was *Augusta Trinobantum*, but the queenly robe never seemed natural; and when the Romans left, the disguise was dropped. The lively imagination of M. Theophile Gautier could make but little poetry out of him; and put him in an attitude which the most matter-of-fact Cockneys might well resent. *Londres a les bras plongés jusqu'aux coudes dans son fleuve*. If this idea were embodied in a cartoon, we do not think the moral effect on Londoners would be very good. They might become reconciled to the situation; whereas all poetic fancies ought to be elevating and refining. Coleridge said,—

“The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash your city of Cologne.
But tell me, nymphs, what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?”

And if *Le Londres* washes in his river, it may be possible to ask the same question about Father Thames. Probably the Embankment will help him.

Babylon claimed to “be a lady for ever,” and her claim was allowed, although her hopes were solemnly condemned.

Athens, Rome, and Paris (*Lutetia Parisiorum*), were beautiful abstractions to the poets, and realities of which citizens were proud. Beauty of situation and elegance of buildings are no doubt the secret of the personification of which we are treating. The charm of a beautiful home—and a cottage may be beautiful—is very strong; and the beautiful capital very easily assumes, in the eye of the citizen, the endearing attributes of the chief—in one sense—figure in his home. Poets create the image, and teach the beholder to see and feel its beauty. Investing cities with feminine attributes is one of their prettiest fancies; and it is not only sentimental, but very practical. It gives shape to citizenship, which is patriotism on a small scale. Thus in the late Franco-German war the capture of the “Virgin Metz” was widely resented, not only as a national but as a personal indignity. That the foot of the invader

should be allowed by a French army to tread the streets of the maiden city, was a misfortune which Frenchmen regarded as a violation of vestal vows,—the imagery greatly intensifying their anger. We must cheat ourselves into the love of inanimate objects by giving them the attributes of life. What Longfellow says about stars and flowers applies with tenfold power to the stately buildings of a town, or the walls associated with the memories of home.

“And the Poet, faithful and far-seeing,
Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part
Of the selfsame universal being
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.”

For the finest examples of personification of countries and towns, we must go to Byron. The first nineteen stanzas of the fourth canto of “*Childe Harold*” afford an instance with regard to Venice. The idea of Rome, stanzas lxxviii.-ix., is perfect,—

“O Rome ! my country ! city of the soul !
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires !
* * * * *
The Niobe of nations ! there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe ;
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago.”
* * * * *

Byron's love of Greece was a passion ; and his glowing verses in admiration of her daughter-cities were no unimportant element in the War of Independence. To many a Grecian heart must the words have gone home ; and to many a Grecian cheek must the blush of shame have been called by the apostrophe,

“Ancient of days ! august Athena ! where,
Where are thy men of might, thy grand in soul ?
Gone glimmering through the dreams of things that were :
First in the race that led to Glory's goal,
They won, and passed away.”

But this reminds us of the magnificent passage in the “*Paradise Regained*,” Book IV., which is classic as the Elgin Marbles themselves :

“Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits,
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or suburb, studious walks and shades.
See there the olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long.”

"The eye of Greece" is perhaps the only incongruity in the personification which the severest criticism could detect.

Idealized England would, in this poetic vision, be the imperial home of many sisters, dwelling apart; of every grade of social rank, every shade of beauty, and some, it must be confessed, intolerably ugly; and filling up every place in the long scale between luxury and squalid poverty. Queenly cities like Bath, sitting in easy dignity in the centre of an amphitheatre of stately buildings, or enthroned on hills, like Lincoln, to receive the homage of the neighbourhood; some, like Durham, wear a cathedral as a coronet, and some a girdle of ancient colleges, *alma matres*, for the whole family; and some are merchant princesses whose palaces are warehouses, whose crowns are of gold, but whose sceptres are rods of iron. But besides these imperial dames of fashion, learning, and commerce, there are other petty queens like the minor states of Germany, each grand enough to win the respect of rustics; and mighty particular, I assure you, as to the etiquette of the Town Council.

For long years the relative position of these sisters remained with scarcely any alteration. The revels of the courtly city seemed stereotyped; the universities and schools kept to their routine; the crowns of gold on the heads of the trading queens became heavier, and were studded with jewels, whilst at the same time the rods of iron crushed their poor slaves with greater grinding power. The factory towns were hard step-mothers. Work and sleep were the beats of the pendulum of factory life; and the towns became filthy as the masters grew wealthy. When poets did idealize them, it was in indignant odes to rich slatterns. Indeed, the vices of factory towns unsexed them to the eye of Taste.

"The sound of feet
Has died away from the empty street;
And like an artisan, bending down
His head on his anvil, the dark town
Sleeps."

Here the poet makes the town masculine, and the workman a slave. Grasping avarice makes the curse of labour heavier than God intended it to be. The "anvil" is a hard pillow.

Perhaps no word more completely describes a country town in any rural district remote from factories or mines, forty years ago, than the word *comfortable*. So often described, it is not difficult to idealize her as a plump, well-dowered matron given to heavy hospitality and perennial whist, sitting at the head of her table. Readers can fill up the familiar figures in the group for themselves; but they must not forget some specimens of a class which since then has wholly

migrated to larger towns. Almost every country town had then its retired military or naval officer, its independent gentry, or its pensioned widows and spinsters dwelling amongst the townspeople. These were the salt of its society; but they have been drawn off to the large towns and watering-places. Their departure broke up an unrivalled convivial system. Dinners, teas, suppers, dances, followed each other with a regularity which all depended upon. The nights were gay, if the days were dull. Old inhabitants have always a contrast to draw between *now* and *then*. Since the coaching days, dullness has settled upon all places—and there are hundreds—which are not within the magic railway circle. M. Edmond About's description of *La Folie Ville de Frauenbourg* applies to many a market-town in England. "The streets seem large, because almost deserted. The life of the inhabitants —of those at least whom one sees—appears to be quiet, restful, and contented. . . . These supremely happy people have the perpetual right to put off till to-morrow what they could do to-day; as a proof of which they will idle an hour away to watch for the omnibus. In summer, the doorways are filled with figures, portly from inactivity, half-enlivened by eyes almost shut, like lamps of which we have lowered the wicks to spare the oil. In winter, the same figures stand at the windows flattening their honest and benevolent noses against the pane. Happy people! They have a right to go to bed at nine o'clock, for they have no theatre, and only give four balls in two years. They rise with the sun, they drink genuine milk from a real cow, and are not compelled to go out when it rains, nor to read *La Patrie* in the evening, nor to bow beneath the yoke of their dull porter." Such the impending doom of a railway-forsaken town! The independent people drawn off, dullness prevails; by night no longer are seen the lighted windows, tokens of festivity within; by day the leisurely tradesman lurks half his time in his back parlour; and a solitary saddler stitches in his window as if he were making provision for an unborn colt; schools dwindle, the workhouse fills, and only compound parsimony can exist. In one such town, of 7,000 inhabitants, the writer counted sixty good houses to let, a very few years after a line had connected two neighbouring towns; but ten years after, when a competing line had reached them, not a vacant residence could be found. A wiseacre once remarked that he was struck with admiration when he observed the beautiful arrangement by which the finest rivers were made to flow by the largest towns; and if he were alive now, he would perhaps be struck with equal astonishment that any thriving town could persuade itself to divert the new iron-bound stream of commerce as far as possible. Yet so it was in some cases. When the Iron King first made his advances amongst

our lady-towns, his reception was various. Some, indeed, jumped at his offers; others were coy in spite of their experience. Robbed of *all* their coaches! Nonsense! That was quite impossible. Why, they had their thirty, their sixty, some their hundred coaches passing through the town daily, each a little rivulet of wealth trickling incessantly into every pocket! He was a deceiver to tell them these could be cut off, and that then they would be left high and dry away from his new-fangled canal of traffic, and by-and-by be glad to speculate in shares on other lines, like the people who take rent for distant fountains whilst they are parched at home.

And it sometimes happens with towns, as it has happened to ladies, that they have repented their hardness of heart too late. The neighbour town on the one side has accepted the rejected lover; and a second suitor, dreading a refusal, fixes his affections on an untried maiden-village, which accepts him, and flourishes. Thus she who had competing lines at her feet is isolated for ever: "shunted" into a social siding, whilst the world goes by on each side—express. To adopt the beautiful image of Byron, referred to above, she stands

"The Niobe of towns."

Then Niobe, bereft of her hundred four-in-hand coaches, takes to a one-horse-shay, and trots meekly to the station seven miles off. And Niobe weeps for her children; for her pleasant spinsters who have gone to Bath; for her gallant old bachelors who have taken to club-life in London; for her sturdy boys whom Apollo has carried off to the public schools; and for her retired tradesmen whom Artemis has wheedled away into distant regions of gentility. And Niobe weeps for the Thespians who have forsaken her, and for the Lecturers who cannot get their travelling expenses out of her. So Niobe's temper is a little spoiled; and she fusses over little things to the neglect of some of the weightier matters of life. But Niobe goes to church, and dearly loves a high pew: it is her last memento of the good old days.

The maxim is perhaps as true in social as in military affairs, "Keep open communication with your base." The base of the village is the market-town; the base of the market-town, the county-town; and the county-town rests upon the metropolis. Wherever this is interrupted, feebleness comes over the excommunicated member of the system, and its heart is also deprived of so much of its supplies. The highways of commerce are also the highways of intelligence; and when one of Pickford's waggons goes lumbering along, I often speculate on the amount of mental capital it represents, and the rate of social interest which it pays. Those who have to do with rising towns at home, or in

the colonies, should remember this, not only for the sake of posterity, but as a healthy means of promoting present growth.

Venice is a notable instance of this; and Ruskin remarks of the fugitives from the sword of Attila who assembled with their wealth in a few shops at the Rialto: "They little thought, as they first drove the stakes into the sand, and strewed the ocean reeds for their rest, that their children were to be princes of that ocean, and their palaces its pride." They did their work well, those early colonists, never forgetting, even in their elementary work, the principles of beauty and the rules of art which their mother, Greece, had engrained into their life by precept and example. Nor was this true taste confined to their public buildings; it was also displayed in their houses; and hence, in another place, the same eloquent author says: "We may have that true domestic architecture, *the beginning of all other*, which does not disdain to treat with respect and thoughtfulness the small habitation as well as the large, and which invests with the dignity of contented manhood the narrowness of worldly circumstances." He tells us that "the most elaborate piece of architecture in Venice is a small house at the head of the Grand Canal, consisting of a ground floor, with two stories above, three windows in the first, and two in the second. Many of the most exquisite buildings are on the narrower canals, and of no larger dimensions."

A very useful manual for colonists and home-improvers might be made from Ruskin's writings. And this not simply from an artistic point of view. True taste has its moral and therefore social value. He who builds a house, honest in its design and true in its ornamentation, sets an example as well as erects a standard. Style in building is contagious, as a very limited experience must convince any one. Self-respect may not be lost before a man becomes the tenant of a sordid dwelling, but it cannot survive a long occupation. If the health even of the people is an admitted element in a nation's greatness, as the popular saying, which has all the usefulness of an epigram, although it does not answer its exact description, "*Sanitas sanitatum omniæ sanitas*," clearly assumes, then true ornamentation has its value in money: it diminishes the rates, and swells the national balance.

A town, therefore, of which its citizens were proud, a town to which a poet might without any incongruity address an ode, would be one which a statesman might delight to honour; and other towns feel compelled by the power of emulation to copy. It is a true test. Do you doubt it? Would the Town Council of Liverpool venture just now to offer a prize for the best poem on the Queen of the Mersey? Queen, indeed, as to her head and shoulders—crown of speculation, and robe woven of the

sails of the merchant fleets of all nations ; but round her knees a population whose degraded expression attracted the commiseration of the Shah of Persia : and look at her feet ! shod with wooden clogs stained with blood ! It is no ridiculous test. Idealization of a town pictures its moral character and its natural beauties. When the poet is silent, and the artist is grieved, there is much for citizens to do, and a wide field for the labour of unselfishness.





THE DREAD RECKONING;

A Story of 'Sebenty-one.

By EVELYN JERROLD.

CHAPTER XV.

THE LAST STRONGHOLD.

ASSAILED without cessation, without respite, by the Versailles, the bitterest among the Federal bands had taken refuge at Pere la Chaise. They had chosen death rather than survive the ruin of their hopes; they had struggled during the entire night,—one against ten at first—then one against a hundred. At last the *enceinte* of the cemetery was forced, and Vinoy's brigades flooded the necropolis, in the centre of which, surmounting a species of blockhouse, floated, rent and stained, the last red banner of the Commune. United by trenches and earthworks, the tombs might have afforded a solid and perhaps impregnable line of defence, had artillery and ammunition not been alike missing. But the last cannoniers had fallen, discharging their last shots at the moment when the sun rose on the vanquished assembled to die on this spot of sacred soil covering the ashes of their fathers.

It was eight o'clock in the morning.

A melancholy roll of drums was heard, and the chief of the handful of rebels, Claude Pibrac, appeared at one of the mouths of the blockhouse, bearing the flag of truce under which he had penetrated to the headquarters of the Versailles general.

"At discretion, and twenty-five minutes' respite," he cried, dismounting, and leaning against one of the useless cannons whose empty mouths were still turned towards the enemy, entrenched at a distance of two hundred yards.

"At discretion!" The words rang in every ear, the terrible *væ victis* of every civil war. And the fanatics feeling that the hour had come to die for the faith sworn, arms in hand rose, and with one voice sent forth the cry of defiance and despair—

"Vive la Commune!"

"Call over the roll, citizens," said Claude; "and count the cartridges."

And with folded arms he contemplated the maimed, the hopeless, the dying, calm as himself, and expecting his fate.

A voice cried,

"Four hundred men, all told; one hundred and sixty wounded; one thousand two hundred cartridges."

"Two hundred and forty combatants;—five cartridges a man."

And then, looking at his watch, Claude added,

"In a quarter of an hour the Versailles will be here. Let every citizen prepare to die well."

They were resigned to die, having done their best to conquer. Ex-tenuated by eight days' hand-to-hand battle, dripping with the rain of the past night, cadaverous, unkempt, unshaven, in their long maroon, iron-grey, or thick green capotes, the Federals looked like some foreign legion that had toiled through Europe, sacking a city, fighting a battle at every march. Silently, with the cold-blooded method of veterans, the workmen soldiers, the raw boys from counter and atelier, made ready for the final combat. The most grievously wounded were transported to the mortuary chapels comprised within the lines of the defence; those whom suffering had not utterly incapacitated crouched in serried lines in the trenches of the poor improvised citadel, while the two hundred and forty valid men assembled silently around their chief, and with unflinching eyes, with lips set resolutely, awaited the enemy—workmen, Frenchmen like themselves.

"Halte là! Qui vive?"

There was no answer to the sentinel's injunction, and Claude walked rapidly forward to meet a weary travel-stained group, the remnants of the column that Parville had joined during the night.

Etienne met his father calmly.

"We met the enemy at the Place de la Bastille," he said simply; "these are all that escaped. We have been crawling between the tomb-stones during four hours, unseen by their sentinels."

"The Citoyenne asks to see the Commandant," said a soldier, addressing himself to Claude.

"Ah, I forgot, my lad: Diane is here—yonder. Will you come with me?"

In a little chapel decked with images and immortelles, erected over the tomb of some Paris bourgeois, lay Diane Lenoir, on a rough bed of soldiers' coats and knapsacks. She had struggled to the last at the old chiffonnier's side. Her voice, her face, her example had animated the

most desperate centres of resistance. Young captains of Gallifet's cavalry who had applauded her from the stalls two years ago, now cursed the impassioned gestures, the moving tones, the kindling eyes. The hands that had held opera-glasses, levelled pistols; the voices that had cried "Diva," shouted "Pétroleuse." And when one frail barricade had been overturned by the Versaillais, field-pieces, in the assault that had ensued a sub-lieutenant fresh from Saint Cyr struck at her savagely with his sabre, and bleeding and fainting she was carried away, from under the hoofs of the cavalry column.

Etienne stood in the low doorway of the chapel. But he made no sign. She did not perceive him at first. Parville was at her side.

"It's only a flesh wound," she was saying; "my arm is spoilt, that's all. It won't do to play *décolletée* again. My ball scene in 'Miss Moulton' is impossible. You will have to play without me, my poor Raymond."

Parville had recovered his joyousness, his easy lightness of manner. He had found her; she was not seriously hurt,—and her voice had softened strangely; there was a dewy tenderness in her eyes that made him forget the funereal chapel, the ghostly emblems, the dead underfoot, and the dying around.

"But Dumas shall write a piece for us where long sleeves are *de rigueur*. We'll manage to play together again, eh, Diane? You won't abandon your old—lover,—on the stage, I mean."

"Only there?" she said smiling.

"Diane—Diane!"

His head bent forward, and the pent-up stream of passion flowed forth in a whisper.

But as he raised his head, transfigured by new happiness, his glance fell upon the watcher at the door.

Etienne beckoned to him.

"Parville," he said, when the actor had obeyed his summons, "give me one moment with her. She will explain it to you afterwards—when I can explain nothing. We are comrades in a doomed cause;—come—one moment,—it shall be well spent."

Wondering, but moved by the pleading look on the soldier's face, Parville fell back, and with a gesture bade his companion enter.

Diane turned from the approaching figure with a troubled, confused, almost guilty expression.

"Don't hide your face," he said cheerily. "There is nothing amiss. We are friends, Diane, I trust—old friends,—though fate has been between us many a year."

"Friends—yes, yes," she said tenderly, stretching out her hand.

He clasped the delicate fingers in his two hands, and continued quietly,

"I wanted to bid you goodbye, you know. France will be too hot to hold me after this. Death?—oh no; I was not speaking of that. Some of us will escape: I dare say I shall be among the number. But look here, Diane; you must not think of our childish engagement. We are man and woman now; it is all over—well over; don't let that trouble you. We are good friends, that is all. And it is best so, of course."

She smiled faintly. His head was turned away from her.

Then with thick, rapid utterance, he said,

"All over—all over. But—you'll say goodbye, Diane; it won't harm him. Kiss me once—and—and then I'll let you go to sleep."

She kissed him tremulously,—and he left her.

There was a sudden crack of rifles. Claude pulled out his watch.

"They're ten minutes late."

From every side at once the blue-coated Linesmen seemed to swarm in upon them. Over the white tombstones they clambered; through the long streets, the narrow alleys of mortuary chapels, the Regulars defiled—furious, maddened by street-fighting, heated by brandy, hating the French rebels more than the foreign invaders.

Parville raised a musket, and placed himself in line with the rest.

The struggle was hopeless. The Insurgents were too few to show a front in every quarter. Through every issue of the blockhouse the enemy oozed, slowly, impeded by heaps of slain, by wooden barriers, by the feeble *sorties* of the besieged.

At the head of one *sortie* Parville and Etienne Pibrac held their ground until the Insurgents took heart for a moment, and in a spasm of mad hope charged their assailants with redoubled fury.

"Back!" cried Etienne fiercely, as Parville pressed forward to his side. "What does it matter one man dead more or less? Leave this to me."

A field-gun had been dragged up into the narrow passage, and the Insurgents fell back before the yawning muzzle.

Alone, Etienne stood unflinchingly in face of the advancing line. In his turn, Parville cried to him,

"You are mad! Fall back! They are upon you! It is death!"

It was death,—and Pibrac knew it. A gasp came from his throat,—

"Vive la Commune!"

And as he sprang forward a dozen bayonets threw him against the gun wheels—dead—dead with the rebels' war-cry on his lips.

Some five hours later Pere la Chaise was silent again. Into the deserted cemetery, from one of the mortuary chapels around which the battle had raged, stole two figures, a man and a woman,—Parville and Diane Lenoir.

They stumbled at every step, and did not dare to stoop—afraid to recognise the dead face that might look up into theirs. But on reaching the *enceinte* of the burial-ground the awe lessened,—gave place to a sense of security that broke out from the actor in one brief exclamation:

“Saved—together!”

They were out of Paris, unharmed, and virtually in safety. Neither dreamed that behind them, with the sunlight upon his sightless eyes, lay a man whom their happiness had killed. “Saved—together!”—the words drowned all recollection of those lost—alone.

CHAPTER XVI.

CONCLUSION.

THE battle had ceased, the punishment had begun—a terrible, bloody punishment, relentlessly inflicted. It was a vast, fierce man-chase the soldiery engaged in, with all Paris for a hunting-ground. Street after street was patrolled systematically: a face at a window was the signal for a murderous volley; a quick gesture, an unguarded word meant immediate arrestation and summary judgment. The mitrailleuses worked incessantly—grinding men’s bones like the ogre of a terribly modern fairy tale—fed with the prisoners brought in at every moment by soldiers, civilians, by an offended concierge, or a vindictive waiter,—even by women, for the corporation of laundresses received an honorary official mention for having contributed many active and zealous members to the bands of volunteer informers and police agents that issued from every quarter of Paris directly the tricolour waved once more over the Hotel de Ville—directly “order reigned in Warsaw.” The ghastly story of the Versaillais Terror is yet to be told frankly and impartially. The great national drama is involved but for a moment with the closing scenes of the present history.

“To the prisons!” was the first cry of the conquerors.

There were friends to deliver and foes to chastise in the bastilles of the Commune. Their spies had kept the regular authorities well-informed concerning the discussions that arose daily in the insurrectionary government. The first links of their chains had been frequently forged by the rebels themselves, and the Versaillais were prepared to resume the work where it was left off. Thieves had fallen out, the red-trousered representatives of order might get their due in the shape of living targets for chassepots and mitrailleuses.

That cry, “To the prisons!” was heard in a dull, old-fashioned drawing-room of the noble Faubourg Saint Germain. It had an elec-

trical effect. A young girl rose hastily when it was uttered, and ran to the window.

"Elaine, my dear," said an old lady, the other occupant of the room, without raising her eyes from the altar-cloth she was embroidering; "Elaine, my child, you are too vehement. Your poor father's world is not ours, but I am sure he would not like you to adopt those American ways of rising and walking."

"American" was pronounced with an emphasis that marked it as the very worst adjective in the speaker's vocabulary. Madame de Chesnay, with whom Elaine had taken refuge, was a very epitome of all the Legitimist cardinal virtues, an ancient gentlewoman of the rigid type that continues to wear mittens, and manifests a keen interest in heraldic discussions. She was the widow of one of Charles X.'s devoted partisans, whose family had been connected with that of the De Solanges three generations ago. Remote as the relationship was, it had constituted a tie between the widowed recluse and the daughter of the Imperial courtier. The clannish instincts of her caste were warm and strong in Madame de Chesnay. Though she seldom met and never associated with the Vicomte—his party being only a shade more respectable in her eyes than that of the café demagogues,—she had often evinced a sincere affection for his daughter. Elaine had been a frequent visitor at the gloomy, antiquated hotel of the Faubourg Saint Germain. The old lady petted her, told her stories of the Bourbon court, and with simple ingenuous art strove to instil into the "little Bonaparte," as she called Elaine, something of the rigid bigotry, the formal graces, the pedantic politeness of the old *régime*. Secretly she nourished bolder designs—aimed at a complete conversion of the renegade by matrimonial means. There was a nephew, a Richelieu, a Lauzun in the uniform of the Carabineers, whose visits to the Hotel de Chesnay coincided curiously with those of the girl representative of usurpation. Captain de Chesnay had mixed with the new world created by the *coup d'état*, and as a natural consequence had lost many of the prejudices of the old irreconcilable aristocracy. He had consented to wear the uniform of the Empire, to patronise with his presence a few Imperialist *salons*. But at heart he held himself the soldier of France, *en attendant* the Comte de Chambord; at heart he felt himself to be exactly what his aunt conceived him—a cordial hater of the revolution and all that had sprung out of it, a Vendéen, an obstinate and thorough partisan of the right divine unto its uttermost consequences. The one good thing he saw on the usurper's side was Elaine, and that good thing he had resolved, like his aunt, to make better—by making her Madame la Baronne de Chesnay.

Madame de Chesnay reverted to these secret projects after having administered the mild rebuke mentioned above.

"Jean came into Paris yesterday morning, my dear, with his regiment. He ought to be here by this time."

"Oh, I wish he would come!" said Elaine involuntarily, fluttering from her seat to the window and back again.

The open expression of desire was not in accordance with Madame de Chesnay's code of propriety; but she was overjoyed to hear it, and forgot to reprimand.

"Monsieur the Baron, Madame," said the sombre footman, opening the door.

There was a cheerful rattle of *sabretache* and spurs, and the Carabineer presented himself smiling and ceremonious as ever, in spite of his four days' campaign.

"Yours is the one tranquil house in Paris, *ma tante*, I verily believe."

"Tell me," Elaine interposed eagerly, "what are they doing in Paris;—is it all over—are they killing still?"

"They are killing a little, I believe," said the young man lightly.

"I heard a cry just now, 'To the prisons!' What does it mean? What is to be done at the prisons?"

He remembered her father's situation, and answered gravely,

"Nothing very terrible, I assure you. They are delivering the hostages of the Commune."

She beckoned him to the window, and said in a low, resolute voice,

"I must go with you. I must find my father. Do you hear? You cannot refuse me—if—if you are my friend."

Her voice softened as the last words were uttered—her eyes rose and met those of the young soldier for a moment. He flushed with some new delicious sense of happiness. I cannot say how he interpreted that momentary glance; but he bent his head, and whispered in a way they seldom adopt in the Carabineers,

"I am your friend, Mademoiselle. You can do with me what you will."

"Tell Madame de Chesnay I must accompany you."

He turned immediately towards his aunt, and said, carelessly, but with the elaborate politeness that pleased her most,

"*Ma tante*, I must deprive you of your fair guest for an hour or two. Monsieur the Vicomte has yet to be discovered. Mademoiselle can give us most effectual aid in our search. Of course," he added, "your maid will accompany her."

So it was arranged; and in a few moments Elaine, the Baron, and

Madame de Chesnay's maid were proceeding in a victoria towards the prison of Mazas.

Elaine's chief anxiety was not for her father's safety. She knew that he had nothing to fear from the Versillais. Ignorant of the result of the last trial, she conceived that by this time he was at liberty, and happy in the triumph of his friends. But the peril of those who, imprisoned by the Commune, were found wearing the Commune's uniform, was real and terrible. And among them was Maxime Quercy, whom she had pardoned, knowing how he had been deceived, whom she was resolved to rescue, even by feigning to favour the suitor at her side. The suitor was not pressing. One of the most enterprising Lovelaces of his regiment where a grisette was concerned, he regarded Elaine less as his future wife than as the last direct descendant of an ancient house that could claim the honour of an alliance with his own. Therefore his attentions were of the kind that might distinguish royal lovers in public.

Mazas had been occupied by the Versillais for the last twenty-four hours. The officer in command of the guard happened to be a friend of M. de Chesnay's. The Baron drew him aside.

"Do you know anything of the prisoners here?"

"Whom are you seeking?"

"The Vicomte de Solanges."

"*Pas possible!* My dear boy, your search is hopeless."

"He has disappeared?"

"He is dead. When we took possession of the building, I explored the cells with a sergeant's guard. We discovered the Vicomte hanging to the bars of the window—stone-dead. Nothing found on him. I had met him at the Tuileries, and could identify him."

"Bonté de Dieu! speak lower! That is his daughter. What can be done to save her?"

"Leave it to me," said the officer; and turning to Elaine, he continued: "Mademoiselle, M. the Vicomte de Solanges is no longer here. He was sent for by the Government, I believe. Something was said about an urgent mission confided to him—in Italy, if I mistake not."

The Baron put in,

"Yes,—that is what I heard. You will receive a letter from him in a day or two, most certainly."

"But we won't go yet," said Elaine. "My errand is only half performed. Let me see the prison, Monsieur, I pray you."

Slightly surprised, but politely acquiescent, the officer of the guard directed a sergeant to conduct the lady and gentleman through the prison.

The greater part of the cells were unoccupied. At every door Elaine inquired the name of the inmate.

At last the sergeant stopped, and trifling with his keys, said suggestively,

"Perhaps Madame would not care to go in here. It is not a common prisoner. He is a gentleman—a famous artist, they say—Maxime Quercy."

Elaine drew back a moment—to lower her veil, to press her handkerchief to her mouth, to suppress the cry that was just escaping her lips.

"Open," she said faintly; "I will enter."

The artist turned fiercely on the intruders.

"Am I an exhibition, sergeant? Who are these people? What do they require?"

Elaine turned to the Baron and said distinctly, that Maxime might recognise her voice, divine her intentions,

"Why is this gentleman still here?"

"Parbleu!" said De Chesnay, "I rather think Monsieur took the wrong side—went in for the Red, eh? I believe you are the son of the insurrectionary Delegate of Police?"

"I am."

He had recovered from the shock of the recognition, and spoke calmly; but all the while his eyes wandered to the veiled figure that illuminated his prison, studied every detail of her dress, watched every movement, —fed on her like one famished.

"Impossible!" cried Elaine impetuously. "You must not let M. Quercy remain in this place, M. de Chesnay. He was a soldier of the Commune for a week or two. But shall I tell you what he did?—he saved my father from death—he saved me at peril of his life—he warned us of our danger in opposition to his father, in the face of the armed mob that surrounded our hotel. He saved my cousin—who repaid him with mean treachery. Do you hear, Baron? M. Quercy is my friend,—I claim him."

"Diable!" muttered the Carabineer, twisting his moustache viciously. "Diable! It does seem absurd to let this go on; but I really don't know—the responsibility—might be mistaken——"

The rest of the soliloquy was lost in the Captain's moustache. Elaine laid her hand on his arm, and whispered softly,

"Once for all—will you?"

The Captain felt he was playing the part of a dupe. He was clear-sighted enough to perceive the nature of the friendship that united Elaine and Maxime, and sufficiently selfish to curse the young painter in unequivocal fashion in his inmost heart. But he had learnt that

the supreme accomplishment of a gentleman was to quaff the bitterest draught with the best of good graces,—to wear the torturing boot like a dancing-pump. So he bowed easily, and proceeded to save his dignity by one final question :

“Can you affirm, Mademoiselle, that the circumstances are exactly as you have described them?”

“I pledge my word.”

“Enough. M. Quercy, will you descend with us?”

Maxime had not spoken. He knew nothing of the issue of the trial ; and though he had had time to reflect in his solitude that the evidence of Elaine's treason was slight and contradictory, his doubts still subsisted, poignant and irrepressible. Could he receive his freedom from the hands that had cast him into captivity? Could he thank for that one gift of liberty her who had poisoned his life? He addressed the Baron,

“Before I accept your kindness, Monsieur, I must ask you to allow me to address one question to Mademoiselle de Solanges.”

The Carabineer withdrew to the corridor, more and more convinced that the regiment was dishonoured in his person.

“I know your question,” said Elaine hurriedly. And smiling joyously as she had not smiled for many days, she took his hands, and added, “Look me in the face, Monsieur, and repent. I am guiltless of everything save having placed confidence in an unworthy kinsman.”

He understood ; but had he comprehended nothing, the honest uplifted eyes that gazed into his own would have bred full conviction. He would have drawn her to him, but with a demure gesture she pointed to the door.

They descended to the guard-room.

“A friend of ours,” said the Captain lightly to his friend, “whom you deliverers have overlooked.”

In another moment Maxime was free—and, better, at Elaine's side.

Paris was not a safe asylum, however ; and the next day, accompanied by Mr. Trowbridge, who had flown to the assistance of his Rembrandt directly he heard of the escape, he crossed the Channel, and accepted the connoisseur's hospitality at Liverpool for a week or two.

Elaine stayed but a few days at the Hotel de Chesnay. Ere long there came an affectionate, motherly letter from Liverpool. Mrs. Antony Trowbridge would be delighted to offer her a home where she might recover from the effect of her experiences at Paris.

The recovery was not long, for three weeks after the fall of the Commune a simple ceremony in a quiet church at Everton resulted in

the transformation of Mademoiselle Elaine de Solanges into Madame Maxime Quercy.

The news of her father's death was broken to her gently : his crime she will never know if a watchful league of domestic defenders can save her from the knowledge.

The *New York Tribune* announced last year the appearance of Monsieur and Madame Parville, with a select French comedy company, in the *Misanthrope*. Even their happiness needed the theatrical atmosphere of glue, gas, and orange-peel. They must play at love behind the footlights to feel fully the real passion in plain clothes.

The peasant Quercy still fluctuates between Brussels and Geneva, —still attends congresses, writes letters to the newspapers, organises meetings, believes in the International, and sees the millennium through a guillotine frame.

The Dread Reckoning is over ! The account is closed ! Debtors and creditors are beginning the happiest life, the life that has no history—save the words that resume it all—the Beginning, and—

THE END.





A BUNDLE OF OLD PAPERS.

By JOHN HAMER.

HAVE before me a bundle of old papers—old scraps—not more than fifty of them altogether—which bring back, to me at least, old scenes made familiar by the hand of him who with such supremely natural grace and ease painted in homely language that dead past to which they have reference.

The first scrap taken up is a florid water-colour sketch of George the Third,—a few kind words from whom could evoke a burst of tears of reverential joy and gratitude from his prime minister. His Royal Sign Manual, “George R.,” is attached to a serious-looking legal document ornamented with two blue stamps, costing eleven shillings and sixpence each, appointing “Our Trusty and Well-beloved Edward “Angrove Gent.” to be Lieutenant in the Penryn Volunteers, commanded by “Our Right Trusty and Well-beloved Colonel Francis Lord “de Dunstanville but not to take Rank in Our Army except during “the Time of the said Corps being called out into actual service.” Was “Edward Angrove Gent.” acquainted with the poor old gentleman who died the other day, having been thrice Mayor of Exeter, but ending his days as its town clerk, and of whom the papers told us he was the first volunteer and commander of the Exeter corps, which was the first corps raised by our patriotic forefathers for the service of His Majesty?

I come next upon two portraits of George the Third's queen : the first a copper etching, showing her as she appeared when about eight-and-twenty, with abundance of curls, and a somewhat hard but smiling face ; and the second when she was an old woman, dressed in widow's weeds, with a face full of feeling, but full of character also. As I look on these two faces, I recall two scenes Thackeray tells us of : one, where Charlotte as a little princess at play in the gardens at Strelitz, is made to say to her friend, Ida von Bulow, “Who will take such a poor little princess as me ?” and immediately afterwards, just as in the old fairy tales, the postman's horn is sounded, and George's letter of

proposal is brought in,—at which Charlotte jumps for joy, packs up her trunks, and sets straightway off to be Queen of Great Britain, France, and Ireland; and the other a State christening, where the Queen, who “bore all her duties stoutly as she expected others to bear them,” on the Princess of Wales asking permission for the lady who held the infant to sit down, cried out as she flicked the snuff off her sleeve, “Let her stand.” “She would have stood,” says Thackeray, “the resolute old woman, if she had had to hold the child till his beard was grown.”

But a letter from Her Majesty coming next to the later portrait, and written to Lord Ailesbury, shows her in a more womanly mood than either of these incidents, yet is most characteristic of the sensible decorous woman she really was. It runs:—

“My Lord.—I hope that you have received all the Addresses and answers You desired to have. I think it is right to give you a Hint that You will receive either a Message or Letter from the French Ambassador for me which You will of Course forward to me and *entre nous* You will be surprised at the answer which will come from me.

“You will also receive by Tuesday a long list for our Ball, amongst them will be Your Niece Miss Doudeney pray make the rest of the Maids understand that she is invited as a Friend of my Daughters whom I could not refuse—Pray beg Lady Ailesbury to send the name of the Irishman who sells the — Lawns to Mrs. Schwellenberg at the Queen’s House the sooner the better. I wrote to the Dutchess of Buccleugh and hope to persuade Her to stay in this part of the World till after Our Ball.

“CHARLOTTE.”

“WINDSOR, the 5th April, 1789.”

Passing to my next waif, I find it to be a printed paper referring to the coronation of Queen Charlotte’s eldest son as king of these realms; and no less formidable a document than “The Deputy Earl Marshall’s Order concerning the Robes, Coronets, etc., which are to be worn by the Peers at the Coronation of His Most Sacred Majesty King George the Fourth.” Short and pithy in its instructions as it is, the concluding paragraph must have exercised a wholesome terror over the persons to whom it was addressed. Henry Howard Molyneux-Howard thus winds up this “Order”:—

“And whereas Coachmakers, Carvers, Embroiderers, Painters, Silver-smiths, and other Artificers may from Ignorance (both upon Coaches, and in making the Coronets for the approaching Coronation), presume to raise the Pearls of the Barons and Viscounts Coronets upon Pins

"or Spikes (whereas they ought to be flat upon the Rim or Ring of the "Coronet :) This is to warn all such Workmen from the like Error, and "to enjoin and order them to take care to make all such Coronets, and "also those of Earls, Marquesses, and Dukes, exactly as they are in the "Margin hereof, as they will answer the contrary at their Peril." Think of that, ye coachmakers of Long Acre, and tremble, or be thankful that you are not subjected to such dreadful peril on State occasions. What the consequences would have been of placing a pearl "raised" upon a pin that should have appeared "flat" on a rim, at the coronation of him who invented a shoe-buckle, we shudder to think.

I am next greeted with a charming little innocent child-face, in pleasant contrast to the pomposity of my last scrap. This is a very neatly coloured print from a painting by Gainsborough of "His Royal "Highness Prince Octavius," the eighth child of George III., who died in 1783, at the early age of four. The blue eyes look at us with a weird, dreamy sweetness, made more quaint and dreamy still by the golden hair cut short over the eyes, combed straight without a parting, and the rest falling over each shoulder in long curling ringlets. That the King, then in the prime of life, loved his children in a good, hearty, sensible old English fashion, we all know; and that he felt the loss of this one severely is shown in my next instalment. The royal comforter seeks to assuage the sorrow of his friend with a kind-heartedness only equalled by the ambiguity of his style. The letter is in the King's handwriting throughout, and bears date the day after his son's death.

"Kew, May 4th, 1783.

"Lord Aylesbury is I trust too much convinced of my regard for Him as well as of my humanity to attribute my silence on the severe blow he has sustained to any other cause but a wish of letting his own good sense calm his sorrow before I expressed any sentiments on so distressing an occasion, I therefore chose to defer writing till near the time of his departure for Wiltshire; the Sad event that has befallen me as to which I had but little preparation makes me perhaps more able to set before his eyes the light in which I see the loss of a darling child who I vainly hoped would have been a prop in my Old Age if I should last till then, and at least who would have filled the melancholy last offices I am now performing for Him; I owne the wound is deep for I did not only love him with the tenderness of a Father for his Child, for that Dear Infant seemed to have no joy equal to being with me and with a delicacy above his years felt my affection; but I feel it is my Duty to bear with Submission the Decrees of Heaven, to the All-wise Director and Creator do I bend my thoughts and turn to Religion

as the only balm for what I feel ; the Queen I thank Heaven is as well as I can expect, and agreed to stay till this evening here that no unwillingness may be harboured to returning here ; we are going to Windsor, where she has promised she will get into the Air ; I trust Lord Aylesbury who has ever looked on religion as the best of staffs lets that come to his assistance, and that He will not let too much time elapse before he visits Totenham Park, as the Sensation may be unpleasant at first the time spent there need not be long ; but as the dear object he regrets loved that place he should naturally make him more interested in it also, I owne that is to me so natural an idea that every spot where I have ever seen my lost child I shall love as it will bring to remembrance what gave me infinite pleasure and what the thinking of though it may at the moment make me melancholy, must be accompanied with at least the pleasing thought that for above four years I possessed that blessing. My heart is too full to add more.

“GEORGE, R.”

Of George's love of music, and the hours he used to spend with Handel in its cultivation and enjoyment, every one has heard ; but I think the following anecdote is new, and is a capital illustration of that simple, quaint, old-world courtesy which characterised the aged King : a MS. copy of the story amongst my papers from *The Olio*, vol. i., 1820, is worth quoting :—

“On the death of the late organist to St. George's Chapel Windsor, great interest was made by several professors of eminence to succeed to that honourable and lucrative situation. Old Horn the music master, who taught the King and other members of his august family in their juvenile days, was at this time very low in his circumstances, arising from losses and other untoward events. The fact was mentioned to His Majesty by one of the lords in waiting, who at the same time ventured to add that the existing vacancy would enable the poor old man to weather the storms of life, and pass the remainder of his days in competency and ease. His Majesty expressed his astonishment, and could scarcely credit that his old tutor was still in existence, or that if so, he had not applied to his former pupil stating his embarrassment. Modest merit is always dumb. Horn knew if he had made his case known he should have been relieved, but he dared not intrude his sufferings on his gracious master's attention. The fact, however, of his situation being thus brought to His Majesty's notice, he ordered his carriage and proceeded immediately to canvass the Canons and other Dignitaries in whose gift the appointment lay ; they had made their promises, but it must be so—the King's wishes were a law, and Horn was nominated to the vacancy. Wishing, however, to gratify the old man by himself announcing the joyful tidings, His Majesty commanded him to attend at the Royal Lodge. The summons was unexpected, was distressing : ‘how could he appear

'before the presence with a wardrobe not fit to visit a private friend?' 'But,' continued the gratified veteran, 'it is not the coat, it is the man the King wants to see; I must go, I will go;' and he took a change of linen and proceeded to Windsor. On his arrival at the Royal Lodge he was received with kindness by the major-domo, and refreshments were placed before him, with an intimation that his attendance would be required in the course of the evening in the drawing-room. That time arrived, and the old man on entering was overpowered by the condescending affability with which he was received. The King, surrounded by the brilliant circle of his private friends, rose from his seat, and taking poor Horn by the hand, led him to the piano, requesting him to give him once more a specimen of that skill which had entranced his juvenile mind. This was too much; he sat down overpowered with contending emotions, and the modest tear trickled from his aged eye. He forgot everything, ran his fingers over the keys in the most abstracted manner, and was anything but himself. A few affectionate words revived him; and, as if inspired by the sudden recollections of days gone by, struck off a fantasia, which he performed with all the execution of his best days. The King was delighted, and having only a slight recollection of the air, asked what it was. The old man could no longer contain his joy,—'That air, your Majesty, was composed by my pupil, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, when he was eighteen years of age.' We need not say that the King was highly gratified; he had composed it in the early period of his life, had entirely forgotten it, and, as the professor said, he had also lost sight of it for upwards of forty years, when it flashed on his memory, as a bright meteor suddenly enlightens the darkened sky. The dignity of the monarch sank for a moment to the familiarity of the friend, he pressed the old man's hand, told him of his good fortune, and bade him retire and compose himself. He remained at the lodge ten days, and was then inducted into the organ gallery. He is now between seventy and eighty, and performs his duty with all the enthusiasm of his early days."

I come next upon an etching of the "Royal Family of England in 1787," from a drawing by T. Stothard; and what a family Farmer George's was! The strong likeness in all is manifest; the blunt, homely, good-humoured, but heavy roast-beef and plum-pudding expression is in every face. Take away the stars, the ribbons, and the state chairs, and you have as much of the traditional idea of royalty as might be gathered from the photographs of Mr. Alderman Jones's family of to-day. One is irresistibly reminded of Peter Plymley's amusing description of "the twelve sons of his own begetting, walking two and two before Mr. Spencer Perceval to church at Hampstead, with their faces nicely washed and their hair neatly combed"—an exaggeration, however, as Mr. Spencer Walpole very properly points out in the recently published life of his grandfather.

The last memorial of the King my bundle contains is the printed order

of ceremonial for his interment at nine o'clock on Wednesday evening, the 16th of February, 1820, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. What the old man in his lifetime never could be, the afore-mentioned "Henry Howard Molyneux Howard" succeeded in making his last procession—stately, kingly, imposing, and grand. But when we hear of the crowd, knights, pursuivants, pages, nobles, ministers, and archbishops, followed by Blanc Coursier, King of Arms, bearing on a purple velvet cushion The Royal Crown of Hanover; and Clarenceux, King of Arms, bearing in like manner The Imperial Crown of the United Kingdom; and of "THE ROYAL BODY" covered with a fine holland sheet and a purple velvet pall adorned with ten escocheons of the Imperial Arms, carried by ten yeomen of the guard, under a canopy of purple velvet, with three dukes, five peers, and five gentlemen pensioners, with battle-axes reversed, on either side of the body; and of the grenadiers of the foot guards who flanked the chapel from the entrance to the choir, every fourth man bearing a flambeau; it is hard to realize all this as belonging to that prosaic farmer-like man who, Thackeray says, "poked his red face into hundreds of cottages round about Windsor, and showed his shovel hat and Windsor uniform to farmers, to pig boys, to old women making dumplings, to all sorts of people gentle and simple." And the inimitable ending to the Lecture on the Third George rises to our lips involuntarily, "Hush strife and quarrel over the solemn grave! Sound trumpets a mournful march. Fall dark curtain upon his pageant, his pride, his grief, his awful tragedy."

Of the children of George the Third there are several interesting memorials before me. Two capital steel engravings of the Duke of York show the bluff but coarse features of him who was for many years the present Duke of Cambridge's predecessor as Commander-in-Chief; and there are two scraps of his Dukeship's handwriting, one of which is a recommendation of Catherine Porter, daughter of John Porter, bookseller to His Majesty, as a candidate for admission into the Royal Academy of Music; and the other a quotation from Lord Bacon, written by the Duke in his twelfth year, probably as a writing exercise:—

"We should accustom ourselves, by the light of particulars to enlarge our minds to the amplitude of the world, and not reduce the world to the narrowness of our minds.—FREDERICK, May 13, 1774."

The appositeness of the extract gathers considerable point when read in connection with Miss Burney's story of how, when his old father, with whom he was the favourite son, built a portable house for him at Weymouth, the disciple of Lord Bacon, after delaying his visit as long as possible, could only manage to spare *one* night to comfort and cheer the

father who doted on him. He had no doubt so enlarged his mind to the amplitude of the world, that he found it quite impossible now to satisfy its noble cravings with the narrowness of an old man's paternal affection! It does not say much for his brothers, when one reads in Mr. Greville's "Memoirs" that the Duke of York "is the only one of the princes who "has the feelings of an English gentleman, his amiable disposition and "excellent temper have conciliated for him the esteem and regard of "men of all parties, and he has endeared himself to his friends by the "warmth and steadiness of his attachments, and from the implicit "confidence they all have in his truth, straightforwardness, and sincerity." The same veracious chronicler who tells us "I have been the minister "and associate of his pleasures and amusements for some years," adds most naïvely and almost in the same breath, "He is very easily amused, "and particularly with jokes full of coarseness and indelicacy—the men "with whom he lives most are *très-polissons*, and *la polissonnerie* is the "ton of his society."

The Royal Academy of Music mentioned was established in 1822, and here is an autograph letter from Frederick Duke of York to Lord Burghersh (afterwards Earl of Westmoreland), conveying His Royal Highness's willingness to become a subscriber to that institution :—

" Horse Guards,

" 11 July, 1822.

"My Lord, I have to acknowledge the receipt of a letter signed by your Lordship and others, forming the Sub-Committee of the proposed Institution of an Academy for the General Instruction of Music, with the Documents which accompanied it, and to assure you that I shall have much pleasure in subscribing to an Institution of which I understand, from your subsequent communication of this date, His Majesty has been graciously pleased to become the Patron.

"I am, my Lord, yours,

"FREDERICK."

What has become of the Royal Academy thus graciously patronised and subscribed to, I do not know (unless it be the one of which Sterndale Bennett was President); but I fear that we shall be compelled to point to the melancholy statue near Waterloo Place,* or the popular public in Regent's Park, as the most striking mementos remaining to us of "York "and Albany."

* We saw it stated in *Art Pictorial and Industrial*, three or four years ago, that the statue surmounting the Duke of York's pillar is not His Royal Highness, but Sir R. Westmacott, R.A., the eminent sculptor! How true the assertion is, we have no means of judging, nor do we remember the name of the writer of the article in question—on the Statues of London—by whose authority it was made.—Ed.

The portrait here given of the Princess Augusta Sophia is by no means pleasing. The mouth is weak, though the eyes are good, and there is a most extraordinary bandage round the hair, that confuses one as to whether H.R.H. is dressed as a housemaid or has been trying the effect of vinegar cloths to cure a headache. But accompanying it is a charmingly simple letter in her handwriting when a girl, addressed to the Lord Chamberlain (whose name is not given), announcing apparently the first drawing-room appearance of her sister Mary, who married the Duke of Gloucester :—

“My Lord, Mama has just ordered me to inform you that *Mary* is to go to the Drawing Room to-morrow with us—therefore she desires you will give orders for the necessary number of *Gentlemen ushers*. The Queen also desires me to say that she wishes you would be at St. James’s at half-past *one*, at which time she has appointed all her family to be there.—AUGUSTA SOPHIA.”

The note is carefully written on a sheet of “Bath post,” upon lines neatly ruled in pencil, and still unrudded out !

The Princess Elizabeth must have been a charming young girl, if she was anything like the portrait of her which comes next, though I fear she altered much in appearance before she became Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, by marriage at forty-eight years of age—and still more before she died at Frankfort, at the ripe old age of seventy, on the 10th of January, 1840. But this princess was more than bonnie, since, to quote the eloquent words of a chronicler of the time, “Few persons in exalted stations have so extensively enjoyed “‘the luxury of doing good.’ Born of parents, whose unblemished “moral character almost approached rigidity of discipline, the princess “may be considered as having the benefit of example such as rarely “falls to the lot of the scions of royal houses. . . . Her tastes were “pure and simple ; her mind of excellent, religious, and moral tone ; “her habits quiet, unobtrusive, and retiring ; and her manners kind and “condescending ; all which qualities are the best characteristics of the “high-born English woman.”

Thus wrote one who was until quite recently a veteran amongst English journalists, although the number of the *Literary World* whence our quotation is taken bears date “Saturday, Jan. 25th, 1840,” and has beneath its title, “Conducted by John Timbs, eleven years editor of “the *Mirror*.” All honour to the memory of the man who amongst other “things not generally known,” turns up in my bundle a full-blown, experienced editor nearly forty years ago ! *Requiescat in pace !*

Princess Elizabeth is my favourite in all this family of fifteen children,

and hence I must be pardoned for staying yet a little longer to transcribe the following interesting record connected with her, as showing that civic courage for which our lord mayors are proverbial, and incidentally that the noble practice of pelting an alderman has the warrant of antiquity in its favour:—

“On May 30, 1770” (the Princess was born on the 22nd), “the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London, on their procession to St. James’s with a complimentary address on the birth of the Princess, were strangely interrupted in their progress; only the chief magistrate (Beckford) and three of the aldermen had passed through Temple Bar, when the mob shut the gates against Mr. Alderman Harley, whom they not only pelted with stones and dirt, but pulled out of his carriage; and it was with difficulty that he saved his life, by escaping into the Sun Tavern. The Lord Mayor sent back the city marshal to open the gate, when the remainder of the procession passed through, and soon arrived at St. James’s. Here they were doomed to fresh troubles; for after waiting some time in the ante-chamber, the Lord Chamberlain came out, and read a paper, purporting:—‘As your Lordship thought ‘fit to speak to His Majesty after the late remonstrance, I am to ‘acquaint your Lordship, as it was unusual, his Majesty desires that ‘nothing of this kind may happen for the future.’” [This refers to Beckford’s celebrated address commemorated in the Guildhall monument.] “The Lord Mayor then desired the paper might be handed to him, which the Lord Chamberlain refused to do. The Lord Mayor then desired a copy of the paper, when the Chamberlain withdrew to take the commands of the King, and did not return until the order was brought for the whole Court to attend with the address.”

After this breath of city air I come back to my bundle, and alight upon a portrait of Augustus Frederick, Duke of Sussex—the gentleman who displayed such a determined opposition to the Royal Marriage Act as twice to infringe its sacred provisions. He looks a strong-willed fellow, and we are not surprised to find that he fell in love and married (twice over, by the way) Lady Augusta Murray, the daughter of the Earl of Dunmore, when he was but twenty years of age. There is here a somewhat imperative letter written by his eldest child, Augustus Frederick, afterwards known as Sir Augustus Frederick D’Este:—

“LONDON, 30th December, 1836.

“Sir,—I shall be obliged by your having the goodness to inform me whether the Vestry of Mary-le-bone does not effectually protect the inhabitants of that parish against one of the principal street nuisances

(the dustman's bell), of which the parishioners of Paddington (*sic*) have every day such reason to complain.

"I have the honour to remain, Sir,

"Your very obedient,

"AUGUSTUS D'ESTE."

"No. 1, Connaught Square."

Imagine if you can the flurry of the poor parish Bumble who received such an epistle from the son of a royal duke, the Grand Master of the Freemasons of his day.

My collection yields but few mementos of the remaining children of His Majesty George the Third, except their portraits, which are in almost every case very good, and most, if not all, from engravings now scarce and valuable. There is a very fine coloured print of the present Commander-in-Chief's father, and an exquisite medallion of his mother; a scrap of a letter in the handwriting of the Princess Mary, and a portrait of her husband the Duke of Gloucester, after a painting by Sir William Beecher; a letter by the Princess Sophia; Alfred is not represented at all, and the youngest child Amelia only by her coat of arms.

I have mentioned the order respecting the robes and coronets to be worn at George the Fourth's Coronation, but here is a more interesting document connected with this monarch. It is a letter dated

"PAVILION, BRIGHTON,

"December 15th, 1823.

"My Lord,—I am commanded by the King to acquaint your Lordship that His Majesty's Privy Purse will be ready to pay to the President of the Royal Society of Literature annually, on the 25th of March, His Majesty's gracious endowment for the benefit of the Associates elected by that Society.

"It will be necessary that an annual application should be made to the Keeper of His Majesty's Privy Purse, for the payment of this royal endowment, signed by the President of the Society and two of the Council; stating also the number of associates being full.

"I have the honor to be, my Lord,

"With great respect and esteem,

"Your Lordship's most faithful and sincere servant,

"W. KNIGHTON."

"The Bishop of St. David's."

This "W. Knighton" was the celebrated physician who, according to Greville (which I suppose ought to be, on such a courtly question, as good as saying "according to Cocker" on an arithmetical one), was the only man who, so great was the King's indolence, could

prevail on him to sign any papers at all. And he seems to have been as much beloved as most well-meaning but persistent friends of that monarch were ; for the king's language "about Knighton is sometimes "of the most unmeasured violence ; wishes he was dead ; and one day, "when the door was open so that the pages could hear, he said, 'I wish "'to God somebody would assassinate Knighton !' "

I don't know what Mr. Vaux will say to this document turning up among my papers, but here it is, duly endorsed with the Royal Autograph "Appd. G. R." This sprawling "R," Thackeray says, George used to append to documents, and then think he had written them. There are two portraits of His Majesty, one "from an original painting" that makes him look like the first villain in a transpontine tragedy, and the other after Sir Thomas Lawrence, representing him as a decidedly decayed old beau, all fur, braid, and stars.

I should imagine Thackeray had been gazing upon a copy of this engraving when he penned that mercilessly scathing analysis of the monarch : "I try and take him to pieces, and find silk stockings, padding, stays, a coat with frogs and a fur collar, a star and the blue ribbon, a pocket-handkerchief prodigiously scented, one of Truefitt's best nutty-brown wigs reeking with oil, a set of teeth and huge black stock, under-waistcoats, more under-waistcoats, and then—"nothing !"

People thought this unfair and cynical ; but the portrait drawn by the satirist of to-day is complimentary compared to the deliberate opinion of George, written at the time by the courtly Greville, Clerk of the Privy Council. He says : "A more contemptible, cowardly, selfish, unfeeling dog does not exist than the King, on whom such flattery is constantly lavished. There never was such a man, or behaviour so atrocious as his—a mixture of narrowmindedness, selfishness, truckling, blustering, and duplicity ; with no object but self, his own ease, and the gratification of his own fancies and prejudices ; without regard to the advice and opinions of the wisest and best-informed men, or to the interests and tranquillity of the country."

Mr. Greville may have been a hasty, as he was certainly an indiscreet, chronicler ; but this very frank description of the impression produced upon him by his royal master goes a long way to justify, were that needed, Thackeray's honest outspoken scorn and condemnation of the Fourth George, whom Mortimer Collins has thus apostrophised :—

"A noble, nasty course he ran,
Profoundly filthy and fastidious ;
He was the world's first gentleman,
And made the appellation hideous !"



THE FATE OF PORT ROYAL.

By C. P. STEWART, M.A.,

AUTHOR OF "NUMISMATIC MEMORIALS ON THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW,"
ETC., ETC.



HERE is no more striking example of religious intolerance than the uncompromising persecution and final destruction of the Jansenists of Port Royal.

As the narrative of their sufferings is connected rather with the ecclesiastical than political history of France, it often escapes the English reader, unless he happen to have perused the biographies of Bossuet and Fénelon, or memoirs relating to the reign of that immoral bigot, Louis XIV.

The title "Jansenist" is derived from Cornelius Jansenius, Catholic Bishop of Ypres in Holland, who flourished about 1620, and was the author of several theological works of the highest order, remarkable for a profound piety and learning, which gave them rapidly a wide circulation. The child of very strict Roman Catholics, he was educated for orders at Utrecht and Louvain, of which latter university he became Chancellor, and soon obtained universal reputation for his charities, unceasing labours, lowliness of mind, and many Christian graces.

Almost as well known was his intimate friend the pious Du Vergier de Hauranne, Abbot of the Monastery of St. Cyran, who was equally distinguished for erudition and all that is lovely and sublime in the Christian character. A man of great strength of mind, though full of gentleness and humility, he eight times declined Cardinal Richelieu's offer of a bishopric, preferring retirement to all the honours which his reputation could procure him.

Such were the two principal founders of that school of thought which from its purity and simplicity has been defined as in doctrine the Calvinism, and in practice the Methodism, of the Church of Rome. The effects they produced on society in France proved their influence amongst both the clergy and the laity; but, unfortunately for themselves, they aroused the enmity of the then powerful body of Jesuits: first, because in a dispute between that body and Louvain University, Jansenius was victorious; secondly, because the Jansenists differed from

the Jesuits on many theological questions, such as the doctrines of grace and free-will, the love of God, the remission of sins, etc.; thirdly, and principally, because of Jesuit jealousy of the genius exhibited by Pascal, Arnauld, Rollin, Fleury, Racine, Quesnel, Le Maître, De Sacy, Tillemont, and other brilliant disciples of Jansenius.

The sufferings of the Jansenists, though incurred through accusations of heresy, were not due to any support of Huguenot principles, but to their translation of the Scriptures, to their attacks on Molina, Lessius, and other *Quietists*, as also on the immorality of the Jesuitic casuistry, and to the enmity of Cardinal Richelieu, whose policy it was to support the Society of Jesus.

So far from considering his principles at variance with those of the Holy See, the humble-minded Jansenius showed his obedience to that Church by submitting, in a letter written just before his death, the manuscript of his work on St. Augustine absolutely to the decision of Urban VIII., with a request to His Holiness to alter or omit any portions he thought fit to correct or condemn. The same sentiments he expressed in his will.

No sooner did this work appear, than the Jesuits attacked it with great virulence. Their anger extended to his followers, who were assailed violently, and even the very tomb and epitaph of the good Bishop were one night secretly demolished, and his body carried no one ever ascertained whither; though he had lived and died a strict member of the Roman Catholic faith!

Jansenius died in 1638—thirteen years after his faithful friend the Abbot of St. Cyran had been selected by the Bishop of Langres as director of a new religious institution, where he became acquainted with the well-known Mère Angélique, Abbess of the Convent of Port Royal, who had also been appointed by the same Bishop to undertake its establishment. Through this acquaintance and the esteem he won from the Port Royalists he was not long after selected director of the new establishment, on its restoration as a religious house in 1638.

Here the brethren were subsequently joined in a totally distinct portion of this vast establishment by the nuns of Port Royal, and occupied in various works of charity, religion, literature, or manual labour.

During this time M. de St. Cyran, having been accused of heresy, was undergoing an imprisonment at Vincennes, which lasted for five years, and terminated only with the life of the relentless Richelieu. St. Cyran so arranged that every one at Port Royal was engaged in the line best suited to him; some in education, or the preparation of educational works, some in theological or other literature, some as physicians,

nurses, farmers, shoemakers, etc. Self-denial, simplicity, generosity, and fervent piety were their chief characteristics. Novices were compelled to undergo two years' probation, and were received when poor without the donation or dowry exacted at similar establishments. Endless anecdotes are told of their sacrifices in the cause of religion, charity, and learning.

Many of the nobility of France gave lands, mansions, or large gifts, and made bequests to aid the Jansenist brethren, all of which were spent in the absolute necessities of their own communities, in affording help to others less fortunate, and in well-considered charity towards the hardworking and almost starving peasantry in their vicinity, during the lengthened wars of Louis XIII. and XIV. But all the good done was powerless to prevent the persecution which Jesuit influence brought to bear on the Sorbonne, the clergy, and the court to abolish the numerous Jansenist schools flourishing in various places, whose teachers were amongst the most eminent of the Port Royalist Fathers, and whose Grammars and educational works still maintain a high position.

The Jesuits were successful. The police and troops descended without notice on Port Royal des Champs, and obtained lists of the little academies, to which they forthwith proceeded and ejected all the fathers and tutors under penalty of imprisonment. Scholars and novices were, upon a warrant from the Council, ordered to be similarly treated. This order, however, was not carried into effect, owing to the sensation produced on the public mind by a reputed "miracle," which was said to have taken place at Port Royal. A little niece of the great Pascal, it was alleged, had been suddenly cured of a painful and long-endured abscess in the eye—a manifestation of Divine favour, the truth of which was apparently not doubted either by friends or foes of the Jansenists.

This event, whatever be the explanation given of it, produced many conversions, especially amongst the noble and wealthy, such as the Queen of Poland, Madame de Longueville, Prince and Princesse de Conti, Madame de Sevigné, besides many dukes and marquises and other well-known persons,—an accession of strength to the cause which only increased the anger of the enemies of the Jansenists, and stimulated them to take still further measures for their destruction.

A creed or formulary was framed by the Archbishop of Toulouse, to which every member of Port Royal was ordered to conform. All, however, unanimously declined, and were supported in their refusal by the Bishops of Angers, Alet, Beauvais, and Panniers. The result was that the unexecuted Order in Council was now enforced, and all scholars, novices, directors, and confessors were immediately expelled from the Institution. This was followed by a visit from the Archbishop of Paris

(backed by the civil authority), who selected twenty-six nuns, and dispersed them in various convents, as the best means of obtaining submission,—those left behind being forbidden to communicate with any one out of the convent, or to partake of the sacraments. A few days later a similar visit was made with greater ceremony; and amid a scene of violence, garnished with language by His Grace of the most vehement abuse, more nuns were seized and conveyed to different convents.

The vacancies thus caused in the principal posts the Archbishop arbitrarily filled with nuns of different religious orders, and enforced obedience to the strangers thus placed over them by violent means—a most unprecedented proceeding, and a violation of the chief rule of every religious body. The two establishments of Port Royal de Paris and Port Royal des Champs had hitherto been under one Superior; henceforth, by the sole authority of the Archbishop, they were divided into two distinct communities, under abbesses specially devoted to him.

In the meantime the brethren were being hunted and persecuted as though they had been Huguenots; many were imprisoned and kept with extreme severity in the Bastille, amongst them De Sacy; others fled and hid themselves, while rewards were publicly advertised for their capture.

At this juncture Clement IX. was elected Pope, and, thanks to unceasing efforts made with him in 1668 by the Dukes and Duchesses de Longueville, Liancourt, and Luynes, the Prince de Conti, and other powerful friends of the oppressed Jansenists, the persecution ceased for a time; but about 1679 it was again renewed as bitterly as before. After a series of almost unparalleled severities, Cardinal de Noailles issued a decree for the total suppression and extinction of the Institution of Port Royal des Champs. In 1709 a sudden and unexpected visit was made by the police and civic authorities, supported by a considerable force of cavalry, and the unhappy nuns were carried off in separate carriages, and sent to various convents throughout France, while the servitors, who had some of them been fifty years in the service of the community, were summarily thrown on the wide world, without food, raiment, home, or the smallest pension. Some of the nuns thus ruthlessly treated were over eighty years of age! Every part of the establishment was ransacked and pillaged; private property was confiscated; the very bodies of the dead were exhumed, and exposed in the most indecent manner, under the “supervision” of a priest appointed by Cardinal de Noailles (the remains of deceased members of the community being dug up in every stage of decomposition by drunken grave-diggers, and some bodies actually hacked to pieces purposely by the pickaxes and spades of the diggers, when not sufficiently decomposed to crumble and separate easily), and then all—some three hundred corpses—thrown into

one enormous heap, whence they were literally, in many instances, devoured by hungry dogs! This ghastly collection complete, the bodies were carried in tumbrils to the precincts of the Church of St. Lambert, where they were all thrown into one common grave, the road they had travelled being traced by the mangled portions of the corpses which fell out of the piled-up carts as they jolted along.

The only memorial allowed to be put over these victims of intolerance was a plain black cross, and the place of sepulture was carefully separated from the rest of the churchyard.

Finally, when the last load of corpses had been removed, the demolition of Port Royal des Champs began. The chief part of the building was blown up with gunpowder; the massive timber and woodwork were sold by auction, and the last remnants of the stonework were used by the Archbishop of Beaumont for an aqueduct. None of the dispersed and imprisoned nuns and brethren were released till the death of Louis XIV. All underwent the most severe treatment in the various convents to which they had been driven. Sister Anne de Rémicourt (sub-Prioress of Port Royal), for instance, was relegated to the Convent of Belleford, where she was kept closely confined under lock and key, in a miserable outhouse, by order of the Abbess (Madame de St. Pierre); for years she saw no one but the lay-sister who fed her; no nun was allowed to speak to her; she was deprived of all public offices of worship, wholly interdicted the use of books and writing materials, and allowed neither fire nor candle throughout the winter of 1709 (the severest known in France for two centuries); nor was there in summer heat any inlet for fresh air, except through a small fireplace. Madame de Valois, another sister, was long imprisoned in solitary confinement at the Convent des Filles de Dieu, at Chartres, while in grievously bad health. She was denied the use of books, the most ordinary necessities of life, such as warm clothing and firing, and the sacraments of the Church, by the authority of the Bishop of Chartres, who also threatened to deprive her of the last rites of religion at her death and have her body thrown on a dunghill. When transferred to a convent at Mantes, she experienced similar severity.

The Bishop of Blois persistently refused the last sacraments to another unhappy prisoner when she was dying, Madame Louise du Mesnil de Courtiaux, Reverend Mother-Prioress of Port Royal, and declared to her in a voice of thunder that her body should not be buried in consecrated ground; and accordingly it was, without any of the ceremonies and prayers of the Church, cast into a hole in an old abandoned burying-ground, which was covered with nettles and rubbish, quite apart from that portion used for the other nuns of the Church.

Many more cases could be cited, such as those of the unfortunate Madame de la Mothe Guyon; the Abbé de St. Cyran, who was kept for five years a close prisoner in the fort of Vincennes, and died in 1743; Le Maître de Sacy, who was imprisoned with Du Fossé in the Bastille, and whose funeral was carried out only with danger and difficulty; Mother Madeline de Ligny, the worthy Abbess; Mother Catherine, and Sisters de St. Paul Arnauld and Angélique Thérèse de St. Jean, and Mother Marie Dorothée, who were all incarcerated, with some score of others, by Péréfixe, Archbishop of Paris, merely for Jansenism. Even Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambray, who had shown too great a leaning towards it, was exiled.

Yet Father Basil said that "he thought the Port Royal nuns had been "treated with far too much lenity; that in Italy or Spain they would "have been dressed as devils, and burnt alive."

Such was the sad end of Port Royal and the Jansenists—the only crimes laid to whose charge were, too great piety and simplicity; too great purity of faith and practice; too great exaltation of the Scriptures over the commandments of men; too great distinction in some of the highest branches of learning; and, worst of all, daring to differ from and withstand the Jesuits. All might have been overlooked but for this last crime—this was the signal for their death-warrant; for, abominable as the calumnies brought against them were—calumnies never substantiated in the smallest particular, but recoiling on their originators—the cry of "heresy" (*i.e.*, antagonism to the Jesuits) was the only one successfully raised against these patient martyrs.

It is not our purpose to discuss their theological views, or to attempt to define or defend the intricate and subtle theological differences they maintained against the disciples of Loyola, but we may say that they were neither Huguenots, nor Calvinists, nor Lutherans; they were Roman Catholics—strict and zealous Catholics; nevertheless we see the fierce treatment they had to endure at the hands of the Church to which they belonged, and from which they had no thought of separating, and may deduce from it what would be the fate of the "Old Catholics" of our day had the Jesuits the power to follow the example of their predecessors, whose bigotry brought reproach, disgrace, and ruin on "La belle France" of Louis XIV., and hastened the awful retribution which deluged it with oceans of blood at the Revolution.

Port Royal was no secret society. It never tampered with political or national matters. Posterity, says Petitpied eloquently, will recognise as a truth what neither the course of ages nor the iniquity of mankind can cause to be forgotten—that this sainted house perished, not for crimes committed within its walls; not for the ambition of the nuns, nor

for disunion among them ; not because of costly expenditure, nor sumptuous buildings rashly undertaken ; but in defence of a religious principle, for an undeviating attachment to Christian sincerity.

Religious persecutions under Louis XIV. were not caused by the State, but by the fanaticism of the Church ; and that monarch on his death-bed, calling around him those who had been his spiritual advisers, —Cardinal de Rohan, Cardinal de Bussy, and Father le Tellier the Jesuit,—addressed to them these memorable words : “ If *you* have misled and deceived me, *you* are deeply guilty, for indeed I acted in good faith—in truth I sought the peace of *the Church*.”

And that Church condoned all the sins of His “Most Christian Majesty,”—his overweening pride, vanity, and ambition, his unjust wars, his despotic exactions, his open and flagrant immoralities and personal irreligion, even his hauteur to the Court of Rome—all were ignored, nay, approved, so long as compensation in the shape of uncompromising and heartless cruelty against heretics was given to her. To her, Louis XIV. was “Grand Monarque” indeed, whilst he dra-gooned Protestants, and extirpated heresy. To her this is the “one thing needful.” She is the *only* Church that persistently persecutes on principle, and proclaims, as an unquestioned and essential dogma, her mission, and therefore *right* to do so.

Bossuet, that pillar of the Church, was one of the most ardent and conscientious persecutors of the period ; and as confirmatory of the explanation of the cause of the sufferings of the unhappy Jansenists, we cannot do better than conclude with the following extract from one of the great Archbishop’s works : “ The Church of Rome is the most intolerant of all Christian sects ; it is her holy and inflexible incom-patibility which renders her severe, unconciliating, and odious to all sects separated from her ; they desire only to be tolerated by her ; but her holy severity forbids such indulgence. . . . The exercise of the power of the sword in matters of religion and conscience is a point not to be called in question, and there is no illusion more dangerous than to make toleration a characteristic of the true Church.”





OLLA PODRIDA.

AS a tribute to Mr. John C. Paget's admirable article, "Inker-man and its Lessons," in our April number (*ante*, p. 14), we have received from New York the following verses, which we print with great pleasure, convinced that the sentiments enunciated are as sincere on the part of our American friend as they are strongly expressed :—

THE BATTLE OF INKERMAN.

Respectfully Inscribed to John C. Paget.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

"Forward!" the brave old Captain said;
Then through rough storms of fire and lead
Marched the true men with gallant tread.

Then the terrific fight began.
Onward fresh troops of stalwart men,
Across the valley, through the glen,
Up the round hill, over the plain,
To the battle of Inkerman.

Cannon thundered in the rent air;
Muskets poured out incessant glare;
Sabre clashed sabre everywhere;—
Mid shouts of rank, squadron, and clan,
Old England brightened her great name;
Gay France honoured her lofty fame;
Only the Cossack bowed with shame;
At the battle of Inkerman.

Swiftly the currents foam and swell;
The sky seems a Plutonian bell;
Loud tolling the sad funeral knell
Of the dead soldier, stained and wan.

On neighing steeds, strong, fierce, and fleet,
Through smoke and fire and leaden sleet;
Like angry waves the squadrons meet,
At the battle of Inkerman.

The strong battalions falter, wheel,
And fly before the hedge of steel;
Thunders the last loud cannon's peal
O'er slaughtered steed and lifeless man.
Brave hearts that ne'er shall beat again,
Sleep on the far Crimean plain,
Whose rivulets once wore the stain
Of the battle of Inkerman.

Long will the blood-stained laurels won
On red turf smoking in the sun,
Tell of the gallant fight begun
So long ago, and of its plan.
When rolls were called none made reply
Of those on furlough in the sky:
Souls mustered out can never die,
Fighting their foes at Inkerman.

Remembering the bitter jealousy Hawthorne recorded in his note-book on witnessing our public rejoicings for the fall of Sebastopol, we are sure Mr. Bungay's lines will be gratifying to Englishmen, and show that one American at least in the Empire City feels nothing but generous sympathy and enthusiastic admiration for a glorious victory dearly won by the soldiers of "Old England." It is true that heroism is of no nationality, but fires the heart and wins the homage of every

chivalrous man who reads its records; nevertheless, we believe that if Mr. Bungay's feelings towards this country and its military and naval renown were more extensively shared by his fellow-countrymen, the friendship between the two Anglo-Saxon peoples would be strengthened, and the Atlantic indeed become, in very fact, what it is often called, the "American Ferry." It remains for us only to add that Mr. Bungay is the Literary Editor of *The Metropolitan*, an extremely well-edited, well-written, and well-got-up Magazine, published by Messrs. Butterick in the Broadway, New York.

With reference to the allusion to football scrummage in "The Rugby Rebellion," p. 530, Mr. J. Marshall Hayman writes from the Temple: "If Mr. Mortimer Collins were to witness a football match at Rugby as now played, I venture to think he would scarcely call a scrummage 'brutal.' My brother, Dr. Hayman, watched Rugby football closely, and did all in his power to mitigate some of the savageness which he found besetting it. There had been a very severe accident arising from a scrummage overthrow just before he became head master; but there were only three severe football accidents during the four years and a quarter he was at Rugby, two of which were certainly not 'scrummage' accidents, and I doubt if the third was. Dr. Hayman found Rugby football a game which gave great range for that recklessness of restraint which characterises boys in a struggle of sinew to sinew. But after all you cannot play football without rude shocks to civilization, though Dr. Hayman came to the conclusion that it was possible so to regulate the game as to render it under Rugby Rules less savage than it had been. These Rules, I believe, a great number of public clubs, which are under no special Rugbeian influences, have adopted."

The Chevalier de Chatelain, who has resided in England during thirty years, is a man of letters who deserves well of two great countries,—and, we may add, of their many populous colonies. Putting aside the question of how near to, or how far from, a close rendering of the actual words of English verse, and, above all, of Shakspeare, a French translation in *rhyme* can be, we take the broad and admirable fact that the Chevalier de Chatelain has, with inexhaustible industry, placed it in the power of all Frenchmen to know very much, not only of many of Shakspeare's plays, but also of Chaucer's poems, and of quite a heap of English poets since their day, including the majority of English poets of the present time. If this labour of doubly meritorious patriotism

does not entitle the Chevalier to the grateful recognition of both France and England, we do not know what translator ever deserved it. His last work, just published by Rolandi, is a genial rendering of the *Winter's Tale* into French verse.

R. H. H.

Apropos of our opinion of anonymous letters and their writers expressed last month (p. 445), a well-known novelist writes: "I am glad to see what you say about anonymous letters. I receive shoals of them; always abusive and ungrammatical—since a man who cannot master the grammar of conduct will scarce succeed with the grammar of language. My crime is that on many subjects I hold strong opinions which are not those of the wise and progressive majority. Well knowing the weighty saying, *nulla vestigia retrorsum*, I yet think we have made a good many mistakes lately which we shall not retrieve. Did you ever drive four-in-hand? Picture Disraeli on the box with Progress for near leader, Disestablishment for off-leader, Atheism and Republicanism wheelers, but ready to be leaders in a few stages. Give them their heads! Progress bolts; Disestablishment jibs at the Church spire: nice team for a gentleman coachman! The best thing to tame the beggars would be to have to go at a hill full gallop; and I sometimes think, to drop allegory, that a big war is wanted to bring certain classes of Englishmen to their senses; and because I say so, I get avalanches of anonymous missives."

"What shall we do with our dead?" is a question which has been much discussed lately—Inhumation and Cremation each having its ardent advocates. Whether the subject be treated from a sentimental or a sanitary point of view, it does not furnish particularly attractive matter for conversation. We must all die sooner or later; but only very morbid people, generally speaking, will be exercised mentally as to what becomes of their bodies after death. Thousands of readers, doubtless, have been fascinated by Mr. Seymour Haden's letters in the *Times*, written as they are with perfect taste, yet strangely weird and almost personal in the vivid realism of their description of *post-mortem* ceremonies. The system he advocates—Earth to Earth—while it appeals to our common sense, shocks no tender but deep-rooted prejudices, and if he do but bring about a demand for the reformation of our present costly and hideous method of "undertaking," he will have done good service to us all in the matters of economy, sanitary precaution, and perhaps sincerity. It would be a gain indeed on these

grounds if the Gamps and Moulds, who seem at present to be indispensable, were abolished ; and the gain to public decency would be still greater if we could also get rid of the red-nosed, sottish undertakers' men one sees by the score on the Finchley Road every Sunday regaling at tavern doors, and balancing themselves with difficulty on the tops of hearses which have discharged their ghastly freight at the cemetery. We have seen mugs of beer and spirits carried by these ghouls even to the occupants of the mourners' carriage ! Assuming that the abolition of this disgusting "mockery of woe," which has come to be a public nuisance, would as a matter of course follow the adoption of Mr. Haden's plan, we heartily give him our support. There is no doubt that burial as at present practised amongst us, and the burning of bodies in the Campus Martius customary amongst the Romans as advocated by Sir Henry Thompson, both violate the laws of health. Safety lies in the middle course suggested by Mr. Haden—Earth to Earth. No arguments are necessary to prove the mischief our gorged graveyards do to the living. No Londoner at all familiar with certain parts of the City and its immediate suburbs can doubt for a moment the disease-laden malaria which must spring from such heaps of decaying humanity as exist in old St. Pancras, St. John's Waterloo Road, St. Paul's Covent Garden, etc. ; and in the country many places are as bad. The most recent instance to which public attention has been specially called is given in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of August 9th. A correspondent says that the churchyard for the parish of Talland, Cornwall, has for centuries received the bodies of all the dead of East and West Looe, and that although it is

"less than half an acre in extent, 8,000 bodies are registered as having been there interred, the result being to raise the level of the ground considerably above that of the church floor. Every fresh interment necessarily displaces some former occupant, and the air in the church is so permeated with sulphuretted hydrogen that floral decorations turn black in a few hours. The church has frequently to be disinfected, and twice the congregation has had to adjourn for service from the church to the vicar's drawing-room. Nevertheless, the ratepayers, dreading additional rates, have decided against forming a burial board, or taking any steps to remove the scandal."

This we should hope is an exceptionally bad case ; but in many respects it is typical, and publicity to it now is very opportune. The Romans having been appealed to as exemplars, we may remind readers that when that imperial people considered the effluvia from the Puticuli or common burying-place of the poor, outside the Esquilian Gate, rendered the neighbouring parts of the city unhealthy, the Senate, at the instigation of Octavius, gave several acres of it to Mæcenas for

conversion into fine gardens. Horace (Lib. 1, Sat. 8) thus describes them :—

“ Conservus vili portanda locabat in arcâ,
 Hoc miseræ plebi stabat commune sepulchrum
 Pantolabo scurræ, Nomentanoque nepoti,
 Mille pedes in fronte, trecentos cippus in agro
 Hic dabat, hæredes monumentum ne sequeretur,
 Nunc licet Esquiliis habitare salubribus, atque
 Aggere in aprico spatium, quâ modò tristes
 Albis informem spectabant ossibus agrum.”

And a public garden is about the best thing the Local Government Board can make of every one of our overcrowded graveyards—the Dissenters' burying-ground in Bunhill Fields being a wholesome specimen of what may be done in that way ; not that it ever was, within our recollection, white with human bones. As to Cremation—the very notion of which seems to shock many people's religious and nervous sensibilities—we shall say something next month. In the meantime we ask why, as scientists are doing their best to utilize sewage, should not some scheme be matured for utilizing our dead ?—of course nothing that would violate good taste or religious feelings would be tolerable. For ourselves, we have often thought we should like followed the old Roman custom of burial in a field or garden where one's remains would benefit vegetation, and consequently human kind. Propertius (Lib. 3, Eleg. 16) begged that he might not be interred in the ordinary manner by a highway, lest his Shade should be disturbed by the noise of the traffic ; we should object to a similar spot, though for a different reason—why should our urn or “monumental marble” be a perpetual *memento mori* to travellers old and young, gay and sad ? *Apropos*, however, Mr. Barnes Austin, of Banbury, in the *Sanitary Review* for August, strongly urges that “if the Bishops will do nothing “ (as is most probable), all Churchmen and Dissenters should for once “ combine to bring in a general Act for permission to bury by the road-side, or wherever there is abundance of space (railroads), remote from “ human habitations,”—a suggestion so bold, and for these times so original, that we commend it to the consideration of our readers. As railway companies do not hesitate to tunnel through and cart away the contents of our graveyards by Act of Parliament, it would be but grim justice on the part of the public to bury their dead, by the same authority, on each side of the companies' permanent way.

The Legend of the Castle.

BY

WILLIAM ALFRED GIBBS,

AUTHOR OF "HAROLD ERLE," "THE STORY OF A LIFE," ETC.

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THE LEGEND OF THE CASTLE:

By WILLIAM ALFRED GIBBS,

AUTHOR OF "HAROLD ERLE," "THE STORY OF A LIFE," ETC.

'Twas sunset; from the castle by the sea
Eustace Bretagne, a brave knight prisoned there,
Looked forth with yearning, pining, heart-sick gaze
To see the curlews wheeling wide and far
At their own will, free as the sea and air.

How many sunsets from his strong barred tower
Had he seen fall and fade into dim night?—
Sweet summer sunsets, telling of bright days
Of gallant tourney or soul-stirring war,
Outside these hated walls where he was pent.

For France and England and brave Normandy
Rang with the clash of tourney and of war,
Whilst Queen Matilda and her potent knights
Fought 'gainst bold Stephen for the English Crown.

Bretagne, a knight of Stephen's, had been wreckt
Hard by the ancient castle: there immured,
Had pined and chafed thro' all his summer prime,
Cursing the dead'ning dulness of idlesse.

His captor was a noble, generous foe,—
Count Robert Cu, Matilda's chiefest knight,—
And the fair demoiselle, his daughter Maud,
Looked with compassion—near ally of Love's—
Upon the captive knight; whilst he—oh! he—
How could he chafe at such a golden chain?

But the caged wild-bird loveth not his cage,
Howe'er kind his captor; hence Bretagne
Still chafed and chafed more madly day by day,
As day by day went by with dull routine
So aimless, useless, objectless, and vague,
That he lost count of days and weeks; content
To mark the passing season, as it passed,
Only by shortened daylight, rougher seas.

By these he knew it was an autumn eve,
When the descending glory of the sun
Danced o'er the glittering waves, and touched a sail
With such bright whiteness of excessive light,

That, to Bretagne, it shone like angel's wing.
And angel's wing to him it was indeed,
For 'twas the foremost of a gallant fleet
Led by King Stephen.

How his heart leapt up
As the good ships came plunging o'er the waves,
Nearer and nearer, till he well descried
His Monarch's pennon flying in the breeze?

Like gallant war-horses they leapt and plunged,
The white foam flying from them as they sped;
But oh!—perdition!—slowly came a calm—
A sullen, sickly, hope-destroying calm?
The fair south-wind went veering to the east
With fitful gusts, distending the drooped sails
Only to let them fall in mockery,
And leave them idly flapping 'gainst the masts.

Furled were the useless sails, out went the oars—
Huge, ponderous, sweeping oars,—of ample range,—
Each wielded by two stalwart mariners;
But slow the progress of the heavy barques
Laden with steel-clad warriors; so night fell
Dark on the ocean, and obscured the fleet
From poor Bretagne's outstraining, hungry eyes.

Now came great sounds of haste and clanking arms,
And eager horsemen passing in and out
With messages of warning; far and wide;
The armourer's hammer making music sweet
To knightly ears as heralding a fray,
And lights and lances gleaming here and there
Down in the court-yard and along the walls.
"Ha!" quoth Bretagne, "stern captors, guard ye well
Your castle's eyrie, for my royal Lord
Shall scale your walls a way ye wot not of;
He pent me high up in the topmost tower
Above the deep rock—steep as any wall,—
Whereon a wild cat scarce could footing find,
But I have worked and waited for this hour,
And now 'tis come, by our Good Lady's grace;
My boyhood, spent with patient Alchemist,
Skilled me to form from out a common herb
A potent liquid, having the strange power
To eat and rust away an unseen ring
Thro' the hard iron of a prison bar.

Thus gnawing day by day and all night long,
Hea, working for my freedom whilst I slept
This friendly power hath achieved its end;
So deep the wound, that now a sudden blow
Will send the fragments hurtling down the cliff,

And leave a space thro' which a man-at-arms
Can easily pass in. Now for my plot:
I have a large flat stone; a nail's sharp point
Will scratch such words as these: '*At dead of night
Shoot arrows, with a thread attached, up here,
Through the barred window opposite the sea.
When I have caught the thread,—attach a string;
That safe,—a rope.*'

Stephen will guess the rest:
The rope will bring the scaling-ladders; they in turn
Will bring up one by one a few brave knights,
As many as can climb 'twixt dark and dawn,
And when my gaoler opens my prison door
We'll seize and bind him, prisoned in my stead,
And rushing forth, set wide the castle gates."

A goodly stratagem; but weary days,
And weary, weary nights Bretagne endured
Before the first faint chances of success.

First, hand-to-hand a desperate fight next morn
Was foughten, as King Stephen and his knights
Leapt from their barques waist-deep into the sea.
A well-fought fight?—a gallant, glorious fight?—
And Eustace clenched his teeth and stamp'd his foot

With fierce impatience to be sword in hand
Amongst the foremost, fighting for his king.

But when the King, and knights, and peomen bold,
And erst the stalwart mariners, preballed,
And beat their way to land, and held their own,
And drabe their foemen back, and back, and back,
Until, with sudden panic seized, they turned,
And fled pell-mell swift thro' the castle gates;—
Why then,—the King drew off his knights and men,
Planning his seige to landward, far away
From the steep castle-crag where Eustace lay.

A parlous siege?—for many a time and oft
Strong clumps of spears from other strongholds came
T' annoy King Stephen and his men-at-arms:
At such times also the besieged came forth
And dashed like blood-hounds at the Lion King.

At length, it chanced that a knight was sent
To reconnoitre round the sea-ward walls,
And as he rode beneath Bretagne's high tower,
The written stone, well aimed, fell in his track.

The knight looked up and saw a waving hand,

The knight leapt down and sought and found the
stone,
And straightway to the camp returned at speed.

King Stephen called for priest, and bade him read
The ill-scratched letters; then burst forth the King—
“A bold device, brave knights! what say ye to ’t?”

“A gallant plot,” said Richard de la Fosse;
“Trust Count Bretagne, he is my cousin, King;
And tho’ the monks and cunning magic-men
Tried hard to spoil and change his warrior blood,
They tried in vain; he subtle is, and learn’d
In monkish wisdoms and magician’s tricks,
But, as full many of ye here well know,
A stouter knight ne’er wielded sword and spear.”

“Let’s do ’t to-night, my liege,” quoth Hugh
Montresse;

“’Tis better far than staying here at bay,
Whilst coward curs that neither yield nor fight
Snarl round our watch-fires, waiting for a rush.”

“I have an archer who can split a lath
At ten-score paces,” quoth the Count d’Auray,

"And send his cloth-yard shaft so high in air
That few can see it,—he shall be the man
To shoot the arrow up to Bretagne's tower."
"It shall be so," said Stephen; "therefore, knights,
Be armed and ready at the chime of ten;
Our friends in castle, full of beef and wine,
Will then be dozing."

"Happy be their dreams,
And far away their waking," chimed in then
King Stephen's jester. "Right, fool; short the shrift
And scant time for repentance shall they have
When we set foot upon yon hornets' nest."

So thus midst jest and savage earnest blent
The chosen knights donned harness and set forth.

A dead black calm had fallen o'er the sea,
On which the war-ships, motionless, stood out
With spectral indistinctness; raven clouds
With lurid fringes to their ragged wings
Drifted up heavily from north and south,
To meet, in coming thunder, ere the night—
The fateful night—should yield to morrow's morn.

The knights looked up to Bretagne's high-placed tower,

And scanned with warrior's eyes the steep smooth
cliff

Which they were pledged to climb.

"No child's play, this,"

Muttered the Count D'Auray with bated breath ;

"But, Raynoulf, shoot ! an' thou hast got the thread
Sure-fastened to thy shaft."

The archer shot,

And Bretagne's arm stretcht forth in hope to grasp
The flying messenger of "Hope-deferred."

In vain, in vain ! the arrow, hindered sore

By the part-tangled thread, fell far below

The strong-barr'd window of his prison-house.

"Why, dullards ?—why ? Can ye not clear the thread,
And free Raynoulf's good shaft to take its range ?
Be witful, knaves ! Now, Raynoulf, shoot again !"

The archer shot, but now with such full strain
As sent the arrow high above the tower ;

So once more fell the shaft—and Bretagne's hopes.

"Steady, good archer," quoth the Count D'Auray,

"Shoot now with care, and see thou aim thy best !"

Then once again the cloth-yard shaft flew up,
And glanced on the barred window ; as it passed,
Bretagne caught deftly at the flying thread,
And drew it in, with triumph at his heart.
Up came the string ; anon the staunch, stout rope ;
Then the light scaling-ladders, one by one—
A pull well-nigh beyond his utmost strength,
Had not Hope pulled, spurred madly by Despair.
“ All fast ? ” he signalled,—so the first knight clomb,
And, he and Bretagne wrenching off the bar,
Safe entered to the tower. Another clomb,
But with slipped-foothold well-nigh fell again :
With strong firm grasp he clung, tho’ cumbered sore
With heavy ill-made armour, till Bretagne
And Hugh Montresse—the first knight—drew him in.
The others, mounting cautiously, slow gained
The prison-chamber. Thus had nine achieved
The perilous ascent,—but ere the tenth
Could follow up his comrades, a swift flash
Of forked lightning struck upon his helm,
And laid him dead, e’en as in act to mount.

Loud crashed the awful thunder at his doom ;
Wild howled the wind,—and soon the listening sea
Rose up with foaming fury at the storm
For slaying thus a gallant, noble knight.

Then the fierce subtle lightning flashed again
In silent scorn of the white glistening teeth
Of the roused angry ocean: then the waves
Wreaked all their vengeance on the ill-watched barques,
And, ere the morning light loomed thro' the storm,
Had whirled full half the fleet upon the rocks.

The other knights, astonished and perplexed,
Went sadly back and told the King their tale;
But he, undaunted by the elements,
Cheered up their fearful hearts with kingly words,
And made swift preparation for the morn;—
Haply bethinking this bewildering storm
Might aid him in that morrow's enterprise.

The surly gaoler came as was his wont,
At early morn, to see his prisoner safe,
And Montresse seized and stabbed him to the heart;
Then forth they rushed and made for the great gate,
Whereat King Stephen with his men-at-arms,
In fullest force, were battering again:—

A desperate fight? Bretagne and the nine knights
Against long odds of numbers; but the storm,—
The hurly-burly thunder, hail, and wind,—

The sudden and bewildering attack,
Within, without, above, and all at once,—
Favoured the daring deed. They reached the gate :
Six stalwart swordsmen formed a half-moon front,
Whilst four drew back the bolts, and flung the
gates
Wide open for King Stephen and his knights.

Then grew the fight to fury ; deeds were done
Of valour and of prowess on each side,
Well worthy better chronicle than mine ;
But, in the heady climax of the fight,
When sword to sword King Stephen and Count Eu
Crashed at each other, like the warring clouds
That held their fight in heaven,—then, I say,
An awful ending had that fearful fray.

The castled-crag whereon Bretagne's lone tower
Had looked for centuries on lonely seas,
Fell with a crash like the last crack of doom,
Drowning Heaven's thunder with the roar of Earth.

The other cliff, whereon the fight did rage,
Shook with dumb fear as tho' it too might fall,
And, all appalled, the rival hosts made pause,

With swords uplifted and with labelled pikes,
Like to a battle-mêlée turned to stone.

King Stephen—like a King—first broke the spell
Of this dread silence; kingly, thus he spake:
“Count Robert—gallant foe?—and ye brave knights,
Both friends and erst-while foes,—see we in this
A type,—an emblem,—dread, significant,
Of our divided England? I, last night,
Lost half my gallant barques; and you, brave
Count,
On this dread morning, half the castled crag
Held in misprised allegiance for a Queen.

Oh, brave Count Robert? should a woman rule
In these rude days of tumult and rough strife?
Should not the Salique law, sacred in France,
Be law in our land also? Think, brave knights,
Is not the distaff, or quaint brosdery,
Fitter than sceptre for a woman's hand?
Will ye be ‘distaffed’ at the council-board,
Or prickt to war by needles?—tied to truce
By silken threads? No, gallant warriors, no?

I crave not England's crown for selfish greed,

But to preserve her as a diadem ;—
A pearl of power, set in emerald seas.

When young Prince Henry is of age to rule,
Let him be king and welcome, an' ye will ;
But for to-day,—let all who love our land
Join knightly hands in knightly brotherhood,
And shout ' King Stephen ? England ? and St.
George ? ' ”

The shout went up, the flashing swords were sheathed,
And hand gripped hand in willing amity.

Then, thoughtfully, Count Robert made reply :
“ Thou art right worthy to be King of men,—
Brave, generous, full of honour, loving more
The weal of England than fair England's crown :
If that my Royal Lady may be moved
By me and by my peers t' absolve our oaths,
Upon condition Henry shall be King,
And sole heir to King Stephen,—it shall be,
And we will swear true fealty to thy crown.
But now, my future liege, shall we descend
Down to the fallen cliff, to mark with heed
If a like fate doth threaten what remains ? ”

With armed heels sharp-ringing on the rocks,
The King and knights descended. Horrent sight;
As of a world to splintered fragments burst;
And lo! as in their living tombs revealed,
Wild weird-like figures cowered, crouching down
In their disrupted dungeons all unharmed.

Pallid as ghosts; with tangled, matted hair
And beards descending well-nigh to their knees,—
Long, hideous, sharp-clawed nails, like those of beasts,
Gaunt, skinny hands, that strove to shade their eyes,
After a life of darkness, from the light;—
Such were the spectres, grim and terrible,
Who slowly crawled, and feebly tried to rise
From out their dungeons at the cliff's deep base
In presence of King Stephen and his knights.

"Who are these wretched men?" the King demands.
"My Lord," replied Count Robert, "I recall,
In the last years of the great Conqueror's reign,
When I myself was a mere tender child,
Some fair young Saxon youths, of whom 'twas said
That they were sons of royal Saxon blood,
And therefore dangerous to England's peace.
I wept to look upon their open brows,

Their honest bright blue eyes flashing with fire,
 When they were sent to be immured for life
 In this strong castle by the distant sea ;
 I take deep shame that, since I governed here,
 War's fierce distractions banished from my heart
 All memory of these victims ;—but a 'boon,'
 A 'boon,' I crave of thee, a 'royal boon,'
 Well worthy to be first act of a king ?
 Pardon these captives of a cruel age,
 And let us strive to make them some amends
 For the long horrors of their prisonment."

"Sir Count, the boon was granted ere 'twas asked ;
 Dare the King prison those whom God hath freed ?
 Let them be tended with as reverent care
 As if they had arisen from the dead.
 Norman 'gainst Norman now no more at war,
 Our ancient Saxon foes shall be our friends.

And now, Sir Count, since the remaining cliff
 Seems firm enough to hold your Castle's weight,
 We will be bold to banquet with you there."

In feast and friendship ended thus the day
 On which one half the Castle fell away.

and so on.

The Saxon captives, happily released
From dreadful dungeons, joined the lavish feast;
Refreshed by generous food and warmed by wine,
Their eyes with cheerful brightness once more shine,
And roused to life and light, these erst-while ghosts
Drank Saxon "Was-Hael?" to their noble hosts.

But when fair Haud passed from the banquet-hall,
Another captive, just escaped from thrall,
Returned to prison in another tower,
And woo'd and won his ladye in that hour.

